THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 192. No. 8. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 16, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors.

NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.

A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

AUG. 23, 1919

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

In This Number

Oscar Graeve — William Hamilton Osborne — Will Levington Comfort — Irvin S. Cobb
Henry Watterson — George Kibbe Turner — Albert Payson Terhune — Samuel G. Blythe

Ice famines, the drip-pan and unhygienic refrigeration will soon be relics of the past, now that people are electrifying their ice-chests.

Switch on the cold!

ICELESS cold—made electrically—will get the vote of every woman.

When she has electric refrigerating apparatus installed, uniform, dry, sanitary cold is produced—cold that keeps milk and meat and butter fresh; that keeps new lettuce crisp for days; that keeps frozen desserts *frozen;* that makes, in a special compartment, handy, pure ice-cubes, for crushing and for drinks.

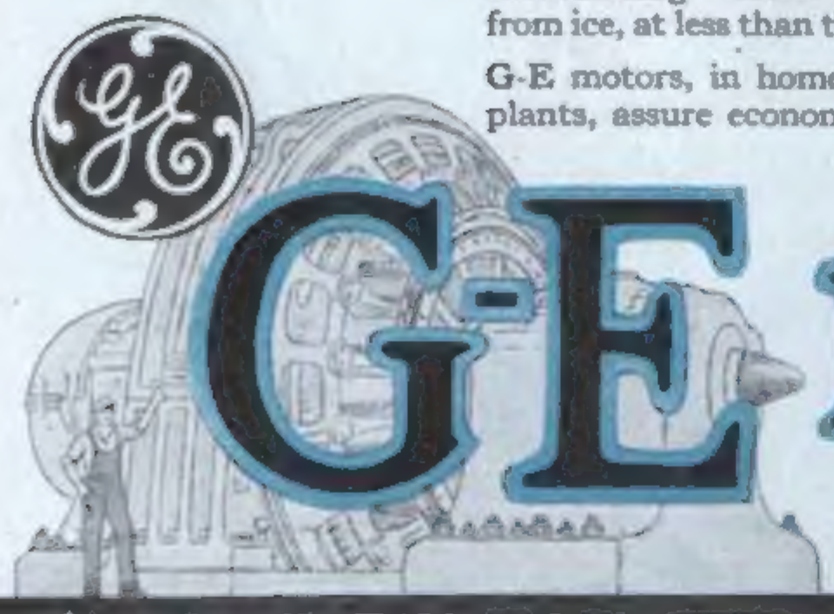
The electric current from the house circuit, once turned on, starts the cold-making—colder than the cold from ice, at less than the cost for ice.

G-E motors, in home refrigerating plants, assure economical, dependable cold. And G-E Thermostatic Metal Control holds the cold at any desired temperature, all summer or all year, without attention.

As soon as America's women realize the healthfulness, convenience and thrift of electric iceless refrigeration, they will be satisfied with nothing else.

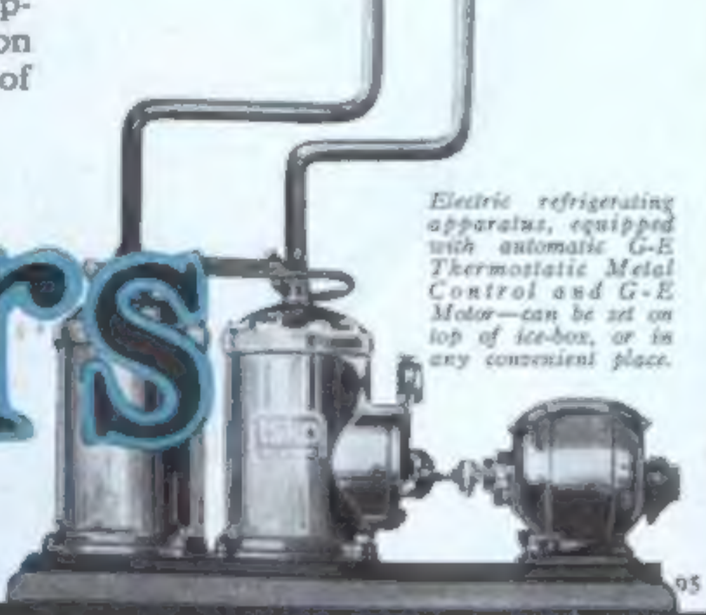
* * *

The success of General Electric engineers in applying power in many fields is attested by the character and number of manufacturers who use General Electric motor equipment exclusively, for the operation of their plants and the operation of their products.



G-E motors

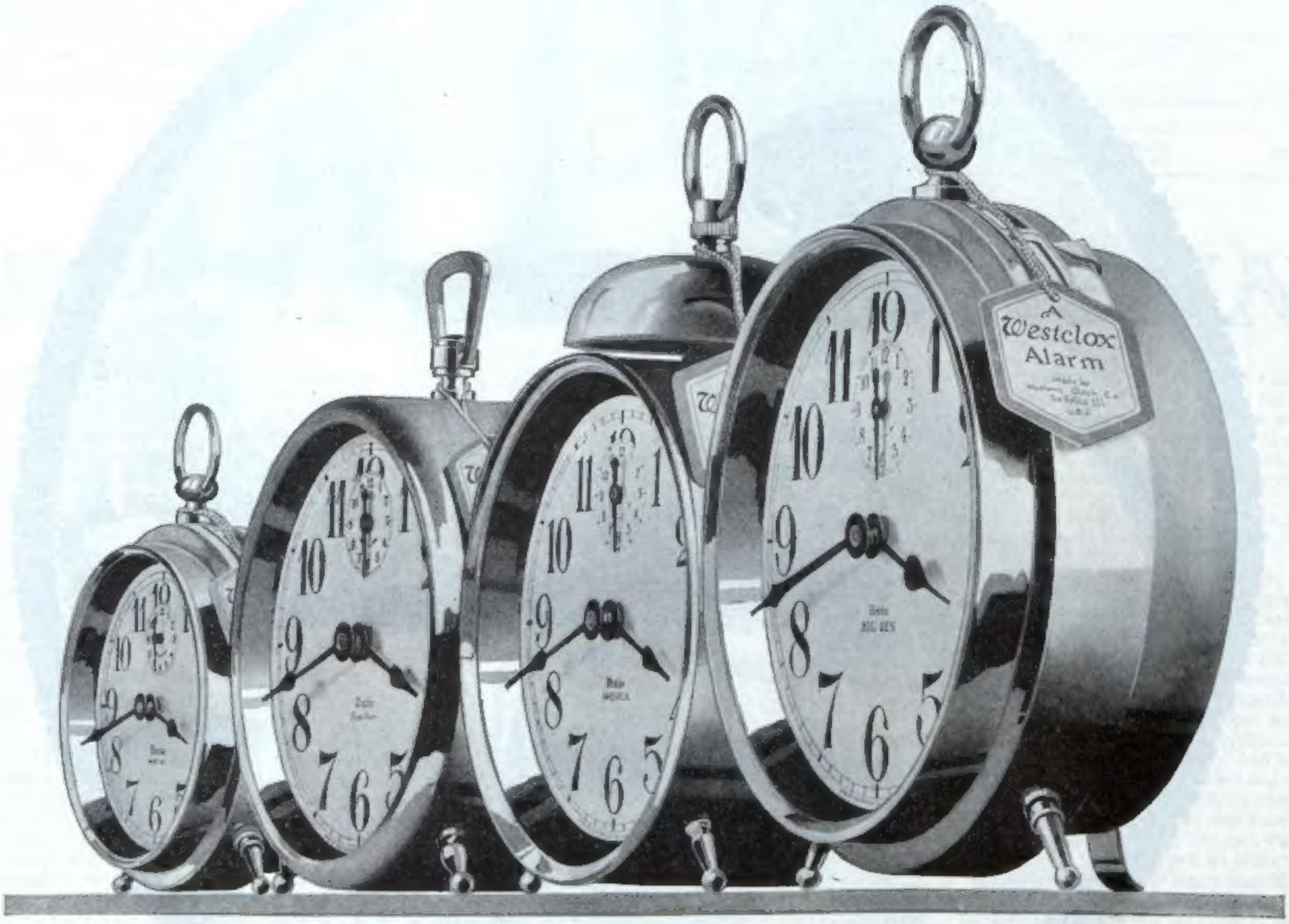
—from the Mightiest to the Tiniest



Electric refrigerating apparatus, equipped with automatic G-E Thermostatic Metal Control and G-E Motor—can be set on top of ice-box, or in any convenient place.

95

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



Westclox

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

WESTCLOX is a short way of saying Western clocks. It means a line of good alarm clocks made by the Western Clock Co.

The trade-mark, Westclox, is printed on the dial of every one: also on the orange-colored, six-sided tag attached to each clock.

These marks of quality make it easy to choose a Westclox alarm.

Demand for Westclox is growing greater every day. Steadily increasing production does not meet it. We are doing our utmost. But, remember, there is a high quality standard to maintain and skilled clock-makers are not trained in a day.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox

La Salle & Peru, Ill., U. S. A.

Let the boy bathe himself

IT'S surprising how much more willingly a youngster takes his bath when you give him a cake of Ivory Soap and let him go ahead by himself.

Perhaps it's because Ivory floats, and he enjoys chasing the soap round the tub. Perhaps it's because Ivory makes such a thick, bubbling—yet easy-rinsing—lather that it never leaves any "high water" marks for mother to scold about. Perhaps it's because Ivory is so mild that it never smarts nor irritates his skin, no matter how hard he rubs.

Add to these qualities the fact that Ivory is white, as a skin soap should be. Also that it is as refined and dainty a soap as any one could want—unscented, but faintly fragrant with the pleasing natural odor of its high-grade ingredients. Ivory certainly offers *everything* to make *everybody's* bath a pleasure.

IVORY SOAP . .

IT FLOATS . . 99 44/100% PURE

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1919, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 192 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 23, 1919 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 8

FRIENDS OF FORTUNE

By Oscar Graeve

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

JIG WHYTE admired his father almost as much as he liked him. He admired him and yet he regarded him with that ever so slightly condescending pity which the young man of this generation gives the young man of the past generation. Jig would have told you in that exceedingly pleasant drawl of his that he understood his father, understood him thoroughly; but he never would have admitted—it could never have occurred to him—that his father understood him.

To-night, as usual after dinner, they sat in the library together over their coffee and cigars. Sometimes these little formalities of his father's irritated Jig. When he wanted to hurry away to the theater or the club, when just the two of them—father and son—were there, Jig wondered why his father couldn't have the coffee served at the table in the dining room. But then again, he reflected, it was exactly the sort of thing he liked about the old boy, this insistence upon a custom originated in the time of Jig's mother—that lovely young mother whose portrait by Sargent hung over the mantel in the library. No, this affair of coffee and cigars symbolized the elder Whyte's devotion to tradition. He would let nothing, not even the tempo at which his son lived, upset that devotion.

"Are you going out to-night, Derrik?" asked the father—he was one of the few people who studiously avoided his son's nickname.

"Just up to Marcia De Witt's. She's having one of her first-aid-to-impoverished-artists meetings."

Geoffry Whyte betrayed a certain embarrassment which indicated that he knew, and wanted his son to know, that ordinarily he felt the latter's amatory affairs were none of his business. Having indicated this, he asked: "Are you in love with Marcia?"

Jig laughed. He was certainly not embarrassed, but he was just as certainly puzzled. What was the old boy driving at? And how was he to reply to a question whose answer he did not know himself?

"Well, I'm awfully fond of Marcia, dad," he said at last; "but—but I don't know whether there's anything more serious in it than that."

His father prefaced his next remark with an apologetic cough.

"Do you like her better than Sylvia Tree?"

"No, I don't suppose so. I'm awfully fond of Sylvia, too, but the trouble is Sylvia and I have been thrown at each other's heads ever since we were kids. We've seen too much of each other. There's no romance left. I'm no fonder of Sylvia than of Marcia or of Cordelia Bourne—for that matter."

Geoffry Whyte shook his head and Jig knew perfectly well what that shake of the head meant. It had been interpreted to him many times. His father was thinking that the younger generation was too much for him. In his day—as he had often told Jig—they didn't play fast and loose with girls and with life the way the younger generation did. They decided upon one girl. They were serious. They knew their own minds and their own hearts. All of which Jig invariably received with a degree of skepticism. He knew very well the romance of his father and mother, which perfumed with its delicate flavor the ideas of his father on the subject of all love, all romance. He had heard more than once how they had fallen in love as boy and girl and for each of them there was no other love ever. And Jig, inspired by his father's devotion to his mother's memory, was properly reverent toward this romance. But as for other young people of a generation ago—well, their blood, like his, ran warm and questful and inconstant. All people don't change so from one generation to another. You couldn't tell him!

He leaned forward so that his father could not notice the amused smile on his lips—not for anything would he let himself hurt the old boy's feelings on what to him was the most tender of all subjects—and with the tongs he adjusted a log which had fallen from its iron support.

"I'll be running along now, dad," he said.

"Yes, go if you have to," said Geoffry Whyte. "There's nothing more odious than being late for an engagement." And he sighed. "But I did want to have a little palaver with you to-night."

At that, instead of running along, Jig slumped deeper into the leather chair.

"Oh, I'm not in any great rush. Marcia didn't fix any hour for her party. Fire away, dad!"

Geoffry Whyte hesitated, now that he was called upon to speak. He rose and stood before the wood fire, his thin legs spread, his hands clasped behind his muscular, surprisingly youthful body, and as he stood there Jig experienced anew that appreciation and admiration of his father. Did any other fellow ever have such a father? He was such a thoroughbred! Really the old boy did turn himself out beautifully. No one, Jig thought, could wear a dinner coat with quite that air; no one else's shirt front was quite so immaculate, his tie quite so correctly knotted. And he must think to ask the governor where he got his new collars. They were unique, and yet they were in extraordinarily good taste. And the old boy's hair was smoothly brushed so that it parted like two wings on either side of his forehead, its white sheen emphasizing the direct brave blue of his gaze and the ruddy, frostbitten glow of his cheeks. He was in every way such a corking-looking old chap! Jig wondered for a moment why he had never married again. He wondered if ever he—Jig—could be so faithful to one woman's memory, even such a radiant creature as the Sargent painting portrayed.

This drift of amiable thought was interrupted by his father's voice and it seemed to Jig that the voice was a little husky, a little emotional. Jig experienced a sudden sinking feeling. Perhaps his father was going to marry again. Perhaps that was what he wished to tell him. But what Geoffry Whyte said was even more surprising.

"Have you thought what you're going to do, now that you're discharged from the Army?" he asked.

Jig actually stared at his father.

"Do!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean, dad?"

"I was wondering if you had any idea of going into business?"

"Business! Why—why, I didn't know I was expected to go into business, governor. You never went into business. Of course you've had the estate to look after, but that's not exactly business. I didn't know a Whyte was permitted to go into business in the ordinary sense of the term."

"Times are changing, Derrik."

Jig sat up straight in his chair, utterly amazed.

"Have you, too, been bitten by all this unrest, dad? There's no such thing as loafing comfortably any more. Everybody is mad about working and producing and all the rest of that rubbish."

"That's just the thing, my boy."

"Are you really serious?"

The elder Whyte rubbed one hand nervously over the other.

"I was never more serious in all my life. I want you to avoid the mistake I made, Derrik. I want you to become a man of affairs; not an idler such as I am, such as I have always been. Clubs, sports, trotting from one end of the globe to the other—well, they're all right as far as they go, but one needs something to tie to. We can't keep it up, Derrik. The Whytes have been idle now for three generations. It can't go on.

"I Don't Know Any Other Man for Whom I'd Walk Ten Blocks in a Snowstorm With These Gilt Slippers On. And I've Always Intended to Marry a Poor Man"

America will stand only so much of that sort of thing and then—smash!"

"Dad, you've been listening to some street-corner orator."

Geoffry White waved his hand impatiently.

"No, I assure you, my son. I mean this: What can I do to earn my living if it becomes necessary? Nothing! What can you do? Nothing! I want you to get out into the real world, my boy, and battle your own way to a success that you've earned for yourself. What would happen to us—both of us—if the Whyte estate were swept away as other fortunes in the past have been swept away?"

"But is anything of that sort likely to happen? It seems so foolish to me; it always has seemed foolish to get out and try to add more to the pile your grandfather accumulated. I've always told myself we have more than our share as it is."

"That isn't the point. It's the effect on you, on your character. Besides, it's well to be prepared, Derrik, in case the—the impossible should happen. Will you think it over?"

"Yes, certainly! But what can I do? You know a modern classics course in a university doesn't fit you for anything very practical, dad. Why didn't you think of this when I was younger?"

"I wish I had, Derrik."

"Well, then, what's changed you so suddenly?" Jig eyed his father musingly for a moment of silence and then he exploded with: "I know! It's Sylvia! Sylvia's so indecently serious minded. You've been talking with Sylvia, dad."

"I have been talking with Sylvia," admitted Geoffry Whyte reluctantly. "But these are not Sylvia's ideas. They're mine. Oh, I do want you to make something of yourself, Derrik, other than a social gadabout!"

"But what can I do, governor?"

"There must be something. It's too late for me; but you have youth, vitality, good looks."

"Oh, dad, cut it!"

"Well, think seriously about it, will you, Derrik? Give me your hand on it."

Jig jumped to his feet and took his father's hand. He was ready enough to promise anything if it would please the old boy. But then suddenly he did become serious. The grasp of his father's hand conveyed something to him. Geoffry Whyte had meant what he said. And he saw, too, that beneath the armor of stoicism which his good breeding demanded his father was affected. His full, generous lips were distorted by a little grimace. His fine eyes were blurred and—chief sign of all—he drew forth his handkerchief and blew his nose vociferously.

And Jig wondered if there could be any hidden truth lurking behind the remarks his father had made. Could it be possible that the Whyte fortune—that intangible thing which had never meant anything more definite to him than a taking it for granted that all the money he needed, all the clothes, all the food and service and everything that contributed to his own luxurious sense of well-being—could it be that this was actually in danger? No, it was preposterous! His glance traveled round the familiar library, so rich, so quiet in its wainscoted walls, with the firelight gleaming on, glancing off, the old mahogany furniture, the Persian rugs, the ancient Chinese vases over the low bookcases, and the Sargent portrait of his mother. It was all too solid, too real. It had always been thus. It would always be thus. Things like this were not swept away by a breath, by an old man's forebodings.

Jig gave a great gasp of relief. What a jolly world it was after all!

"If I don't go now, dad," he said, "Marcia will be after me on the telephone."

"Yes, run along," said his father.

So at last Jig ran.

II

BUT after he was out in the chill of the February night misgivings again assailed him. Could there be any suggestion of disaster in his father's words? And once more he reassured himself. He stopped at the curb across the street and gazed at the house which had always been his home and had always been his father's home before him. It was his grandfather who had built it, but Jig thought that the house expressed his father more perfectly than it ever could have his grandfather. For like his father the house was so evidently left over from a past generation of quieter tastes and gentler manners. It was built of a peculiarly colored gray stone and was perfectly plain except for a beautifully designed colonial doorway in the center of the house. Round it was a narrow margin of open ground in which, in spring and summer, was set a mosaic of green grass lined with tulips, and later salvia. But like his father another generation was fast creeping upon the old house, a tide was rushing upon it that must sometime destroy it. Down here in Thirty-sixth Street East trade was fast gaining ascendancy. Over the roof of the house loomed the lofty building which housed a great department store, and only two doors away glistened the wide plate-glass window of a fashionable modiste. Yes, the house was going, the whole neighborhood was going. But in its decay, in its rugged resistance to the decay, the shining, fearless way in which it faced the inevitable—there was something particularly charming and appealing. Like his father, thought Jig, exactly like his father.

And he was reassured by the sight of the house in which he had always lived. It was doomed but its going was not yet. Not for many years yet, he told himself. If ever he married he wanted to live here, bring his bride here, rear his children here—just as his father had.

Unaccountably his thoughts—he was now walking along Thirty-sixth Street toward Fifth Avenue—leaped to Sylvia Tree. The last time he had seen Sylvia she looked tired, worn out. She was working for the motor corps of the Red Cross and she had certainly overdone the thing. He remembered how badly he had felt at seeing Sylvia look so haggard. Usually she was such a buoyant creature; zestful, brimming over with an ardent desire to live life to the full. But the figure of Sylvia merged into the figure of Cordelia Bourne and that was succeeded by the figure of Marcia De Witt. What a fool he was! Why couldn't he think of one of these girls without thinking of the three of them? His father was right. What was the weakness in him, the lack of stamina, that prevented him from coming to a decision?

But the thought of Marcia reminded him that he was late. He looked at his watch. Good heavens! It was almost ten! He covered the remaining few steps to Fifth Avenue at a run and hailed a passing taxicab.

As he drove up to Marcia's house in the East Sixties, however, not even the swift flight of the motor quite banished his worries. He tried to remember the exact words his father had used. And suddenly he found himself wondering what his friends would say if the Whytes did lose that indefinite something which had always given them so much money—more money than anyone could possibly need. What would his friends think? How would they act if he became a penniless nobody instead of Derrik Whyte who had always been able to play the game no matter how high the stakes ran? Especially he wondered how the three girls he knew best would take it—Sylvia and Marcia and Cordelia.

As he alighted from the taxicab before Marcia's door and paid the chauffeur he smiled, and the smile was both malicious and grim. It would be rather a lark to know how those three would take it.

III

MARCIA had evidently procured entire possession of the large De Witt living room for herself and her friends. No other member of the De Witt family was present and Jig was not surprised because he knew they disapproved heartily of Marcia's friends and the parties she gave them. In fact, Marcia had more than once threatened to take herself off from the parental roof and establish headquarters farther downtown in a more liberal atmosphere, where art could be encouraged free from family interruptions and flourish divorced from family sneers and cavils.

Marcia was a slim, graceful creature who delighted in the adjective which her admirers used most often in describing her. That adjective was "spiritual." But Jig doubted whether its application was justified. Marcia was so restless; she was like a brilliant bird posed restlessly in the tree of life, darting from one branch to another, constantly fluttering, preening her wings. It was only when she remembered the spiritual rôle which had been assigned to her and in which she rejoiced that she was quiescent. Then she sat with folded hands and eyes cast down, trying to look pale and interesting; but never for long did she sit that way.

Marcia saw Jig as soon as he entered, and came forward, moving with a swimming motion in the loose gown she wore—one of the type she affected, always vividly colored and barbarically embroidered.

"Oh, Jig, dear!" she cried. "You're awfully late, but you're not too late to give us a nice subscription for our new Alley Playhouse."

"What's that?" asked Jig.

She took his arm.

"Come along and listen. You'll soon find out. You've met all these people and if you haven't it doesn't matter anyway."

She led him to the center of a group gathered round Vivian Wellcome, who sat on a blue-and-gold divan beneath the yellow shade of a Chinese red-teakwood lamp. Vivian's fragile hands gesticulated violently as she gave her ideas as to the plays the new theater should produce.

"We don't want to go in for realism," she said. "There's no art in realism any more. Nothing's been done since Ibsen. Everything since is rank imitation in some form or other. We should have fantasy, charm, poetry."

"There's that Spanish play of mine," said the youth who sat at Vivian Wellcome's feet.

Vivian smiled, leaned forward and stroked the youth's yellow hair.

"We'll get to that, Carlo," she said. "Just let me run things my way a while."

"Why can't we put on one of the Russians?" asked a tall, cadaverous man with a face blue-black where his shaven beard showed. He was leaning over the couch, but he looked hungrily for approval toward Marcia De Witt, who nodded encouragingly and said: "The Russians are so wonderful!" But Vivian's staccato voice broke through again:

"No, no! We don't want anything Russian. People are afraid of it; afraid of anything Russian. That's past now. We've got to consider our public a little bit. We can't be too arty. Miss De Witt and her friends are awfully generous, but we can't impose on them too greatly. We've got to get some people into the house."

Jig surprised himself by venturing a question.

"Why not something American?" he asked. "The last time I heard you you were all for encouraging native genius."

They all looked at him incredulously, as if he were the last person from whom they expected an opinion. They regarded him with the respect due a Whyte, or rather due a person who had free access to the Whyte coffers; but their faces otherwise were set and antagonistic.

"Oh, there's nothing worth while American," said a small, oldish man who sat next to Vivian Wellcome on the divan. "The Provincetown crowd did that. And what did they dig up? Nothing! Nothing except Cocaine, and possibly one or two of Eugene O'Neill's and Susan Glaspell's."

"There's that Spanish play of mine," repeated the yellow-haired youth plaintively.

Jig slipped away. He had discovered Cordelia Bourne sitting in a far corner and turning the pages of a book with an indifferent air.

"Hello, Cordelia! What are you doing here?" Jig asked.

"Hello, Jig! Oh, Marcia dragged me to it. She's trying to get everybody to subscribe. I wish she wouldn't get these wild enthusiasms. They're so expensive for her friends. Rum bunch, aren't they?"

While Jig looked at her she regarded the group round the couch with disillusioned eyes. Her whole attitude toward life was cynical, Jig thought. She regarded life itself with those disillusioned eyes. And she was so pretty. Her very blond hair was elaborately waved but drawn straight back from her low white forehead, and she wore a gown of pale-gold chiffon that fluffed round her like a cloud. Beneath it one little foot swung free. It, too, was incased in a golden slipper.

"You're looking particularly nice to-night," said Jig.

She acknowledged the compliment with a droop of her tired eyelids.

"In this old rag?" she asked. "It's last year's. I thought it would do for Marcia's mob."

Jig looked at the mob again.

"They all seem to be playing their own game pretty well. That young Carlo Bennett keeps bleating about his own play."

"And Vivian Wellcome is helping him out because it contains, I understand, a great part for her. She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Yes, but grubby."

"Why are they all so grubby?" asked Cordelia disdainfully. "Grubby and selfish? Still, we're all selfish. We're all trying to grab the best slice of the cake for ourselves."

"Oh, come, Cordelia! It's not as bad as that."

"Pretty nearly."

Jig decided to change the subject.

"It's hard to believe that the world is recovering from the effects of a great war, is busy with the most tremendous problems ever faced by men, with that chatter going on, isn't it?"

But Cordelia was not to be won so easily from her cynicism.

"What are you doing, Jig, in this great work of making the world over?" she asked. And she eyed him mockingly.

Jig squirmed and thought of his father's words.

"That's a fair hit, Cordelia," he admitted.

Marcia De Witt came floating toward them.

"Here, you two can't escape by pretending indifference," she said. "You've got to help. Doesn't the new theater sound wonderful? You know how vital it is to give this little-theater movement advice and encouragement. It's the only really worth-while thing in America artistically to-day."

"Last week you said that about basket work," said Cordelia.

Marcia was not to be discouraged. She slipped her arm round Cordelia's chiffon waist.

"Now, don't be a horrid old skeptic, Cordelia," she said. "Come up with your five hundred."

Cordelia yawned and tapped her lips with her fingers.

"Oh, I don't know, Marcia. I'm awfully stony. Dropped two thou at N'Orleans yesterday. I'll let you know later."

"And you, Jig?"

Suddenly Jig decided he would test these friends of his. He was so very tired of Marcia's poses, of Cordelia's cynicism. He found himself wanting very much indeed to find out if there were a real Marcia beneath this highly strung, beautifully burnished Marcia. And he wanted to know if Cordelia's carefully cultivated cynicism were a mask or something that was really part of the girl herself. Possibly, too, the Whyte fortune was dissolving. He might be telling

a lie but he might also—alas—be telling the truth. His spirits slumped.

"I'll let you know later whether I'll subscribe or not, Marcia," he said. "I have something else I want to tell you first."

"Tell me now," said Marcia. "I want to get this thing settled." And taking his arm she led him to a little smoking room off the main hall.

"What is it?" she asked.

"We've lost our money, Marcia."

Marcia stared at him dumfounded.

"Lost your money! What do you mean? All your money?"

"Almost all."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Jig! You've always been so generous. I was counting on you for a thou at least for the Alley Playhouse." Then she realized the frivolity of her words under the circumstances and she covered Jig's hand with hers.

"How horrid of me! I didn't realize what you were saying or what I was. How awful, Jig! You poor darling! How does one lose so much money so suddenly? What will you do?"

"Go to work."

"Go to work! What can you do?"

"That's the question."

Marcia reflected for a moment; then was all shimmering excitement.

"I have it! You can be the leading man of the new theater. Really I'm not joking, Jig. They haven't anybody with one-tenth your looks, and all a leading man needs is good looks. Or possibly you could write a play for us, Jig. No, acting is better—more certain. You'll get something out of it. The theater's run on a coöperative basis, you know. All the actors share alike in the profits—when there are any profits. If business is good each will get thirty or forty dollars a week. And if you make a hit you may get an engagement in a regular Broadway production. Why, anybody'd go to see a Whyte on the stage." She seized his hands, carried away by her own enthusiasm, and said: "Come along. We'll tell them."

"No!" cried Jig sharply. "No! Please, no! It doesn't sound like quite the thing I'm fitted for. Don't tell them, Marcia. Don't tell anybody just yet."

"All right. I suppose you are frightfully sensitive about it. I know how I'd feel if dad lost all his money. No, I don't know how I should feel. It would be too awful!"

As if this illustration carried comprehension with it, Marcia for a minute stood aghast before Jig. She became quiet, spiritual, and this time there was no affectation about it. "If you ever actually need any money, Jig," she said, "of course you know you can have all I've got. I'd much rather give it to you than to that bunch inside. I only do that because—well, one has to invent playthings."

Abruptly she stooped and kissed Jig. Then she fled from the room. Jig remained there alone.

"Marcia's a brick!" he said; and indeed he thought she had taken it wonderfully. Admitting the egotism of it he tried to imagine Marcia his wife. He saw that she realized her fads were but playthings. He had had, indeed, a glimpse of the real Marcia. And yet Marcia would always have to have her playthings. Marcia's husband would have an interesting if somewhat hectic time of it. At least he would be kept well informed of the artistic movements and reforms of the passing day. It would be educational. It would be—yes, it would be terribly tiresome after a bit. A certain mad curiosity now seized Jig. He wanted to know how Cordelia Bourne would take it. And how Sylvia Tree would. Somehow, he admitted with a degree of self-disgust, he could never separate these three long in his thoughts. He knew how one of them had reacted. He must find out how the two others would. He must.

Later, when salad and sandwiches and champagne punch were served, he made his way again to Cordelia's side.

"Let me walk home with you," he said.

"My car's coming at twelve," said Cordelia.

"Shove all the Washington Square gang into it and send them home," he suggested. "That's a kind, charitable act, Cordelia. They'll appreciate it. And let me walk home with you. I've something I want to tell you. That's another charitable act."

"Walk down to Fifty-second Street, Jig? Look at my slippers." She dangled the little gold slippers. "Is it something important you have to tell me?"

"Yes," said Jig.

"All right," said Cordelia. The cynicism had somehow left her eyes; she gave him a level, scrutinizing look.

Why Was It That After All These Years Sylvia Could Make Him Gasp With Her Unutterable Loveliness?

IV

AS THE bevy of young people tumbled out of the De Witt doorway the men pulled up their collars and the women buried their hands in their muffs with little ejaculations protesting the cold. A flurry of snow whirled down from the housetops.

"Still game, Cordelia?" asked Jig.

"Yes," she answered, and turning to the others she told them to take her car, which waited at the curb. They thanked her with the effusiveness due a Cordelia Bourne. But she, halfway down the steps, said over her shoulder: "It isn't my idea. I don't go in for kind deeds, you know. It's Jig's. Come along, Jig."

Jig and Cordelia were blown round the corner into Fifth Avenue by a blast of icy air. She slipped her arm through his and said: "I'm going to hang onto you. I can't hear you if I don't. This is a beastly night to insist on a walk. Well, what have you got to say, old darling?"

He told her.

She did not answer. They walked in silence for a full block. It was like Cordelia, Jig thought, to give the matter consideration, to turn it over thoroughly in her own mind, before answering. Presently she said: "I hope you're going to take it like a good sport."

"Why, I am, Cordelia," he answered, somewhat surprised. Of course—if it came—he was going to take it like a good sport.

"What will you have to do?" she asked.

"Go to work."

"At what?"

"I don't know as yet."

"There are lots of things you can do." But a gust of wind carried her words away. He drew her closer.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"There are lots of things you could do!" she shouted. And they smiled into each other's eyes, drawing still closer, with the Avenue black before them, empty save for an occasional motor car speeding madly through the storm, with the great yellow arc lights overhead spattered white with snowflakes.

"What would you suggest doing, Cordelia?"

She frowned.

"You may lose your money, but you won't lose your friends or your pull, Jig. That's something about our set, which is not otherwise distinguished for its virtues. They do hang together. Look at Freddy Marvin! He's lived on his friends for the past ten years."

"I don't want to do that, Cordelia."

"No, I don't suppose so."

There was a pause.

"You can get some sinecure downtown with little work and much pay. Father has brought about greater miracles than that with men who haven't half your intelligence. I'll speak to father about it if you wish, Jig."

"No, not that either, Cordelia."

Her fur collar came so high that only the tip of her small pointed nose and her eyes were visible above it. And Jig saw that her eyes again were cynical and amused.

"Aren't you taking it too seriously, Jig?" she asked.

"In what way?"

"You seem to be adopting a proud and lofty attitude—the poor-but-honest pose.

"You can't be too proud in the future if you're going to get anywhere, Jig."

He made a little, fierce, impatient gesture with his free hand.

"I don't want to give up all my ideals!"

"Ideals!" she laughed.

"Cordelia, I hate your cynicism," he said. "Haven't you any ideals?"

(Continued on Page 90)

THEIR HOURS AND OURS

MY DEAR, A SERVANT PROBLEM IN ANY HOME IS QUITE UNNECESSARY. I MERELY EMPLOY TWICE AS MANY AND WORK TWO SHIFTS — IT IS RIDICULOUSLY SIMPLE!
HERBERT JOHNSON

By IRVIN S. COBB

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE scene is a dinner party in a home of refinement and opulence. The settings betoken—as to ownership, culture and as to finances—nothing else but. The time is not-far-away future, the exact hour is ten minutes to ten of the evening of a hitherto perfect day. Plates have just been changed for the salad; the dessert is to follow and then the coffee and the savory. We may appraise the social standing of the hostess by the fact that she no longer refers to toasted cheese as toasted cheese. Never pausing to take rest, but shooting offhand, as it were, she calls it the savory, as our English cousins do and as all our best families will do too—as soon as they find out our English cousins do. But our hostess, having on her side the advantage of wide travel and acquaintance with the leading people not only at home but abroad, has been calling the cheese savory for a considerable time past. Through practice she has got so she does it unhesitatingly, without fumbling the words, without even appearing self-conscious.

Center-Table Literature of the Period

THE picture is replete with color, abounding with gayety and life. The party has been well chosen. In it is not one known variously in our most exclusive sets as a cull, second, double-naught, dub, dud, washout, total loss, string bean or weak fish. In short, there are present no deceased ones whatever; nor yet a member of the Better-Dead Club. The food has been all that the most discriminating palate could crave. The viands, by their variety and their sparkle, have matched the rare taste displayed in the selection and arrangement of the menu. To grace the feast and loosen the laggard tongue, if any such there be, to make glad the heart and quicken the wit, the host, that handsome man with the iron-gray hair and the air about him of dominance and power, who sits yonder at the head of the table, has enriched the festal board with the most delectable contents of the steel-lined vault which he inserted behind a secret paneling in the rear wall of the coal cellar back in June of 1919.

It is all very well to restrict the lower orders, such as those persons who work for a living, to the noninebriating decoctions described in that volume which at the period whereof we write is to be found on the center table of every middle-class home; the one entitled, The Dry-Keeper's Handy Guide; or, How to Avoid Filling a Drunkard's Grave Either Personally or by Proxy, by the Hon. Josephus Daniels, with a short introduction in forty thousand words by the Hon. William J. Bryan.

But this company, needless to say, does not belong to the common herd. Some of them may have been of the common herd years ago before they got their money; some of them may be again years from now after they have got rid of their money; but at present, having had money for some time and still having it, they are to be rated among those who by reason of wealth and the positions they have attained are entitled—within the sanctity of the home at least—to a special consideration which very properly is denied the artisan groups and the masses generally.

This being true, the glasses have not for one moment been suffered to remain empty. Before the company sat down there was a cocktail compounded of homemade root bitters and grain alcohol in equal portions, with just a dash of Swedish chloral, and known as the Lumberjack Rose Cocktail. With the soup there came on delicious dandelion wine laid down by the far-seeing host in the fall of 1918, which as all connoisseurs will recall was one of the best dandelion years we ever had. This was followed by some wonderful old-vintage apple cider enriched with the fulminating California raisin; and that in turn by magnums of the very choicest products of a famous Middle-West coon silo. Next came the most precious of all: For each a crystal measure of genuine, old, 1916, ante-war lager—a fluid to be swallowed lingeringly in tiny sips. The after-dinner liqueur every guest will brew for himself or herself upon a beautiful silver-mounted patent fireless cooker which stands at the elbow of each one, this being an innovation which came into vogue among our wealthier families at a comparatively recent period prior to the rise of the curtain.

With all this one might think that no cloud possibly could mar the serenity of the feast. But, alas, how true it is that foreboding care intrudes everywhere to dim the joy of someone! Alone of all this blithesome company, the hostess is distrait, ill at ease, concerned with unuttered but none the less carking thoughts. She began to manifest an illy repressed nervousness two hours and a half ago when some of the guests failed to arrive at the appointed hour. Sharp at seven-thirty she had meant that all should sit down, but because of the tardiness of those delinquents it was after eight o'clock before the hors d'œuvre came on; and so it has befallen that a dinner which otherwise would have come to its close at nine-thirty or at the very latest a quarter to ten has stretched on and on into the fleeting evening and still has not reached its ordained conclusion.

Yet why should the good lady distress herself over that seemingly trivial circumstance? Has not the service been perfect? Was not the entrée a dream of deliciousness and the roast a vision to delight the eye and edge the appetite? Why then should this regal creature glance repeatedly and with such apprehension in her countenance at the face of the gemmed timepiece upon her left wrist? Why does she cast imploring looks to the other end of the table, where sits her husband, striving to catch his eye, as though silently to implore aid from that ordinarily resourceful and dependable quarter? He gives no heed, though, to her telepathic S O Sesses. Strong in all other regards, this man has a vice which may yet be his undoing. He is a raisin fiend. To-night he has looked too long upon the raisin when it is fulminating. To-morrow he will have a headache and a breath like a hot mince pie. Now he is flushed of countenance and his hair is awry, and of the flight of the minutes he takes no account. Vain indeed to seek for help in that source. His wife's slender fingers fumble tremblingly at the string of priceless pearls which adorn her throat, each pearl worth a duke's ransom and each as large as a young scallion. Anon one fluttering hand seeks her diaphragm as though to still the apprehensive flutterings of a heart beating beneath a jeweled stomacher massively fashioned after the model of the Richard K. Fox championship belt. In short, it is plain that this woman, possessing all that the world can give, is most terribly fussed up. But why, you ask—why? Ah, that we soon shall know!

Hark! What is that sound?

Fleming Delivers His Ultimatum

IT IS a clock. It is a clock in the drawing-room, which begins now to chime its silver bell. At the first stroke the impeccable butler shoots a meaning glance this way and that—at the second man, at the third man and at the two trim serving maids. At the fifth stroke he raises a hand in signaled warning to these lesser servitors. It is more than a warning; it is a command—a command instantly obeyed. Wherever he or she happens to be stationed, each one of his underlings puts down whatever he or she happens to be holding in his or her hands. With an unobtrusive dignity the five of them move quietly toward the pantry door.

"Oh, please, Fleming, please!" The appeal is involuntarily wrung from the throat of the desperate hostess. "Please, Fleming, do not desert me now! Do not spoil my dinner! Do not shame us before the eyes of our friends! It was not my fault that we were so late in starting—I mean, it shall not happen again. Haven't I always been kind to you, Fleming? Haven't I always been kind to all of you since you first came to work for me—some of you three weeks ago, some as far back as five weeks ago? Please, Fleming, stay for ten minutes more—for five!"

"Mum," replies Fleming, checking in his retreat, but no more than checking, "what you ask is impossible. Under the law, as you know, we kin not work more than eight hours a day, exceptin' Sundays, Saturday 'alf holidays, legal holidays, Christmus week and 'oly days in Lent, when we are forbid to work at all. Mum, I regrets to inform you that ——"

"But, Fleming," she cries, all her pride cast aside, only humble agonized entreaty in her tone, "you know that the latest amendment to the law prevents me from hiring a third shift for late night work! Surely for just this once you will consent to stay on until our dinner is finished! I promise you we shall hurry. Call the others back, won't you please, Fleming?"

"Mum," he answers firmly but respectfully, "even if we could so demean ourselves as to break the law, there still remains the union. Wot would the union do? Take away our cards, that's wot! Mum, this shift came on duty at two P. HEM this afternoon. Mum, this shift must quit at ten P. HEM sharp. That hour havin' arrived, this shift has quit. Mum, I wishes you a pleasant good night."

With these words he is gone; the others are gone. The cook has gone; in fact five minutes ago she might have been heard packing up to go. The kitchen helper has gone. The upstairs girl and the downstairs girl, the man who tends the furnace, the lad in buttons who runs errands—all have gone.

Upon the untended range the dessert scorches into a blackened ruin. The black coffee remains unpoured; the savory, formerly cheese, remains unserved. And one of the smartest dinner parties of the current season has just naturally gone plumb blooey.

Who of those that are left behind in the palatial home thinks, though, now of that? One and all they bend above the relaxed figure of their hostess, seeking to revive her, for she has fainted into the salad dressing.

The Age of Impossible Happenings?

HAVE I grossly exaggerated in limning this sketchy delineation of a household tragedy of the impending future? I deny it. In the face of that denial, does anyone insist that I have here etched an impossible picture? Well, then, let us consider the portents of the times and while considering them have a thought likewise for the abundant examples of the past.

Sixty-five years ago one-third of the white people of this country felt it an absolute and unshakable conviction that the country could not endure without the continued maintenance of the institution of African slavery in the Southern and the Southwestern states of the Union.

Twenty-five years ago the bare suggestion that suffrage would ever be granted to women adults throughout the Union would have been the signal for an outburst of raucous laughter stretching from coast to coast and from the Gulf to the Lakes.

Ten years ago the prophecy by any hitherto supposedly sane person that within ten years this Republic would go on a prohibition basis could have meant for the deluded prophet but one thing—no, two things—to wit: one straitjacket, one padded cell.

Five and a half years ago all the world, excepting the Germans and a few scattering alarmists in Great Britain and France and America, was absolutely sure there would never be another great war.

But the institution of African slavery passed and the nation endured. Universal suffrage impends and we are all reasonably calm about it. Anyhow, come to think about it, now that it is as good as accomplished, the only real argument that might have been offered against it was the behavior of some of the women who were for it. At this writing we are dry—oh, lawsy, how dry we are! And, if I am one to judge, are likely to continue in a dry state for quite a spell. The great war came, the greatest of all wars since men first learned to fight, and our children and their children's children must help pay the cost of it, because we of this generation, living in a fool's paradise, would not harken to the warnings of a handful of inspired men who visioned the approaching catastrophe. It was a mighty wise man, that, who said that if our foresights were only half as accurate as our hindsights this would be a happier and a better world.

And to-day in a land where every sort of change appears to be welcome—except small change—all the visible signs predicate a radical readjustment of the conditions of domestic service; a readjustment brought about, not so much by voluntary adoption and subsequent usage as one formulated by and enforced under the provisions of the enacted statute. And when that readjustment comes it is going to complicate a condition already sufficiently difficult and delicate and burdensome. Count it not among the lesser affairs of this world, for it isn't. A thing which will cause a drastic reorganization of the life of every household whose head is able to employ one or more servants is bound to be epochal. John Q. Epoch himself may well prepare to stand aghast.

It is a condition which confronts us and not a theory, as somebody once said with regard—as I recall—to one of those tremendously momentous and overpowering crises which descend upon us every presidential year, threatening the very fabric of the nation, but which seem to pass away immediately following the first Tuesday after the first Monday—providing our crowd has elected its ticket.

As I may have indicated in the preceding paragraphs, the condition now confronting us has particularly to do with what commonly is called the servant problem. Sometimes I think the mistake a good many of us make is in treating a servant as a problem instead of as a person. However, that for the moment is neither here nor there.

Of course the primeval and original trouble with the domestic situation is that strictly speaking we have no fixed and dependable servant class in this country, but only a transitory impermanent one. Probably this assertion is going to be the cue for numbers of subscribers to rise and ask me how about the old family retainer—of color—in the South; and also how about the faithful hired girl of remote New England, who practically is a member of the family. In reply, and answering the first question first, I would beg to state that my advices from below Mason and Dixon's Line are to the effect that the dear devoted old black family retainer has practically vanished. Only a few—a very few—of her are left. And whisper—in confidence I shall tell you a secret: Excepting in works of fiction, there never were so very many of her to start with. Following the sad example of the great auk, the dodo, the three-dollar pant and the twenty-five-cent suspender, she is about to become an extinct species, living hereafter only in song and story. Her daughter is the corresponding secretary of the Folded Hands Branch of the Employed Colored Ladies' Social Association; and her grandson is lucratively employed in vaudeville; residing, when at home, in the Moorish Prince apartments on West One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Street, New York City; and when engaged on the big time, singing jazzified plantation melodies written by a lifelong student of negro folklore who came here a few years ago from Odessa, Russia.

As for the Yankee hired girl, as famed in romance, I would say that according to the best information obtainable the angular and sharp-spoken but kind-hearted Huldah is now cleaning up her little old four-fifty per diem in a large industrial plant in a factory town hard by the village where she formerly labored fourteen hours a day at tasks of kitchen artistry, and is thinking some of buying a touring car of her own. Also she now answers to the name of Miss H. Peabody and anyone calling her Huldah does so at his or her peril.

Where No One Stays Put

NEITHER Down East nor Down South is any longer to be reckoned as a favored section in the matter of domestic economies; therefore when I say that we have no regular servant class in this country, I mean broadly the whole country. Our British cousins are more favored in this regard. Perhaps I should say they were more favored until comparatively recently. Before the war England had a servant class made up of men and women who had been born to be servants, who had grown up in the expectation of becoming servants, who did not aspire to be anything other than servants, who were amply content to be as good servants as they could be and as a general rule to breed descendants who would carry on the traditional callings of their sires. Largely it was this that made England, which climatically is one of the most uncomfortable spots on earth to live in, actually one of the most comfortable spots for living purposes on the habitable globe.

But we have no servant class. With us scarcely any man stays put. Nearly always he either advances upward in the world to a supposedly higher sphere than the one in which the accidents of birth and environment placed him originally, or he slips backward to a lower plane; rarely does he remain placed clear through to the end of his little chapter. With us, speaking by and large, a servant continues to be a servant only because he or she can find nothing else to be or only through the period that intervenes between learning the trade of a servant and finding something else to do—something which in the mind of the seeker promises a better reward either in pay or in physical surroundings or in the social scale. It may be a better thing for the national spirit of ambition and the national spirit of endeavor that this restlessness should permeate the groups upon whom nearly everybody else—after some fashion or other—depends for domestic choring. I imagine the sociologists could argue that it is indeed a very good thing so far as the future of the nation is concerned, but

(Continued on Page 154)

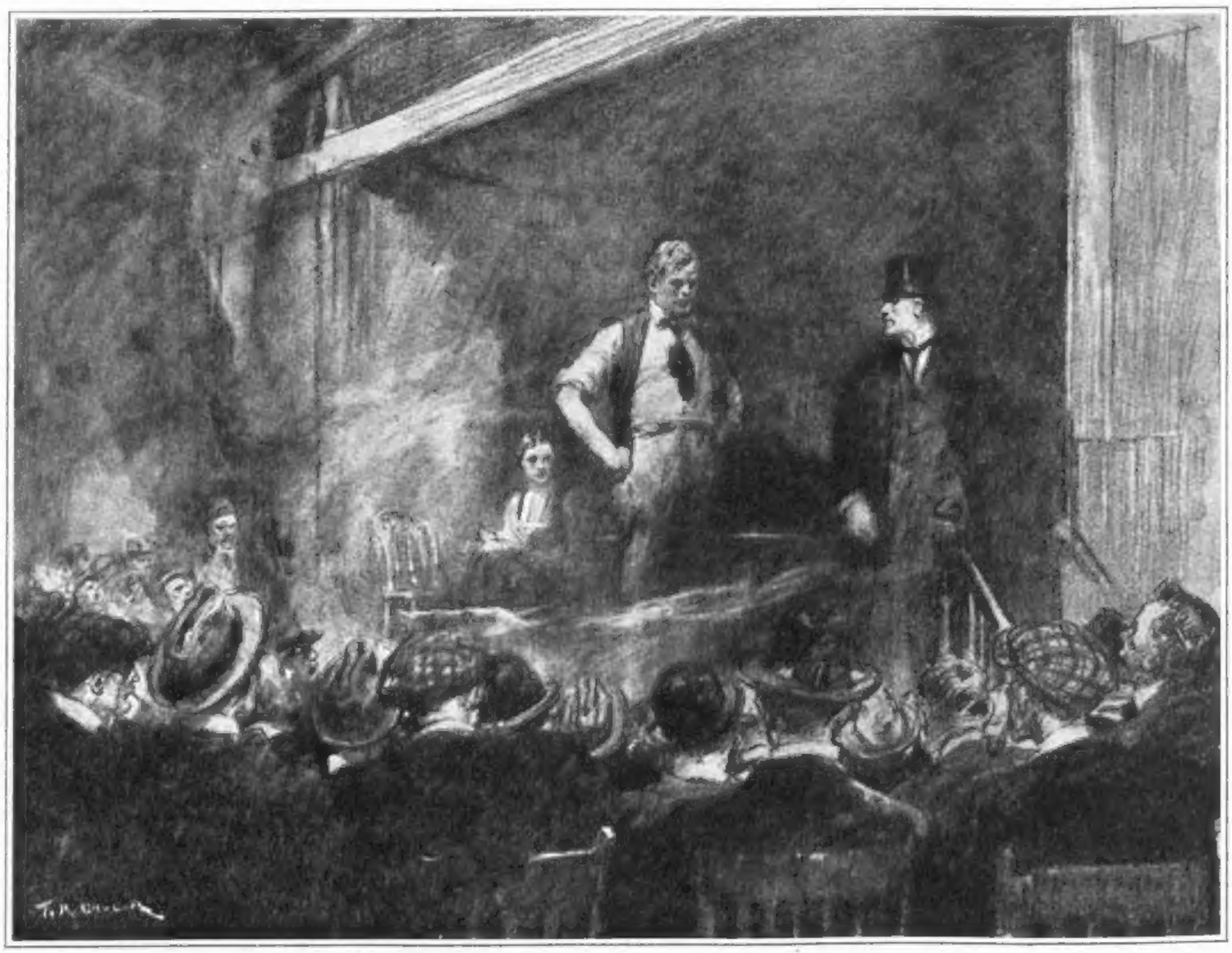
7 A.M.
I'M AFRAID YOUR BREAKFAST IS GETTING COLD, NORA!
8 A.M.
I'LL INTERVIEW YEZ IN THE DINING ROOM! I ALLOW NO WAN IN ME KITCHEN!
9 A.M.
PLEASE STAY JUST LONG ENOUGH TO PUT DINNER ON THE TABLE! I'LL PAY EXTRA WE'RE EXPECTING A GUEST—
5 P.M.
5:30 P.M.
MOTHER, HERE COMES DADDY AND ANOTHER MAN!
6 P.M.
7 P.M.
11 P.M.

AN OUTRAGE OR TWO

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON THE morning after the outrage he had committed on the night before, Eli Parsons, of Paragon City, woke to find himself famous; famous, that is, in certain quarters—wholly infamous in others. He woke after a long sound sleep. He rubbed his eyes and leaped from his couch. He stretched his limbs—pleasingly clad in pyjamas of the color known as Chinese blue—and yawned. He glanced at his watch. A single morning newspaper lay upon a chair—the Daily Toiler. He stared at its huge red headlines with interest, a grim smile playing about the corners of his mouth. Once more he glanced at his watch—he made a rapid calculation. The Atlantic Coast had breakfasted five hours ago. By this time the horror-stricken eyes of a whole nation were being turned upon Eli; a whole nation was listening, a bit awe-stricken and aghast, to the frenzied cries of Rosa Lammer; to her agonized appeal for the swiftest of swift retribution.



"The Citizens of This City and State Will Rise En Masse and Hang You From the Nearest Lamp-Post. Nobody Can Stop Them"

The door opened. Mrs. Eli Parsons entered the room. She, too, held in her hand the current issue of the Daily Toiler.

"Eli!" she cried in horror. "You didn't do—this thing?"

Eli Parsons for answer stretched forth his right hand.

"That," he returned grimly, "is the hand that ——"

"Don't say it!" cried his wife.

She left the room. Almost immediately she was back again, this time bearing a salver heaped high with telegrams.

"They sent these over from the State House," she explained. Eli tore a few of them open—only a few. Then he shook his head. "I'll wait," he nodded to his wife, "until they know the facts."

Dressing himself, he glanced from the window. A squad of armed soldiers was patrolling the place. State constabulary and special deputies kept the street clear. Across the way a constantly growing crowd cluttered up the sidewalk. As rapidly as this crowd formed, it was dispersed. But its members only walked round the block and then came back again. Each atom of this aggregation kept its eyes glued to Eli Parson's front door. They were waiting for him to come out.

Eli ate a leisurely breakfast, kissed his wife—putting his left arm about her waist, and not his right—then strode out of his house. His limousine was standing at the curb.

He did not enter it at once. He stood on the sidewalk, curiously eying that crowd across the street. He noted with a grim chuckle that from every man's coat pocket a Daily Toiler thrust forth its bloody head. As he stood there looking on, a lone woman darted from the midst of a little group of idlers and shot across the street. A soldier intercepted her, dragged her back. She began to scream; she shrieked. Eli Parsons raised his voice.

"Fetch her to me," he said.

Two uniformed men led her across the street. She faced Eli.

"What do you want?" asked Eli.

"I'm Nels Larsen's wife," she returned. "I want—my man."

"Where is your man?" demanded Eli.

"He is in jail," returned the woman.

"I know Nels Larsen," went on Eli, "and—he was caught last night?"

The woman nodded miserably. Her face was pale, her eyes wild with affright. It became clear to Eli Parsons that the woman was very much afraid of him. Eli regarded her gravely.

"The penalty for treason here is death," he said.

The woman held out her hands piteously.

"My man did nothing—nothing!" she pleaded. "Only what Sam Bruno said to do—only what Sam Bruno said!"

"Your man," returned Eli, "must be judged by the company he keeps."

"I know!" wailed the woman. "I know! I warned him! We all warned him! But it did no good."

"Who," queried Eli, "is we?"

"The children and me," returned the woman.

"How many children have you got?" demanded Eli.

"Seven," faltered the woman.

"Seven?" echoed Eli. He smiled meaningly at the soldiery. Then he nodded. "You all warned him," he echoed, "but he went."

"On my knees I begged him—the children begged him!" cried the woman.

Eli raised his voice. He bent his gaze upon the crowd across the street.

"He was not only a traitor to his country then!" cried Eli. "He's a traitor to his family. That's worse."

Eli looked about him. At his side stood one of the reporters of the Puget Sound Press. He beckoned to the boy.

"Ollie," he said, "will the Press resume to-day?"

The boy nodded.

"All the papers will be out to-night," he said.

Eli Parsons scribbled something in his notebook and tore out a leaf.

"Ollie," he said, "you take this woman to the county jail. Give this to somebody in charge. See that her man gets out. Let him understand that it is his wife and children who get him out. Tell him that if he'd been a single man he could rot for all I care. Ollie," he went on, "I want you to write up this conversation I've just had with this woman."

"I've got it down," said Ollie.

"I want you," went on Eli, "to get this man's story—the story of his wife and children—write these people up from last night's angle. A special article about a family—for families to read."

He stepped lightly into his limousine and was driven off. The crowd across the way hooted curses after him.

"Jail!" cried one of them. "Why ain't he in jail? Why don't they lock him up, I'd like to know?"

"He's the governor," returned another. "They can't jail him."

"Not even for last night?"

"Not for anything, I tell you! Eli Parsons can do anything he pleases and get away with it. The rest of us can't."

Eli reached his sanctum sanctorum at the State House and rang for his private secretary. That gentleman handed him a copy of the Daily Toiler and another sheaf of telegrams.

"Rosa Lammer," said his private secretary, "has sworn out a warrant of arrest."

"Against me?"

"Yes."

"Homicide?"

"First-degree murder," nodded the secretary.

Eli tapped his desk with the fingers of his right hand.

"She is being watched?" he queried.

"She'll never get away," said the private secretary.

"Good!" said Eli. "For the rest, we'll lay low until everybody has the facts."

The afternoon extras and the evening papers published the facts. By nightfall everybody had the facts. Next morning at breakfast, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico every man who ate breakfast and who could read found the facts facing him. Then, as in the twinkling of an eye, there followed a country-wide ripple of exultant laughter—a universal salvo of applause.

Silence—an hour-long silence. And after that the deluge. Within the next twenty-four hours more than fifty thousand telegrams were delivered at the State House in Paragon City—thousands were handed in at Eli's home. Overnight ten thousand editors throughout the country scribbled masterly editorials, lauding Eli Parsons to the skies. Overnight magazines and newspaper syndicates besought Eli for signed articles, offering fabulous prices per word. And overnight important political organizations spread across the country turned their faces as with one accord toward the Far Northwest.

All this for Eli Parsons. Overnight he had become the idol of the hour.

To give Eli his just due, let it be said that he had not stretched out his hand voluntarily for fame He had been merely playing in his own yard. He couldn't know that the eyes of the whole Western Hemisphere were peering over his back fence. A sudden conflagration had broken out within the confines of his own domain. Eli, ever

alive to the value of drama, had fought fire with fire; at least what he fought with looked like fire, acted like fire, burned and destroyed apparently like fire. That curious crowd stretching far back across the continent had looked on, worried, anxious, then suddenly aghast and shocked. Then, presto—the name of Eli Parsons had become a household word.

On the following day Simon De Graw called on the governor and locked the door behind him. Simon De Graw was a grizzled gentleman of the old school. He was Eli Parsons' official political adviser. He thought that he was Eli's confidant. He wasn't. Eli Parsons had but one confidant in all the world—Eli's daughter, Molly.

A cablegram was lying on Eli Parsons' desk, face up, in front of Eli. Simon De Graw glanced at it. Eli handed it to him.

"From the greatest man in the world, Simon," nodded Eli.

Simon De Graw read the cablegram once, twice, thrice.

"Sounds as though he really meant it," conceded Simon. He drew up a chair, sat down and laid a hand upon Eli Parsons' knee.

"Eli," he said solemnly, "you can have anything you want. With one exception, you are the most talked-of man in these United States. With one exception"— he laid his hand unconsciously upon the cablegram—"and that one exception is abroad. You're the man of the hour, Eli. The best is none too good."

Eli Parsons tapped the cablegram.

"You mean," he faltered, his eyes wide with wonder, "even a place like that?"

Simon De Graw nodded.

"The best, Eli," he repeated unctuously, "is none too good for you."

Eli let it sink in. He stared at Simon De Graw for a long, long while in silence. Then he leaned over and tapped Simon on the arm.

"Simon," he said slowly, "it looks to me as though at last I'd got a hearing. At last they'll listen to me—listen to what I've got to say."

Simon's brow clouded.

"Ye-es," faltered Simon unenthusiastically, "they'll listen all right. You've got a hearing, Eli. But just what did you intend to say?"

"Good!" cried Eli. "We agree on that, Simon. At last I've got a hearing. A hearing's all I want."

Simon eyed him sternly. He clutched the governor by the arm.

"Eli!" he exclaimed. "Don't talk! You take my tip! Don't talk!"

Eli Parsons waved the hand of the born talker.

"Don't talk!" he echoed. "Not talk, Simon, with this world-wide audience waiting to hear just what I've got to say? Not talk, when I've waited for ten years just to get a chance to say it?"

"To say what?" demanded Simon.

"To say my say!" said Eli.

Two weeks later Eli Parsons girded up his loins and started forth. In his suitcase were invitations from every big city in the land. He had accepted them all. He went untrammeled and alone, free to rage up and down the countryside, seeking whom he might devour. Simon De Graw's henchmen crowded about Simon after Eli's train had pulled out of the Pacific Street Station.

"What's he going to do, Simon?" they queried.

"He's going to blow up," said Simon.

"How do you know?" they queried.

"I know," said Simon sadly, "because I know Eli Parsons. He can't open his mouth without putting his foot in it every time."

Eli didn't open his mouth until he had reached Denver. Then he let loose. Simon De Graw sat up all night to get the telegraphic report of Eli's speech—he had arranged for it beforehand. Next morning Simon sent for his committee. He handed them the speech. They read it. Sadly they shook their heads.

"You were right, Simon," they complained, "right! Eli Parsons could have been President of the United States if he'd only kept his mouth shut. Now—you were quite right, Simon—Eli Parsons has blown up."

That's what they thought. They didn't know then that Eli was doing something else besides blowing up. It is a matter of political history that Eli Parsons was lurking just round the corner, lying in wait with a blackjack in his hand—or a big stick—or something worse.

Eli was making ready to commit the second outrage of his spectacular and sensational career.

Ten years ago at two o'clock in the afternoon of a balmy April day, Mitsui, head bellman of the Puget Sound Hotel in Paragon City, stood patiently waiting outside Room 33, knocking insistently the while upon its door. His persistence was finally rewarded. Inside the room there was a sudden scramble, the sound of pattering footsteps, the scrape of the catch in the lock of the door. Then Eli Parsons thrust his tousled head outside.

"Pretty dam quick telegram," smiled Mitsui, handing it over.

Eli, his eyes half closed with sleep, regarded Mitsui with drowsy uncertainty.

"How—how long you been knocking here?" demanded Eli.

"Rang telephone pretty dam all morning," nodded Mitsui, flashing his white teeth. "Been knocking pretty dam all afternoon."

"Afternoon!" yelled Eli. "What's the time?"

Mitsui told him.

"Two o'clock?" cried Eli. "Two o'clock this afternoon, or two o'clock to-morrow afternoon? For cat's sake! How long have I been asleep?"

"Yessa," smiled Mitsui diplomatically, and toddled down the corridor toward the stairs.

Eli Parsons mechanically closed and locked his door, stared mechanically and with drowsy wonder at the unopened telegram, laid it still unopened on a table and crept back to bed. He slept till five. Even then he had to fight a fierce battle with that benumbing drowsiness in order to collect his wits. He collected them at length, rose and read his telegram—read it with a start:

Sales manager, Al Braley, died Monday. Conference here next Tuesday. Better be on hand. FORD.

(Continued on Page 132)

"My Man Did Nothing—Nothing!" She Pleaded. "Only What Jam Bruno Said to Do—Only What Jam Bruno Said!"

THE LAUGH

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

THIS is a fight story. There is a woman in it too. But she was not the prize of the contest. Nor—just as he was about to be knocked out—did the clean-limbed young hero's glazing eyes meet her inspiriting glance, firing him with a berserk ardor which won the battle and the world's championship.

It seems a pity to depart in such Bolshevistic fashion from the best established traditions of ring fiction. But probably no woman was ever the prize of a professional bout.

There seems to be more glamorous lure in a 65-35 split of the gate money than in the smile of beauty, when pugilists pull on the five-ounce gloves and begin to massage their shoe soles with resin.

Scaasi's Wrath Changed to a Deadly Calm. In He Bored, Again and Then Again

And, most assuredly, the clean-limbed young hero who would allow his eyes to stray through the audience in search of a loved face, at a critical moment of the fight, would presently waken from a dream to see the unloving faces of his seconds bending over him.

Some Thackeray of the ringside has computed that there are precisely nine cardinal qualities in the make-up of a successful pugilist and that the lack of any one of those nine traits will bar him conclusively from high rank in his calling. The first and foremost of the nine requisites is that he must be a fighter.

And that is why Boob Guthrie was doomed and gated and sidetracked from the very start.

Boob had the speed, the eye, the hands, the instinct, the punch, the build. And there was no smear of cowardice in his heart. But he was not a fighter.

To be a fighter, in squared-circle parlance, means much more than having the mere ability and nerve to fight. It means the possession of a wild-beast streak—a streak which makes a man seek to hammer his foe to a pulp by every method that can get past the referee; that makes him fight with double ferocity when his opponent begins to weaken, and to reach a climax of relentless savagery when that opponent sways, helpless.

The average man will fight for all there is in him, so long as he himself is in peril or while the chances are even. But only the chosen few are void of that blend of imagination and good-fellowship that we call mercy. When their foe reels blindly and gaspingly, too weak to raise his swollen arms to guard his hanging jaw, they revolt at the idea of tearing in murderously and finishing the contest which no longer is a contest.

Boob Guthrie had not enough imagination to make him cringe at the idea of receiving a beating. But he had enough of it to keep him from any desire to inflict one. Wherefore the big, good-natured, shy chap won speedily his prefix of "Boob"—the only title he was to acquire in the ring.

He was assistant mechanic at Leder's All-Car Garage down at the foot of Union Street, where the street forms a T with the River Road; and he was making fairly good money. By another year he expected to be chief mechanic, and two years more promised to find him with the experience and the cash to start a little garage of his own—up Wyckoff way, where they were working on the new State Road.

In the meantime he was working and saving. In the evenings he was wont to stroll down to the Steel Works yards, where the young men used to box and throw the sledge and run barefoot hundred-yard dashes.

From the first the shabby and flabby old set of eight-ounce gloves attracted Guthrie. He put them on at every chance he could find, and these chances were many. For the Steel Works men, after hammering hot metal all day, used to revel in hammering one another in friendly fashion all evening.

Guthrie was a natural boxer. He had swiftness, snap, a genius for gauging distances; and he had various other qualities that so appealed to Baldy Snaith—a veteran third-rate pugilist in the Steel Works night shift—that the old man singled him out for a series of private lessons between shifts.

Then Leder died. His brother-in-law took over the All-Car Garage, hiring a working force of his own selection, and Guthrie was out of a job. The season was slack. No other local garage wanted an extra mechanic.

When Guthrie went down to the Steel Works that evening he was hailed by Baldy Snaith. The old man was chatting with a rat-faced little chap whose left ear looked like a pale cabbage rose and who wore very wonderful clothes.

"Here's the boy I was talking to you about," Baldy told the stranger as Guthrie came up. "Guth, shake hands with Mr. John E. Vedder. You've most likely heard of him oftener as Spider Vedder. Him and me was in the game the same time. He got up to be a manager, with a string of fighters of his own. I went t'other way. All in the day's chores. Spider is manager for Kid Scaasi, the new light-heavyweight champ. He's got him training for his fight with Kangaroo Brookins; up to the old Ryerson place on the River Road."

Guthrie looked with mild interest at the little man of the gaudy attire and cauliflower ear and ratlike glance. Vedder returned the look, his sharp gaze running over the other's body as might a butcher's over that of a steer offered for sale.

The manager's view took in the deep chest and wide-arching shoulders, the compact girth, the light-built thighs, the leanly powerful legs, the coolness of the level eyes. He nodded noncommittally at Snaith, who proceeded with his oration.

"Mr. Vedder's traveling light on this training work of Scaasi's," said he. "He ain't a man to let a swarm of hangers-on gobble up a fight's profits beforehand and then bawl him out for not slipping fat bonuses to 'em afterward. He's traveling light, like I said, to save expenses. And now he's run into bad luck; first week of the training. Scaasi's second sparring partner broke a jaw this morning—in—in a kind of an accident. And Mr. Vedder don't want to send all the way to town and pay out a lot of cash to get a feller to take his place—not if he can find some good, rugged local boy hereabouts who'd like to pick up a little easy coin by taking the job. That's what he come down here to see me about. And I was thinking if you——"

"You're on!" decided Guthrie with much haste.

Here was a momentary solution of his fiscal stress. Here, too, was a chance to get real money for the sort of work he loved to do. He accepted the offer enthusiastically. Nor did his enthusiasm die wholly away when he learned the wage and the full list of the duties that went with the position.

Thus did Guthrie find himself domiciled in the official family of Kid Scaasi, light-heavyweight champion of America, at the latter's ramshackle training quarters, a mile or so from town. Thus, too, did he proceed to qualify for his inspired nickname of "Boob."

The cognomen was welded to Guthrie during a try-out bout with one of Scaasi's entourage, the first afternoon of his engagement. The champion—a ganglingly wiry six-footer with an incredible reach—bade Guthrie put on the gloves with one of the training-camp roustabouts, who was a husky of earlier days; whom much mixed ale had robbed of wind and speed, but who was handy as a masseur and general utility man, and who could still make a passable showing for a light round or two.

"Go into him!" was Vedder's curt order to Guthrie. "Don't play with him! Wade in! Show what you're like in action! Time!"

Then the manager joined Scaasi on a bench in one corner of the barn gymnasium and prepared to study the new man's possibilities. Presently from the faces of champion and manager the look of bored noninterest vanished. They hunched forward on their rickety bench to watch the go.

Guthrie was obeying orders. He was not playing with his man. He was wading in. Most of the roustabout's vicious attacks he blocked or side-stepped with little effort. Such blows as reached him did not seem to have any effect on him at all. Almost at once he checked the other's bull rush and took the aggressive. In a whirlwind attack he drove the roustabout to cover, sending him reeling across the ring at will, twice flooring him.

Scaasi and Vedder looked on with growing enthusiasm. This garage hand was a find—a comer. He was inexperienced, of course, in actual ring methods. He showed the earmarks of a beginner. But he had the goods. He was a natural boxer. He was as strong as a bear. He could take punishment. He could inflict it.

Vedder eyed him as an impresario might gaze on the possessor of a Caruso voice. Here, forsooth, was a right-promising man to add to his string; a fellow who could be sewed up on a long-term contract that might well mean a fortune to such a manager as himself.

The roustabout was tiring. Guthrie's attack had worn him down. Guthrie's shower of body blows had done queer things to the booze-indurated system. The roustabout was sick, dizzy, all in. He sought feebly to clinch. Guthrie threw him off and rushed.

Champion and manager leaned farther forward. The moment had come. The three minutes of the round were long past too. But Vedder, who held the watch, made no mention of that. He and Scaasi were tense and gloating. Now was coming the supreme instant of the show—the slaughter time.

Their roustabout dared not "lay down." His tenuous job hung by a thread. He knew it. Without turning to look he could visualize the expressions on the two watchers' faces. He knew what he had to expect, and he braced himself for the avalanche attack that would leave him crumpled and smashed in a corner of the ring. His face was quivering and ghastly. But he kept to his lurching feet. The rat trap was open. The terrier was let loose at the squealing rodent. Scaasi sucked his under lip.

Then—nothing happened!

The roustabout in dumb wonder saw Guthrie halt midway in his final rush, lower his arms and step to one side, turning to Vedder for criticism of his manner of work.

He got no criticism. He got howls—howls from two sets of leathern lungs. Scaasi and Vedder, both on their feet now, were jumping and gesticulating.

"Go in!" Scaasi was screeching, his lips dripping and twisting. "Go in, you boob! Finish him! What's the matter with you? You had him licked! One more punch would ——"

"I know," replied Guthrie calmly, albeit a bit puzzled and speaking above the dual din of blasphemous inquiry. "I know I had him licked. That's why I stopped."

His amazing statement froze the profanity stiff in the mouths of his hearers. In sheer bewilderment they stood gaping at him. In the experience of neither of them had such a reason before been given for failure to land the knock-out punch. It drove from them all power of speech. For a moment the gymnasium stillness was broken only by the heavingly sobbing breaths of the beaten roustabout.

Vedder and Scaasi found their tongues—both at the same time—and silence did not descend upon the gymnasium again for nearly ten minutes.

During that period the champion and his manager alternated in telling Guthrie with charming frankness their opinion of him. At least they alternated at times. At other times they cursed in unison, and occasionally in close harmony as well.

When the session was ended for lack of breath and vocabulary, Guthrie knew just exactly where he stood with his new employers—and why—and the title of "Boob" was his, past all competition. It was the mildest of the seven thousand names they called him. Perhaps that is why it stuck, for stick it did. From that hour to his training camp fellows he was never anything but Boob

Furious disgust had mastered the two professionals as they watched the blowing up of the most promising boxer they had seen in years.

Guthrie had everything. Before he had been in action two minutes they had seen that. And in a trice it was as though he had nothing. He was not a fighter. Cool mercilessness toward a helpless foe was not his. And without it he was worthless in the ring. Small wonder his audience vented its disappointment in cloud-burst words.

"Here!" snarled Scaasi at last. "Gimme the gloves! You've missed seeing one knock-out, Spider, but here's one you won't miss!"

He strode to the center of the floor, wrestling with the gloves the grinning Vedder handed him and motioning Guthrie to come up for the bout.

Out of the welter of abuse and ridicule the dazed Guthrie gathered that he was to spar a round with his employer. Well, that was what he had hired for, and he thrilled a little at the prospect. Except for the poor roustabout and old Baldy Snaith, he had never had on the gloves with a professional—and never, in his brief career, with a man who could make him extend himself.

Gladly he welcomed the experience; welcomed it with all the zest of a true athlete, resolving to do his level best and thus to atone for the bad impression he had made.

He did it.

Scaasi came at him in true whirlwind fashion, yet not letting the gust of anger interfere with his wonted coolness. Guthrie side-stepped the rush, though with difficulty, and he was able to land a very creditable left in the meridian of his antagonist's countenance as he did so. It was a jarring, spectacular blow. One of the handlers was so tactless as to snicker.

That changed Kid Scaasi's wrath to a deadly calm. In he bored, again and then again. Almost always Guthrie managed to meet his attack with a more or less effective counter, or else to elude it. For the bulk of the three minutes the seminovice was able to hold his own, after a fashion, against the professional. True, he received a blow or two that jolted him. But he felt he was landing at least one for every two he took, and the knowledge lent new power to his work.

His judgment of distance, too, was proving useful. He believed he was learning to gauge the champion's reach. Many another foe of Scaasi's had formed the same idea—and had paid for the illusion. For while the champion was working—and working hard—he was waiting the suitable moment before bringing that phenomenal reach of his into play. Just before the end of the first round he judged the time to be ripe.

He was chagrined that he had not been able to score a knock-out against this amateur without resorting to the best of his ring tricks, and chagrin lent vigor to the ruse when at length he did employ it.

Twice in succession he led clumsily for Guthrie's jaw. Guthrie by the merest backward move of his head avoided both blows. Each time he countered with some success, once to the wind and once to the face. Scaasi seemed to be tiring. For he was slow in defense and awkward in attack

A third time from the same distance the champion essayed the same blow. This time, in launching his own counter, Guthrie scarce troubled to pull back his menaced jaw from the futile assault.

Two minutes later he opened his listless eyes, to find himself lying on a mattress in a room that whirled about him in circles. The bruised-faced roustabout was pouring water from a pail over the victim's dizzy head. In another corner of the gymnasium Scaasi and Vedder were chatting unconcernedly, their backs to him, their good humor entirely restored.

They were deciding that, though the Boob would never make a fighter, he was a first-rate sparring partner—especially at the price—and that it would be well to keep him on.

"It was that left of his!" the roustabout was mumbling hoarsely to the blinking Guthrie as he swabbed the water afresh over the face of his new associate. "He's always got three inches more of it than anyone thinks he's got. I'd 'a' gave you the tip if there'd been time. Look out for him, Boob! He's got it in for you. He don't like you. That ain't the last time you'll connect up with a knock-out from him."

So began Guthrie's career as a sparring partner. So, too, in one-half hour he acquired his first knock-out and his first nickname.

Doolan, the roustabout, had been right in his mumbled warning as to the champion's feelings toward the Boob Scaasi most assuredly had got it in for the luckless Guthrie From the outset he took a grinding dislike to his new sparring partner and strove laboriously to make the latter's life a horror.

If there was any extra and distasteful chore to do round the training quarters the Boob was detailed to do it. If Scaasi chanced to be in an unusually villainous temper it was the Boob who must put on the gloves with him. And at such times the champion threw himself into the bout with a ferocious ardor that more than once led to a knock-out. *(Continued on Page 123)*

"This Isn't a Knock-Out! He Just Lay Down. A Man Can't Help Being Yellow if He's Built That Way"

GERTIE

By W. R. HOEFER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"And Say, Did Ya See All Them Shirts Crowd Round His Car When He Left the Park?"

SPIKE SANGER, the peppery, aggressive little pilot of the Panthers, dearly loved self-confidence in his ball players.

"I like 'em chesty," he was wont to say, "if they got something to be chesty about. I don't care how good a guy thinks he is if he's somewheres near as good as he thinks."

And he got all the self-confidence he ever bargained for when young Cahill joined his club.

Cahill broke into the big show with a side-arm delivery, a puzzling cross-fire ball, a fortune in his own right and a very wonderful opinion of his own ability in any line of endeavor.

It was Jake Eckles, a cigar salesman, who tipped his friend Sanger off to the possibilities of Cahill.

"This kid don't have to play ball for a living," wrote Jake. "His old man manufactures steel and has more dollars than the A. E. F. had cooties, but you won't have any trouble making the boy work. He's crazy about the game and the best college pitcher I ever saw and he thinks he's the greatest twirler who ever busted a catcher's finger. All kinds of confidence and only two weaknesses—a half-balk motion and girls. You can easily correct the first but you might have some trouble with the second. He's a ladykiller and no one knows it better than he."

Spike had confidence in Jake's judgment. He had previously received two good tips from Eckles on semipro ball players who had made good and the little manager accordingly sent for Cahill for a try-out. The latter joined the club early in July, fresh from college. So fresh, indeed, that his first day in the league he violated the unwritten baseball law that a recruit should be seen but not heard, when advice is being passed about, by criticizing Big Ed Hines, a premier pitcher of the game, after the latter had lost a 1–0 thirteen-inning game in which he had allowed only five hits. The second day he offered to whip Sykes, the first baseman, when the latter gave him a friendly lecture on conceit, and inside of two weeks, though his contract bore the signature, D. Thatcher Cahill, the papers and the players round the circuit were referring to him as Cocky Cahill, the name by which the baildom fanatics knew him ever after.

The day he reported Cahill drove up to the park in an expensive foreign roadster, presented himself to Sanger at morning practice and calmly announced that he was ready and waiting to pitch the Panthers out of the second division. He was a tall, well-made young athlete with grace and cocksureness in his every move, a sarcastic rasp in his vibrant voice, a supercilious look in his handsome dark eyes, a breezy confidence in his speech and a faultless taste in clothes.

"You're quite some pitcher if you can sling us out of the second division," said Sanger, shrewdly appraising the faultlessly groomed young man. "Even Ed Hines ain't been able to do that and Ed's the greatest spit-ball pitcher that ever lived."

"Well, he'll have some help now," replied Cahill breezily.

The other gasped.

"I guess Jake was right," he retorted. "You don't hate yourself any, do you? But you know a bird don't get by up here on his glove and a swell opinion of himself."

"Oh, I've lots more than that!" responded Cahill, grinning.

"Yeah, you also got a swell-looking car and a wealthy papa. Jake told me about it," said Spike.

"Suppose," answered Cahill with a bored air, "we eliminate this cheap kidding and get down to business. I know a recruit is supposed to stand for a lot of stale josbes from the old-timers, but I don't intend to. I came here for a try-out.

"Let's have it and I'll show you whether I'm any good or not."

"That's a great idea," replied Sanger a bit angrily. He liked self-assurance but he was getting more than he had bargained for. "Now you beat it into the clubhouse and get into a uniform. We wasn't expecting you to-day, so we ain't got a valet, but Ike Riley, the trainer, 'll help dress you if you need help. And if you got any good advice to slip Ike on conditioning players tell him about it while he's putting on your pants. Ike's only been in this game sixteen years and he'll be glad to get some good dope."

When the youngster reappeared, Sanger sent him to warm up with the regular catcher, Charley Berry, a backstop wise in his own generation and a shrewd judge of pitching material.

"That kid's got a nice easy motion," said he to Berry a little later, "and he seems to have some smoke."

"You said it!" responded the catcher. "And he's got an awful stylish-looking curve too. But that cross fire is the best thing of all. He sure busts 'em in at a funny angle with that side-arm delivery. On the level now, don't laugh, but this kid kinda reminds me of Eddie Plank."

"He does at that," grinned Sanger. "He wears about the same size uniform and I hear they're both gonna sling their vote for Wilson if he runs again. Besides that they're both left-handers. But let's see if he can make batters cuss the same way Eddie used to."

He called Ad Cramer and Jimmy Randolph, two fielders, and Sam Sykes, the first baseman, to one side. They were the best hitters on the club, the first two consistent three-hundred hitters.

"Find out just what this kid's got," he ordered the three. "He's the freshest young bird I ever took a slant at. See if you can hit some of that sass out of him. He warms up pretty nice and he admits he's a bear himself. Now let's see what you guys think of him. Go after him like you would in a game, no batting practice stuff. Wait him out and make him stick 'em over."

Sykes, the first to face the youngster, fouled off two, took two strikes and laced a clean line single over second. Randolph, a left-handed swinger, fouled the first into the right field bleachers; and Cahill, momentarily losing control, gave him four balls.

Then, cleverly held up by the veteran Berry, the youngster cut loose with all his speed and struck Ad Cramer out. He was getting warmed up nicely and laughed sarcastically at the disgruntled batter.

The second time the trio faced him none of them connected cleanly for a solid drive at the ball; and the third time Sykes popped weakly to Berry, Randolph worked the pitcher to a count of two and three and then watched the next ball sweep in and catch the outside corner of the plate for a third strike, while Cramer got what might have been a scratch hit in a game on a slow infield bounder.

"Well, I guess I showed you a few," drawled Cahill nonchalantly as he came in from the box.

"A few," admitted Sanger, concealing his surprise at the rare showing of a raw rookie against seasoned veterans. "But you know we don't win pennants in morning practice."

"I know," returned Cahill with a chuckle. "And this outfit you've got don't seem to win any pennants at any time. However, if you think I'm just a morning-glory start me in a few games and I'll show you something."

"I'll do that sometime," snapped Sanger. "I'll start you in one. But you wanna remember it's easy to start a game. The real dope is to finish one."

The other laughed.

"You'll find out before I'm in this league very long that I can finish anything I start," said he, walking off.

After the game that day young Cahill would easily have won an unpopularity contest without a dissenting vote had a poll of the club members been taken. The Panthers had lost a close game in the thirteenth inning by a slight break against them and in spite of the superb pitching of Ed Hines, and they were an irritated, growling lot of ball players as they went to the clubhouse. Their nerves were on edge, there was a dangerous tension in the air and Cahill almost added the spark necessary to cause a general flare-up and explosion.

"Now if I'd been in there I'd have pitched to Sisler instead of passing him and there wouldn't have been a man on third to squeeze in with the winning run in the thirteenth," stated Cahill, carefully adjusting a large pearl pin in his cravat, as he completed dressing. "You've got to have confidence. Ed could have gotten Sisler just as easily as any other batter if he'd kept his nerve."

Hines was so astounded he could only gasp for

a moment. Sykes looked up from the task of lacing his shoes and glared furiously at the recruit.

"If you'd of been in there you'd never of lasted till the thirteenth," he rasped.

"And if I was Ed I'd slam one across your eyebrow," said George McKinnon, the scrappy little second baseman. "Ed's forgot more'n you'll ever soak up in that fresh bean of yours. And anyway, where does a big swell-headed busher like you get off to slide advice round anywheres?"

"I'd be getting off just about where you're standing and knock you down if you weren't such a sawed-off little runt," declared the recruit easily.

"Well, I'm about your size. S'pose you take a chance with me," offered Sykes, stepping up to Cahill.

"Just as you say," replied the latter, stepping forward. Sanger averted a general mix-up by separating the pair.

"Hey, you birds, just cut this rough stuff out or I'll plaster a fine on the whole dog-gone lot of you!" he roared. "And as for you," he snapped at Cahill, "if you wanna stick round with this outfit very long you better close that sassy trap! You certainly got an awful crust to be slippin' advice round here before you've showed anything on this club besides some swell clothes and a lotta fresh chatter."

Cocky Cahill made his big league début on a drab Monday afternoon the following week before a sparse crowd of spectators and the heavy hitting Detroit Club. The latter jumped onto the offerings of Kennedy, the Panther pitcher, from the start and almost before the crowd had comfortably settled itself the bases were full with only one out. Spike Sanger was badly up against it for pitching. Hines needed more rest, Dikeman had worked the day before and two others were nursing sore arms. He quickly decided on Cahill as his only present resource, signaled to the little group of pitchers seated away out near the right-field fence and Cahill began to warm up furiously in the bull pen.

Before the inning had ended Detroit had batted once round and scored four runs off Kennedy.

"Cahill now pitching for the Panthers!" bawled the umpire at the beginning of the second inning as the big, good-looking youngster swaggered to the slab and burned four fast ones over to Charley Berry while the Detroit lead-off man grinningly waited near the plate.

"Cahill? Who's Cahill?" asked the spectators. "His name isn't even on the score card."

"He's a new college bird Spike got the other day," explained the few who knew. "They say he's the goods."

"He'll have to be," snorted one fan, "with this bunch of murderers to pitch to. I'll say Spike picked a nice soft spot for him to start at. The first guy gets to first more'n any bird in the league, the second is pasting that old apple for three hundred and twenty and then when he gets through with them he's got only Cobb to get rid of. Oh, lady!"

There Was a Sharp Struggle, a Chorus of Giggles and Deep Chuckles From the Room Within

The batter grinned broadly at the new pitcher and the pitcher stared coolly and critically back at the batter. Then he took a long wind-up, his long arm swung out with a side-arm motion and the ball settled in Charley Berry's big mitt with a loud thud. The batter hadn't moved.

"Stri-i-ke one!" bawled the umpire. A vigorous protest on the batter's part followed.

"Way outside!" he stormed.

"Not a-tall! It cut the plate," said the arbiter dryly. "That bird fooled ya with a sweet-lookin' cross fire."

"Well, he won't pull that again," grunted the batter and swung savagely at the next pitch, going out on a high foul to the catcher. The next batter raised a high fly to center field. Came the great Tyrus, swinging three bats and looking the pitcher over sardonically. Tossing two of the bats away he stepped to the plate. He fouled off the first and took two balls. On the fourth pitched ball he laid down a perfect bunt dead about ten feet in front of the plate and, before the surprised Cahill could move, was calmly perched on first base. On the next ball pitched he stole second, ending his neat slide round the baseman standing up.

"Hey!" bawled a fan behind third base. "You better nail your cap down or he'll steal that!"

"That guy'll swipe the gold outa your teeth!" howled another.

"If you got any Liberty Bonds you better lock 'em up! This baby'll get 'em from ya while he's stealing home!" roared a third.

The pitcher meanwhile glanced ever and anon at the prancing runner at second base and then—at a sign from the coacher—turned swiftly and threw to the bag. The throw went wild, rolled out to center field and before the catcher could recover the outfielder's throw the runner was over the plate in a cloud of dust as the thin sprinkling of fans in the stands roared in glee.

Thereafter, however, the young twirler retired the opposing batters with monotonous regularity; only an occasional hit and no further scoring during the game. He started, finished and won a four-hit game at the end of the week and thereafter took his regular turn in the box, winning a good percentage of his games and finishing the season with a winning percentage a hundred and fifty points higher than that of his club.

The Crowd Stared Aghast as Cahill Walked Wearily to the Showers

II

HIS second season in professional baseball started most auspiciously for Cocky Cahill. He ran up a string of eight straight victories by the end of June and was getting all the publicity that even his spotlight-loving soul could crave. Entirely apart from his baseball prowess, which was flashing a dazzlingly triumphant trail through the league, Cahill was good copy. Story, cartoon and photograph blazoned his fame afar in the public prints. His father's wealth becoming known, the press-box boys began advertising him as the Million-Dollar Kid and lady reporters for the Sunday papers interviewed him and did columns of feature stuff on the young player. These feature stories seemed to excite the interest and admiration of the fair sex to no little degree. Scented notes and letters in feminine handwriting began pouring in upon Cahill daily and it became noticeable that on the days he was due to work the fanette element in attendance at the games nearly equaled the male rooters in numbers and far exceeded them in the amount of applause and admiration tendered.

"If that chesty bird gets much more of this newspaper advertising he'll get so swelled up he'll wanna make the jumps round the circuit in a special train," snorted Hank Tendler, an outfielder, in disgust, as several of the players were entering the hotel dining room one evening in Cleveland. "He tells me this morning he's gonna make Spike reserve a section for him the next jump we make."

"He's takin' four dames out to dinner to-night. I s'pose he'll have the crust to ask the management to pay for the grub them skirts inhale," said Cramer.

Jim Randolph grinned.

"Well, you have to admit he's getting the ladies out to the games," said he. "It's getting so that we have a regular ladies' matinée every time Cocky climbs on the slab.

"Why, even the sob sisters on all the papers are going crazy about that kid."

"He asks me yesterday don't I think he's got somethin' on Matty when Big Six was at his best and who do I consider the best left-hander in the game—after him," chimed in Speed Crandall.

"Cocky is got the idea only three great men was ever born, an' now that Napoleon is dead he's the only two left," said Cramer. "If conceit was coin that stuck-up bird'd be wealthier 'n Rockefeller multiplied by Morgan."

Spike Sanger, however, remained undisturbed by the personal characteristics of his young southpaw.

"I'd rather have a guy on my club who gets cocky over copping off a flock of games than a boob who hasta apologize for losing 'em," quoth Spike. "He might be a little swell-headed, but so long as that fault don't show up in the club standing I should worry about it."

And Sanger had small cause for worry over Cocky Cahill. There was no stopping that young man, it seemed. He apparently had everything, including not only his mammoth conceit but also colossal luck. For some unexplainable reason the club, which was a second-division outfit, usually displayed a marvelous defense when he worked against tight pitching and needed almost perfect support, and aided him greatly with their attack when he was being scored upon. He was hit for six runs in one game, when the Panthers got busy and batted in eight runs behind his loose pitching. The following day Ed Hines held the opposing club runless for ten innings but could get no batting aid from the Panthers and lost his game in the eleventh through two bad errors of his team. A few days later Cahill won a similar game because it was the enemy defense that cracked in the pinch in the ninth inning and his own defense that came through. His self-assertiveness kept pace with his winning streak.

"If it wasn't for my pitching this outfit would be lucky to keep its spikes out of the cellar," said Cahill to Cramer one day before the game as he smiled and bowed to a box full of women rooters in response to their applause.

"If it wasn't for your luck an' our support an' Charley Berry's holding you up you'd be lucky to keep your spikes outa the Texas League," retorted Cramer.

"It's self-confidence that wins for me, my boy. I was born with self-confidence," grinned Cahill to increase the other's irritation.

"It's horseshoes that does it. You was born with a horseshoe wrapped round your neck," flared Cramer. But while Cramer and others on the Panther Club had small regard for Cocky Cahill, personally their dislike was a mild, small thing compared to that of Gabby Leary, the brisk, hustling, burly manager of the Crimsons. The Crimsons were strictly in the pennant hunt. There was a lot of wise money on them to win and they were fighting desperately to hold the lead in what was a dingdong race among three clubs. Cahill seemed to be the pet Nemesis of the Crimsons and he took an unholy delight in the rôle. Whenever the Panthers played Leary's club the star left-hander asked to be worked out of turn in order to have an extra chance of defeating them. He was content to go along,

(Continued on Page 86)

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

NOT long after Mr. Cleveland's marriage, being in Washington, I made a box party embracing Mrs. Cleveland and the Speaker and Mrs. Carlisle, at one of the theaters where Madame Modjeska was appearing. The ladies expressing a desire to meet the famous Polish actress who had so charmed them, I took them after the play behind the scenes. Thereafter we returned to the White House, where supper was awaiting us, the President amused and pleased when told of the agreeable incident.

The next day there began to buzz reports to the contrary. At first covert, they gained in volume and currency until a distinguished Republican Party leader put his imprint upon them in an after-dinner speech, going the length of saying the newly wedded Chief Magistrate had actually struck his wife and forbidden me the Executive Mansion, though I had been there every day during the week that followed.

Mr. Cleveland believed the matter too preposterous to be given any credence and took it rather stoically. But naturally Mrs. Cleveland was shocked and outraged, and I made haste to stigmatize it as a lie out of whole cloth. Yet though this was sent away by the Associated Press and published broadcast I have occasionally seen it referred to by persons overeager to assail a man incapable of an act of rudeness to a woman.

II

MR. CLEVELAND was fond—not overfond—of cards. He liked to play the noble game at, say, a dollar limit—even once in a while for a little more—but not much more. And, as Dr. Norvin Green was wont to observe of Commodore Vanderbilt, "He held them exceeding close to his boo-som."

Mr. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy in his first administration, equally rich and hospitable, had often "the road gang," as a certain group, mainly senators, was called, to dine, with the inevitable after-dinner soirée or séance. I was, when in Washington, invited to these parties. At one of them I chanced to sit between the President and Senator Don Cameron. Mr. Carlisle, at the time Speaker of the House—who handled his cards like a child and, as we all knew, couldn't play a little—was seated on the opposite side of the table.

After a while Mr. Cameron and I began bulling the game—I recall that the limit was five dollars—that is, raising and back-raising each other, and whoever else happened to be in, without much or any regard to the cards we held.

It chanced on a deal that I picked up a pat flush, Mr. Cleveland a pat full. The Pennsylvania senator and I went to the extreme, the President of course willing enough for us to play his hand for him. But the Speaker of the House persistently stayed with us and kept on.

We could not drive him out.

When it came to a draw Senator Cameron drew one card. Mr. Cleveland and I stood pat. But Mr. Carlisle drew four cards. At length, after much banter and betting, it reached a show-down and, *mirabile dictu*, the Speaker held four kings!

"Take the money, Carlisle; take the money," exclaimed the President. "If ever I am President again you shall be Secretary of the Treasury. But don't you make that four-card draw too often."

He was President again, and Mr. Carlisle was Secretary of the Treasury.

III

THERE had arisen a disagreeable misunderstanding between General Schenck and myself during the period when the general was Minister at the Court of St. James. In consequence of this we did not personally meet. One evening at Chamberlin's, years after, a party of us—mainly the Ohio statesman's old colleagues in Congress—were playing poker. He came in and joined us. Neither of us knew the other even by sight and there was no presentation when he sat in.

At length a direct play between the newcomer and me rose. There was a moment's pause. Obviously we were strangers. Then it was that Senator Allison, of Iowa, who had in his goodness of heart purposely brought about this very situation, introduced us. The general reddened. I was taken aback. But there was no escape, and carrying it off amiably we shook hands. It is needless to say that then and there we dropped our feud and remained the rest of his life very good friends.

In this connection still another poker story: Sam Bugg, the Nashville gambler, was on a Mississippi steamer bound for New Orleans. He came upon a party of Tennesseeans whom a famous card sharp had inveigled and was flagrantly robbing. Sam went away, obtained a pack of cards, stacked them to give the gambler four kings and the brightest one of the Nashville boys four aces. After two or three failures to bring the cold deck into action Sam Bugg brushed a spider—an imaginary spider, of course—from the gambler's coat collar, for a second distracting his attention—and in the momentary confusion the stacked cards were duly dealt and the betting began, the gambler confident and aggressive. Finally, all the money up, the four aces beat the four kings, and for a greater amount than the Nashvillians had lost and the gambler had won. Wherefore, without change of muscle the gambler drawled: "Mr. Bugg, the next time you see a spider biting me let him bite on!"

I was told that the Senate Game had been played during the War of Sections and directly after for large sums. With the arrival of the rebel brigadiers it was perforce reduced to a reasonable limit.

The "road gang" was not unknown at the White House. Sometimes it assembled at private houses, but its accustomed place of meeting was first Welcker's and then Chamberlin's. I do not know whether it continues to have an abiding place or even an existence. In spite of my reputation I have not been on a race course or seen a horse race or played for other than immaterial stakes for more than thirty years.

IV

AS AN all-round newspaper writer and reporter many sorts of people, high and low, little and big, queer and commonplace, fell in my way: statesmen and politicians, artists and athletes, circus riders and prize fighters; the riffraff and the élite; the professional and dilettante of the world polite and the underworld.

I was not squeamish.

I knew Mike Walsh and Tim Campbell. I knew John Morrissey. I have seen Heenan—one of the handsomest men of his time—and likewise Adah Isaacs Menken, his inamorata—many said his wife—who went into mourning for him and thereafter hied away to Paris, where she lived under the protection of Alexandre Dumas the elder, who buried her in Père-Lachaise under a handsome monument bearing two words, "Thou knowest," beneath a carved hand pointed to heaven.

I did draw the line, however, at Cora Pearl and Marcus Cicero Stanley.

The Parisian courtesan was at the zenith of her extraordinary celebrity when I became a rustic boulevardier She could be seen everywhere and on all occasions. Her gowns were the showiest; her equipage the smartest; her entourage, loud though it was and vulgar, yet in its way was undeniable. She reigned for a long time the recognized queen of the demimonde. I have beheld her in her glory on her throne—her two thrones, for she had two—one on the south side of the river, the other at the east end—not to mention the race course—surrounded by a retinue of the disreputable. She did not awaken in me the least curiosity, and I declined many opportunities to meet her.

Marcus Cicero Stanley was sprung from an aristocratic, even a distinguished, North Carolina family. He came to New York and set up for a swell. How he lived I never cared to find out, though he was believed to be what the police call a fence. He seemed a cross between a "con" and a "beat." Yet for a while he flourished at Delmonico's, which he made his headquarters, and cut a kind of dash with the unknowing. He was a handsome, mannerly brute, who knew how to dress and carry himself like a gentleman.

Later there came to New York another Southerner—a far Southerner of a very different quality—who attracted universal attention. This was Tom Ochiltree. He, too, was well born, his father Chief Justice of Texas; he himself a wit, *bon camarade* and raconteur.

The stories told of him would fill a book. He denied none of them—however preposterous—was indeed the author of many of the most amusing—of how, when the old judge proposed to take him into law partnership, he caused to be painted an office sign: "Thomas P. Ochiltree & Father"; of his reply to General Grant, who had made him United States Marshal of Texas, and later suggested that it would be well for Tom to pay less attention to the

(Concluded on Page 69)

A CITIZEN OF THE ICE

By Albert Payson Terhune

Stefansson's Was Not the Story of a Dash—But of a Leisurely Sojourn Whose Achievement Won for Him a Full Right to the Title, A Citizen of the Ice

SOMETHING more than a century ago a ship was blown far off its course by a tropical gale, and then was becalmed. During the hurricane the water tanks had sprung a leak.

Far out of sight of land, in unknown South American waters, the crew was dying of thirst.

A distress signal was hoisted from the masthead.

Even when a breeze at last sprang up the thirst-scourged seamen had scant strength left to man the yards. Only the captain's authority, backed by the captain's pistol, held some of them back from trying to swig sea water.

Then a sail was sighted. As soon as the newcomer was within hailing distance a multiple cry was wafted to it from a score of parched throats:

"Water! We're dying of thirst!"

Back came the laugh-punctuated reply:

"Dip in and drink, you poor lubbers! You're in the mouth of the Amazon."

The story stops there. But the picture remains of a band of men furious that their lofty heroics had been thrown away and that their martyrdom had been not only futile but idiotic.

A companion picture may well show the feelings of the scientific world when a big-boned young Scandinavian strolled back from the hostile Far North a year or so ago and announced in effect:

"The whole throng of Polar explorers, from Hendrik Hudson down, have suffered tortures or lost their lives in the Arctic because they wouldn't take the trouble to be comfortable there. I've lived up in the ice world for nearly five years. I never missed a square meal. I never froze a toe. I ate heartily and I slept warm. I'm fifteen pounds heavier than when I left civilization. Anyone can do the same thing. It isn't a matter of magic or even of genius, but of simple common sense."

This was the message brought back by Vilhjalmur Stefansson to a world that had long mourned him as dead—a world which may or may not profit by his ridiculously easy solution of the age-old riddle of the north.

The Arctic Made Safe

AS LONG ago as 1906 he found the germ of his theory while he was wintering with an Eskimo tribe on the Mackenzie Delta. There he not only studied the methods whereby the natives supported life in a supposedly barren region, but he proved to his own satisfaction that the food and fuel which would keep an Eskimo fat and comfortable would do as much for a white man.

Coming home he proceeded to work out his beliefs with mathematical accuracy, testing each of them, learning wherein they differed from long-accepted ideas, and why they were practical.

When he had his formula completed he announced it, and went north to put it into effect. Returning, successful, he took a far more daring step. He declared that he was going to live for a certain length of time in a region which presumably could not support human life. Not on land, but on the hard surface of the Arctic seas. He told in detail how he was going to do it.

When at the end of a very few months he did not reappear people began to ask questions. On learning how little equipment he had carried with him into the unknown—barely one small sledful of clothes, apparatus, weapons, and so on—the men of science made grave calculations as to how long he and his companions could have kept alive, under the best conditions, on such a supply.

As a result of their expert figuring they agreed that the rash and luckless young adventurer must have died, and the rash absentee was given up definitely for dead. This in spite of the fact that Stefansson had outlined his every move beforehand and had said he would remain in the Arctic for a stated period.

At the end of the allotted time he reappeared, having lived up to his schedule in every detail.

This is not to be a windy recital of Vilhjalmur Stefansson's explorations in the north, but the tale of a discovery more important to the world at large than that of the Pole. Stefansson made the Arctic safe for all future explorers who will trouble to profit by his example.

His was not the story of a dash—with death running close behind the rearmost sledge pole—but of a leisurely sojourn whose achievement won for him a full right to the title, A Citizen of the Ice.

Explorers from the first had regarded the north as the implacable foe of the white man; a lifeless bourn where Nature fought with her direst weapons to repel human intrusion; where cold and hunger waited ever to seize their prey; where only a mountain of food and fuel could fight off the enemy; and where such food and fuel were almost impossible of transportation and quite impossible to renew.

Men, heavy-laden with stores, made frantic dashes into the Polar regions, in dread lest they might not be able to escape before those supplies should be gone. As a diver makes every effort to reach surface before his anguished lungs shall force him to draw another breath; as a fireman rushes into the burning house on his rescue mission and then seeks to get out again before the beams shall fall—so explorers made swift forays into the north, and did all in their power to make the journey as brief as might be.

The Bogy of the North

THE accounts of their deeds spread throughout the world, and with those accounts was born the deep-instilled belief that the north would not support human life. This in spite of the fact that the Arctic is strewn with Eskimos, who live wholly off the country and who thrive thereby.

So Arctic exploration took its place among the most hazardous pursuits known to adventure. Its exponents died in the frozen wilds and were remembered as martyrs. Or they reached home after incredible hardships and were honored as life-risking heroes.

Then along came Stefansson and turned the solid beliefs of centuries upside down.

Part of his theory can be told much more effectively in his own words than in any of mine. He said to me, not long ago:

"The state of mind has everything to do with it. And the human mind from the first has been set in the firm belief that the north was no place for civilized man. The climate of France, for instance, was always invigorating and healthful. It developed a hardy and manly race, even in the early days of Rome. Yet innumerable Roman writers declared solemnly that so northerly a land was fit only for savages. Tacitus—perhaps the wisest of them all—warned his readers that France's climate produced a sterile soil, and that the combination of the two was such that its people could never hope to reach a high development or expect more advanced races to migrate thither.

"And so the bogy of the north ran through all the ages. In the Franco-British treaty of 1763, the French diplomats thought they were doing a mighty clever thing when they cajoled Great Britain into giving France, among other

(Continued on Page 119)

The Hare, the Tortoise and the Earthquake

By David Gray

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"How Could I Know Where You Were? Didn't You Run Away and Hide Yourself?"

IT WAS the last Saturday in August, sultry and hot. Winston decided to lunch uptown. He stopped at his rooms in Forty-fourth Street to change his shirt and found a telegram.

He read the message twice, folded it methodically and filed it in a pigeonhole labeled "G. F." Then he sat down in his shirt sleeves and lit a cigarette. The hand that struck the match trembled slightly. The message read:

Meet me at Piping Rock at three. Golf. GLORIANA.

Beyond being a summons to play golf it conveyed the information that Gloriana was back from Europe.

Winston not only changed his shirt but took a tub. When he was dressed in fresh clothes, he lighted a second cigarette. He was trying to make up his mind whether he should go or telegraph that he had a previous engagement.

The cigarette burned out. He tossed it at the fireplace and laughed. He was thinking of what Gloriana would have said if she could have been there, a witness to his deliberations. Gloriana called him "The Tortoise"; sometimes more familiarly "Turtle"; sometimes "The Mock Turtle." She was not respectful.

There was a vein of deliberateness in Winston's nature that perhaps warranted Gloriana's insults. He liked such mottoes as "Slow but sure." There was a couplet that his French nursery governess had taught him:

Petit à petit
L'Oiseau fait son nid,

that stuck in his memory when more important items of knowledge had vanished.

"I am a ridiculous person," he commented, but he lit a third cigarette and continued to weigh the pros and cons of his answer to the telegram.

The summer that he was twenty-five Winston had gone to Newport for a week-end with the Tomlinsons and there he had met Gloriana. Fate wasted no time spinning his web. There were two afternoons on the links, a morning on the beach, a single hour on the rocks with the moon rising out of the sea, and then the trip back to town on the night boat. Monday morning he sat at his desk with the unfinished draft of a complaint before him and gazed into nothingness. Something in him sang and rejoiced as a bird rejoices in a June morning.

He was in love. It had come in a fashion that was anything but "*petit à petit.*"

Two Sundays later Winston proposed to Miss Gloriana Fulton. She was twenty that summer—lawless, delightful, dewy-eyed, irrepressible and quite as beautiful as her aunt, the famous Lady Westhampton, had been at the same age—according to the old beaux at the Reading Room. She rejected Winston, but in keeping with her high-handed and unconventional methods commanded him to appear the following Saturday at her father's place on Long Island to make a foursome at golf.

Gloriana played extremely good golf, not merely for a girl but from any point of view. The sporting writers spoke of her as a coming champion. She would do the standard courses in from 80 to 85 and it took a good man to beat her. As far as one could see, golf was the only thing she took seriously.

Winston deliberated till Saturday morning whether he would go to the Fultons—and then went, as he knew he was going to do at the time she invited him. He was wholly glad afterward that he had gone. She had never been so gracious or delightful. He departed hopelessly enslaved.

During the next three years he played golf with her, danced with her, at varying intervals proposed to her, and was alternately happy or miserable as she was enchanting or outrageous.

The previous June they had parted after a quarrel of considerable seriousness and the Fultons went to Europe. It had been golf as usual. Gloriana's strength was in her long game. She drove an exceptionally long ball; her iron shots were brilliant. Her weakness when she was weak was in her approaching and putting. It was on the green that Winston was strong and he tried to teach Gloriana to putt.

"You're an idiot," said Mrs. Tomlinson, who was his confidante in these matters. "Why should you want her to learn to putt?"

Winston made no reply. To him it seemed clear that there was every reason why he should want Gloriana to putt. Was she not perfect in all but her putting, and did not perfection belong to her? But there was no use discussing it with Mrs. Tomlinson, who was incapable of understanding the perfection of Gloriana.

As the young man's third cigarette burned out he got up, went to his desk and wrote two telegrams. The first told Jack Hollaway that he was unavoidably detained in town and could not meet him at the Garden City links. The second told Gloriana that he would be at Piping Rock at three. Then he went across the street to the Harvard Club for luncheon.

At four o'clock that afternoon they were even up at the fourth hole. Gloriana had met him as if there had never been any quarrel. She was sweet and delightful and in one of those gales of high spirits that made her presence like a clear wind blowing from the fields of eternal youth. He was glad he had chucked Jack Hollaway.

At the fifth hole Gloriana was on the green in two. She watched him triumphantly as he addressed the ball for his approach. He swung back with his mashie, stopped at the top of his stroke, measured the distance again with his eye and began his preparation over again.

"Come on! Come on!" she called. "I'm dining at eight."

He made no answer but stopped for the third time and addressed his ball again. Fate was uttering her decrees through his temperament. He could no more have done otherwise than he could have been nine feet tall. He swung, the ball rose high, came on in perfect line and dropped dead to the hole.

Before he reached the green she had made her putt and had overrun the cup by six feet. She tried again and missed by inches. He had won the hole and was distressed.

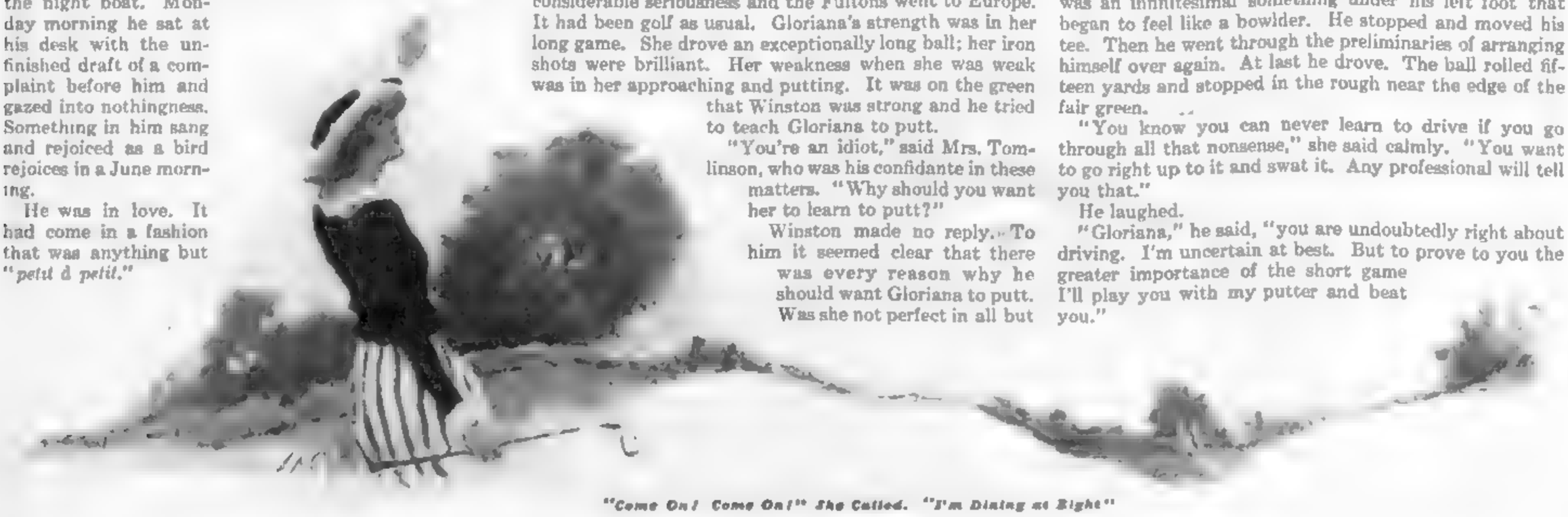
"Why can't you take pains?" he said plaintively. "You had a good chance for a three. You should have had a four sure. You slap at the ball as if you were playing polo."

Her mouth set unsweetly, a steely glint came into her eyes but she made no response. She watched him in silence as he made his preparations to drive. He was about to swing when he decided that his footing was bad. There was an infinitesimal something under his left foot that began to feel like a bowlder. He stopped and moved his tee. Then he went through the preliminaries of arranging himself over again. At last he drove. The ball rolled fifteen yards and stopped in the rough near the edge of the fair green.

"You know you can never learn to drive if you go through all that nonsense," she said calmly. "You want to go right up to it and swat it. Any professional will tell you that."

He laughed.

"Gloriana," he said, "you are undoubtedly right about driving. I'm uncertain at best. But to prove to you the greater importance of the short game I'll play you with my putter and beat you."



"Come On! Come On!" She Called. "I'm Dining at Eight"

"I'll give you another drive," she retorted, "but don't let's have any nonsense with the putter."

He declined the offer.

The girl stepped up to drive. Her eyes were flashing. She was going to show him the utter futility of his boast. She swung mightily, pressed too hard, topped as he had done with his wooden club and her ball rolled down into the rough a little short of his effort.

There was an ominous silence and she went off, taking the iron which her caddie offered her. Her lie was bad. She pressed again and only succeeded in getting out upon the fair green. By this time her patience was exhausted. She made another exasperated and lamentable effort with a brassy, while he neatly lifted his ball with his putter and rolled it a hundred yards down the course. He won the hole and was two up.

The seventh hole was a long one and she got into her stride again and won it with par golf. She likewise won the eighth and they were even.

As he watched her drive off for the ninth he heard a growl of thunder and noticed that the west was gray black.

"I wish you'd put that thing up and play golf," she said imperiously, referring to the putter.

"But I'm going to beat you with it," he replied.

"Don't talk nonsense!" she retorted. "You're worse than any turtle. If a turtle had legs he'd use them. You seem to enjoy crawling."

He laughed and drove nearly a hundred and fifty yards with the putter. The ball rolled endlessly. As he was away he went on and played two. Gloriana overplayed her second shot and found herself in the sand pit beyond the green. She played out with her niblick and they were each on the green in three. As Winston was preparing to putt the thunder cracked sharply and the storm broke with midsummer fury. He flung his jacket about her and they dashed for a summerhouse.

They sat on the bench and watched the downpour in silence. A blinding flare and the splitting crash of a bolt that struck near by made her draw closer to him.

"I don't like it," she said.

"I don't, either," he answered. "But there's no danger if you're not under a tree."

She took her handkerchief and began wiping the drops from her face. The color glowed under her fresh young skin. Winston's heart beat rapidly.

"Gloriana," he said, "of course I'm an ass to try to tell you anything about golf. You're better than I am and I've been playing twice as long. Besides, as one plays golf to be amused you're entitled to play the way that amuses you. There's nothing to be said in defense of my professional instincts. And yet you must know that it's only because I want you to become as good as you ought to be that I do all this absurd lecturing."

"I understand," she said with a soberness that rather surprised him. "But you're only wasting your breath, Teddy. I'll never be really good. I'd like to be, but I want more to do as I please. Don't you see?"

"I suppose we all want to do as we please," he observed. "The only trouble is that life seems to have made the rules otherwise. When you do as you please instead of doing as well as you can life bats you on the head."

She made no reply.

"Did you have a good time at Trouville?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I suppose so," she said a little wearily. "It bored father and he went to Carlsbad for the cure and left me with the Ogdens. I'm getting too old to enjoy visiting."

"I Can't See That There is Any Special Object in Waiting Just for the Fun of Waiting"

There was another silence, broken only by the heavy beat of the rain on the sod.

"I don't suppose your growing old has changed your mind about me?" he asked.

She shook her head. "You know I like you as a friend, but that's all. You ought to be glad. I'd make you horribly unhappy if I married you."

"Of course that's where you don't understand the thing," he said earnestly. "Nearly everybody makes a mistake in thinking they get married just to be happy. Nobody can go on being just happy in the sense of having a good time always.

"The happy marriages come because the people who get married have the things in them each needs to keep the other always developing into his best. It's really a kind of battle, I suppose; only when there's real love each is always helping the other and protecting him and saving him from himself—that is, from the things in himself that he needs to be saved from."

She made no reply but began to gather up some stray wisps of corn-colored hair and tuck them under her hat.

"I've been thinking about this all summer," he went on. "The deepest thing in me tells me that just as I need you you need me, Gloriana. It's easy to see how I need you. It isn't so easy to see how you can need me, but I believe it's so. Somehow or other I believe you need just such an old pottering, plodding, commonplace sort of tortoise as I am. Anyway you can't shake me off. I'm going to keep on plugging along after you."

She gazed at him with a curious wondering look in her eyes. Then she shook her head wearily:

"It wouldn't do. I'd drive you crazy."

"You wouldn't," he answered vehemently. "But what if you did, so long as I was doing something for you? Can't you understand?"

"But what could I do for you?" she demanded.

He looked at her, a little shocked at the implied blasphemy against her own divinity. Was it possible that she really did not understand her own priceless ness? Either she was fencing or it was hopeless to make her understand. He smiled whimsically.

"Well," he said, "you might at least teach me to drive."

She did not laugh. She gazed off vacantly into the rain for a time. Presently she turned toward him with a weary look in her eyes. "It's too late," she said with a hard note in her voice. "I don't want to be bothered thinking about it any more. What difference does it make what becomes of me anyhow?"

"But, Gloriana!" he pleaded.

She frowned and rose imperiously.

"It looks as if it were going to stop raining," she said. She took her club and began to putt at an imaginary ball, now trying one style, now another. He sat and watched her without speaking.

The storm cleared as abruptly as it had broken. She consulted the watch on her wrist.

"I don't think we can finish the round," she said. "I ought to go back to the clubhouse. I'm expecting someone for tea. It's a bore. We'll finish it some other time."

As they walked back the sun came out. A hundred yards from the house Winston saw a young man rise from the veranda, wave his hand and come toward them.

"It's Fitzgerald," she said. "An Englishman I met at Trouville."

A few moments later Winston shook hands with the Honorable Aubrey Lawrence Fitzgerald. He was a smartly turned-out young man with a fox-terrier jaw, a little black mustache and hard blue eyes.

"Have a good round?" he inquired affably. "Rotten storm, wasn't it?"

Winston assented without enthusiasm. He had taken a dislike to Fitzgerald. He left them on the veranda, changed his clothes and without going back for tea got into his runabout and drove back to town. He wanted time to think. Instead of employing some quick and decisive trick of turning a situation he withdrew and thought and then plodded on again. Obviously Gloriana wasn't ready for him, but then, why should she be? Who was he that he should be impatient with a girl like Gloriana? As he thought of the assurance with which he had told her that she needed him he felt shame. How could she need him or anyone? He must have been mad. And yet the impulse which had put the words into his mouth had come from the inmost depths of him. Something wiser than himself seemed to have been speaking.

As he turned onto the Fifty-ninth Street bridge he knew that he would go on as he had always gone on, plodding and waiting and hoping. His dislike of Fitzgerald faded out as it had faded out in similar cases before. There had been many young men who had paid court to Gloriana. It was only her due. Instead of going home he drove to his club and ran into Tomlinson, who had had business in town during the day.

"Better come down to Newport with me," said Tomlinson. "I've got the yacht at Twenty-third Street. You look fagged. It will do you good. We'll dine on board. Go down to your rooms, get a bag and I'll stop for you in an hour."

Winston considered the proposition. There was no reason why he shouldn't go. He would get the night boat back Sunday and be at the office Monday morning. A swim would buck him up. There was nothing fateful in his going or his not going.

"All right," he said. "I'll be ready at seven."

The next morning Winston had his swim at Bailey's Beach. Then he was taken off to luncheon at the Carter-Williamsons with a dozen other people. The food was good. Mrs. Hammerton, who was on his right, talked incessantly to the man on her right and Bill Wallace, who was on his left, he didn't have to talk to. He was having a pleasant time. Suddenly he caught a fragment of conversation from the other end of the table.

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Carter-Williamson. He was speaking to a woman with a voice like a peacock, who was three places away from him.

"They say Gloriana Fulton's engaged to an Englishman," his guest repeated. "Minnie Farman saw Anna Fulton in town yesterday."

"What Englishman?" somebody asked.

"One of the Fitzgeralds," screamed the peacock-voiced lady. "I think it's Alec."

"Well! Well!" said Mr. Carter-Williamson. "He's captured a prize."

"Gloriana hasn't done badly herself," his informant responded. "The Fitzgeralds are very nice people. Old Lord Connemara is a sweet dear. He's mad about puzzles. I think he invented pigs-in-clover or something similar."

A footman was asking Winston whether he would have port or Madeira. He repeated the inquiry.

"Neither," said Winston. He gazed blankly at the nectarine on his plate. A curious numb pain came in his throat. His knees felt weak. The chatter went on

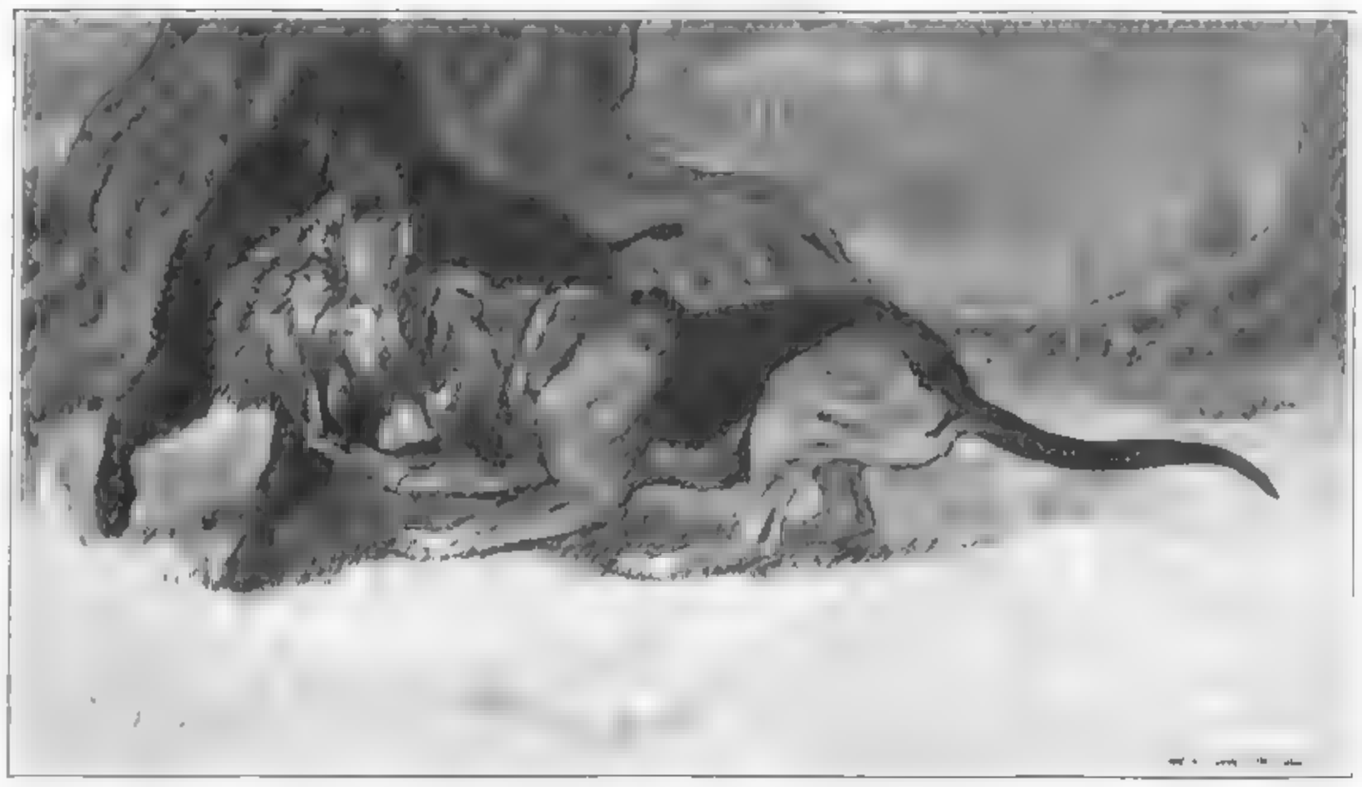
(Continued on Page 182)

He Rode Over His Range on the Plateau Above the Cañon, and Made a Somewhat Surprising Discovery

Blue Boar

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



Attila, on His Post, Was Bent to the Task—the Tusker Sprawling

HILLIARD had the grim satisfaction of having done some good work in recent months. He was an American animal painter making studies of natural settings in India; interested, especially of late, in the wild deer between the Nerbudda and the Vindhya Mountains. There was much to think about in relation to the thing called Fear which he had met in the form of a predatory python in a nameless grass-jungle village in the Bundelkhand; much to be straightened out—though Hilliard had in nowise failed in that ordeal. Also he had missed his good friend Cantrell, who shared the adventure.

They had set out from Bombay months before, comparative strangers to each other, on the impulse of a third person's story about a serpent. They had known big hours together, met the severest test in each life, destroyed the serpent and gone in different directions. Yet Hilliard longed for the big Englishman keenly, and it had grown upon him in the recent months alone that Cantrell would have accompanied him on his sketching trip in toward the Vindhyas if he had merely intimated the word.

Queer about that—the strange deep reserves which the world puts on. It was a big moment as they separated, but had nothing to do with words. Neither could say the thing he wanted most—which was to turn another leaf together. Perhaps they were blighted a little by the recent ordeal; certainly Hilliard wasn't right for weeks afterward from nervous shock; or perhaps they feared to spoil by further association the perfect thing they had found together. In any case Cantrell went back to Bombay.

And now a native runner came out from Huttghur to the American's camp in the hills with a telegram from Cantrell, asking Hilliard to join him in Bombay for a day or two, as he was about to take ship for home.

The big gloomy-faced Englishman was seated at his old cane table at the Crown Hotel when the other arrived.

"I've got a favor to ask, Hilliard," he said presently. "I'm sailing for England in two days—matters of estates and all that, and my little sister has just come out from Home—on her way up to Hurda with one of our dogs. You see, I could wait a ship, but it would disturb a lot of clock folks in London, and I'm the idle one. Simpler for me to be on time once in my life."

Cantrell spoke jerkily and with embarrassment. It was hard for him, as if it had been more feasible to ask the favor before the American came. The latter understood. During months apart a fine flexible relation had been built upon their higher moments. Coming together again in the flesh always brings serious adjustment to such idealizations.

"Still, it's rather a presumption to call you in for my affairs," he added.

"You don't understand," Hilliard said quickly. "I'd have come all the way down from Simla. Sorry it's to see you off, though ——"

"That sounds like," Cantrell muttered, staring in his old inscrutable fashion at the nilgai skins that covered the north wall of the billiard room. "You see, Corla—that's Corleone, my little sister—hasn't been in India before. She's on her way up to Hurda to see some friends—chief commissioner there, you see. I don't want her to travel alone."

"I'll make it my first affair."

"She's taking Attila, one of her dogs from Home, to Morison, chief deputy to the commissioner. Tangle all round. You see, Larry—that's my younger brother—was to be here to meet her. Mad about Corla always and hasn't seen her for eight months. Larry's been hung up in the Near East somewhere, looking for a horse. Nothing but a horse could make him miss a boat to get here to Corla on time. Must be the horse he wants, you understand."

Hilliard didn't quite. He was enjoying his old friend again and permitting all the elaborate and complicated explanation to take care of itself.

"Have something," said Cantrell.

They dared a few silent minutes after that. Hilliard liked it all better and better—the little sister on her way up to be guest of the chief commissioner in Hurda; Bombay full of officials eager to care for the child; English family ramifications, if not kindred, over all India to be called to escort; and yet Cantrell had sent for an American to conduct for him one of the little English formalities which appear more important the more a man knows.

The next morning rather early a servant came to Hilliard's door with a hurried note that Cantrell and the little sister were waiting for him at breakfast. He hurried down in the novel expectation of a man who had to make good or succumb—a man who had never even had an older sister of his own to train on. Hilliard could do well enough meeting a woman here and there, but was secretly disturbed at the mention of the word "girl."

They were not seated when Hilliard entered the breakfast room. He was eye to eye with a creature not far behind his own thirty years and almost as tall as himself. The rest was a blur until they all went out together to the stable yards and a servant appeared with the little sister's dog, which was a bloodhound of heroic proportions and a face of savage sorrow.

That afternoon after tea the three took Attila for a stroll, but Cantrell left them abruptly. Hilliard lost all talk, large and small, but Miss Cantrell calmly inquired:

"What have you done to my brother?"

The American now forgot himself for a brief but profitable period in explaining what a man he had uncovered in Cantrell.

"I was curious to see you," she said coldly. "No one has interested my brother for years until you came. Nervously, you know, from one place to another round the world he has wandered—never resting. I'm sure we are very grateful to you."

Hilliard was bending to Attila's frowning face, having a little conference with the beast. He was thinking that here was something worth going after—the bloodhound as impenetrable and mysterious as Cantrell himself had been on their first evening together.

"I hadn't been five minutes off ship when he began to talk about you," Miss Cantrell went on. "He was like a boy who had found something."

"If you had been along on our trip up into the grass jungles and watched the man come out to meet every bit of humor and fatigue and emergency ——"

She laughed.

"Go on," she said. "I must get accustomed to this sort of thing. I mean, it's the sort of encomium talk I've been hearing about you. It makes one resist, you know. One prefers to find out for oneself. Still I must take a lot from one thing."

It had all been whimsical. Hilliard had not tried to help her much, but looked up now with a laugh.

"Yes?" he asked.

"The way Attila takes to you," she answered. "He has the weakness too. He is considered a scourge, you know. On shipboard he had to be shut up, except when I took him for a walk late at night when the decks were deserted. Of course we forget these things. The Cantrells have bred thirty generations of this fighting strain—just to give away, you understand. Still, I can see how he would frighten children at first."

According to what Hilliard was learning now and had known of the elder brother, the Cantrell family certainly had its surprising aspects. He alone was permitted to go with his friend to the ship, dining aboard before it sailed. The next morning he joined Corla Cantrell at the railway station for the train to Hurda. They met from separate carriages. Hilliard had already attended to the shipment of Attila.

"I am trying to get accustomed to my brother's sudden and intense concern," she said when he had seen her to her compartment. "I've traveled everywhere over Europe alone."

She glanced up at him in a way that started a chuckle deep in the American.

"You can imagine how difficult this breathless arrangement of attentions is for me to get used to—from a brother who has come and gone as he has for ten years, hardly seeing members of the household, even when he stopped for a few days at home."

"Attila needs me," Hilliard said quietly. "He's quartered comfortably forward. They're leaving him the large part of a coach to himself."

She smiled.

"It would be more like what Larry would do. I really expected to meet Larry in Bombay, you know. Won't you sit down for a minute?"

Hilliard had started for his own part of the coach.

"Larry is altogether different. One must get accustomed to his care. I haven't seen him for eight months and we have been very close together. Just a boy, you know, utterly unlike your devoted friend. The world is rather impossible to Larry. Interested in paint and pictures and music, one as much as the other, yet no great drive back of any—only charming and affectionate and odd."

Hilliard was wondering about the horse in the Near East. There was a very real note in her voice as she spoke of the younger brother.

"Are there more brothers?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No, just the two; I between them. It has been strange; like living in a city between two oceans—different colored oceans. They love each other very much, but you'd never know it. Can't get along at all together. If one comes home it's a sort of race for the other to pack up and be off. And yet one would die for the other, and neither has a more loyal advocate so long as there is a continent or so between them. Larry and I have grown up together in the last ten years with your friend away."

"What has your younger brother been doing in Arabia?" Hilliard asked.

"I'm afraid, from an American standpoint, it's dilettantism," she said. "He's been looking for one more horse."

"If a man knows well enough what he's out after and spends eight months in the Near East looking for it—that's certainly not dilettantism," Hilliard said.

"Oh, Larry knows what a horse is like! Always has known from the littlest lad. I think he found the horse months ago, but it was difficult to get him out of the country. Only something like that would keep him from meeting me in Bombay. Larry would spend his fortune for anything that suited him and stay with it in Araby if he hadn't the funds left to ship it home. It appears there's a difficulty about taking one of those perfect stallions away from the country, and it would be utterly out of the question to procure one of the mares; but evidently Larry got what he wanted, for his cable said that he had the horse along."

For the first time Hilliard realized how English she was. Cantrell's sister was consummate enough in the main to be above the externals of nationality, but her familiarity with these affairs was a training peculiarly of England. She was not in the least of the athletic type, though Hilliard would not have been surprised to hear that she excelled in polo or the hunt. There was a creamy bloom to her complexion that comes from nowhere so naturally as the misty gardens of Kent—the kind of woman who is still girlish-faced at twenty-seven.

The man felt that he should like Larry Cantrell—never as he had liked the elder brother perhaps, but that there must be a different thrall about the younger man. As for the city that was set between the two oceans—the American did not let himself think. One thing was certain—the sister of Larry Cantrell had his full allegiance; another

just as certain—she was superbly bred. In real truth, she dismayed him a little. She could make him feel blundery and unfinished with a word. It was Hilliard's peculiarity that he didn't blame her.

He hadn't the faintest suspicion, however, that he somewhat dismayed Corla Cantrell. There was that about him that might be called a development of impersonality, which proved to the woman something she had not known before. It was a capacity on the part of the American to put himself in another's place, and apparently he wasn't aware of it.

The woman spent the long afternoon of travel thinking about this, merely informing Hilliard that she cared to read a little. Undoubtedly he had himself in hand. She was used to men of whom as much could be said, but there was no stress about Hilliard's patience and poise. He was really formidable. She realized impatiently several times that she was trying to think of things her elder brother had said about the American—things that had bored her at the time. He could wait indefinitely for her to catch his point of view. He seldom explained. She did read a little.

Hilliard spent the most part of the afternoon forward, cultivating the tragedian-faced Attila. The big fellow had moments of actual amiability, but would stare occasionally at the baggage official at the far end of the coach, a baleful red flame far back in his eyes. It was as if he had found his enemy of all days and he was so utterly silent about it. Hilliard studied him with a laugh in his heart. He saw something of old Cantrell about him; Cantrell, on the first night they met, staring gloomily at the nilgai skins on the north wall of the Crown Hotel billiard room; and back of the stare the kindest heart the American had ever traveled with. A lot of cultivation on top, a perfect maze of mannerisms and hard polishes; unsentimental as a surface of emery splinters, but the kindest man and almost the simplest he had ever known.

Then Hilliard would wonder what sort of a chap the younger Cantrell might prove. He gave himself to cogitation in this direction in an altogether unprecedented way. The sister's word about the two oceans would come to him, and the city that sat on a hill between.

She didn't say the city was on a hill.

"I've got a suspicion that you're afraid of yourself, Attila," he muttered. "You're afraid you're too tenderhearted, so you put all this rough stuff on the outside to frighten the children."

She had spoken about the dog frightening children. Curiously significant, her words came back to him.

There was a dinner of various animations. She was like the elder Cantrell, who was always at his best on the road. There were moments when there was a dazzle from her eyes that made him turn away out toward certain darkening mountains on the left, where it would dawn upon him that the complications of life had deepened. She had expressed herself very hungry, and yet a child's supper had sufficed; the sort of supper you would have in the country, stopping at a peasant's house, and such a very little of that. In the highest moment of it all she rose, saying that she thought she would read again.

Hilliard began to see that there hadn't really been any need of him. Corla Cantrell was safely ensconced in the great household in Hurda. The small but utterly distinguished social set had opened for her and closed again as softly. It was not that the American animal painter was shut out. In fact, he was variously and quite sufficiently urged to enter and remain as long as he liked, but Hilliard wasn't ready for that. He had met the big Fear in the grass jungles and it hadn't been possible for him to leave there before action broke; certainly not, as he had expressed it, with his nervous system in the condition it was.

Now the ordeal worked just the opposite. Alone in his great dim room in the chief commissioner's house the day after their arrival in Hurda, the American decided that flight was the braver thing. It was getting dark. He had just left Miss Cantrell to dress for dinner, but there was plenty of time. He lay on his back staring up at the high shadowy ceilings, distantly vague like a sullen sky. Suddenly he laughed.

Cantrell had seen all this, arranged it all! Cantrell now three days at sea, the best of a month's voyage ahead of him—to laugh at what he had done! These Cantrells—a younger brother coming in from Arabia, the elder going home—their ships passing in the Red Sea somewhere! Little sister ——

The Tusker's Side Charge, With No Turn Which the Eye Could Follow, Carried Him Under the Point of Cantrell's Thrust

"But Attila really needs me," the American muttered.

It appeared true. The hound wasn't taking to Chief-Deputy Morison, who had chosen him from a litter at Cantrell's in England while on leave two years before. Morison had looked forward to Attila's coming ever since. He had a heart for a good dog, but he hadn't pleased the savage stranger from England so far. Secretly the chief deputy was eating his own heart out about it too. It was already a matter of serious comment in the chief commissioner's establishment, which was not above such things, that an English bloodhound had given his allegiance for once and all to an American

At dinner that night Hilliard really decided. There was a general and technical discussion of pig sticking. Across the river at the military camp the cavalry outfits were preparing for a jungle outing. Cracks at the game from all over India were to be present within three weeks. The tree jungles round Hurda were declared to be among the best pig grounds in India. Larry Cantrell's ship would be in by that time and he would doubtless bring the new horse from Arabia. Hilliard knew something of the English sport, but was furnished an expert review in that rather slow two hours. Chief Deputy Morison held forth sincerely for the benefit of the American.

"The game of it all is, a man never knows what the tusker will do," he was saying. "You can't even count on him doing the opposite. Often he sniffs first, but you don't hear that until after it's done. I knew a man who heard that sniff as he lay under a horse that was kicking its life out, yet the sniff really sounded while he was still in the saddle, the horse still whole. It's really more like a snort than a sniff."

The dinner progressed dismally. The chief commissioner beamed with encouragement as Morison set about impressing an additional picture straight upon Hilliard:

"Tramped place in the jungle—tusker at bay—mounted sticker on each side waiting for the move! You really must see it, Hilliard. Tusker stands still—looks nowhere out of eyes like burning cellars. That's as near as you can come to it—trapdoors opening into the cellars, smoke and flame below."

Hilliard felt just now as if he were a negative being exposed. There was filmed among his enduring pictures thereafter from Morison's impressiveness—the raking, curving snout, yellow tusks, blue-bristling hollows from which the eyes of the pig burned. He even caught the glint of green from the lances, the flick of the head that goes with the snort, the charge of the boar and men's laughter afterward—bits of comment and the striking of a match or two for very much relished cigarettes. Morison was still seriously at work.

"Oh, yes, we get 'em for the most part," he went on, "but now and then the scene shifts too quickly, and the lancer who isn't charged sees his friend's mount stand up, incredibly gashed—a white horse possibly—and he must charge and lance true right now, for the boar is waiting for the man in the saddle to come down."

It occurred to Hilliard whimsically that no one thought of the boar's part. He concluded that it was the bad revolting curve that goes with the tusker's snout, in the sag of which the eyes are set, which puts him out of decent regard. He reflected upon this from an

(Continued on Page 166)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

IX

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IT IS not for me to attempt to give on these pages an outline of the activity and achievements of Mr. Cleveland during his first presidency, of which it was my good fortune to be a sympathetically observant witness in my modest capacity as a merely temporary representative of a traditionally friendly Power. There was, however, one feature of his incumbency of the presidential office to which it would not be improper for a foreign observer to bear witness, and that was the steady growth of the popular esteem and confidence which had borne him aloft to the highest position in the gift of the people and which his exercise of the power of the chief magistracy of the nation had so abundantly and so brilliantly justified. It was his unswerving devotion to what he held to be the cause of purity in politics, of justice and of truth, and the manly sturdiness with which he maintained his convictions against all considerations of expediency which throughout his presidential incumbency had won him the profound respect and trust of the people.

The Zocalo, Mexico City

And still, strange to say, it was these same qualities of mind and character which lost him the election of 1888 inasmuch as it was his categorical refusal to recede, in obedience to party pressure, from the position he had taken on the tariff question, which was generally supposed to have been, besides a defection of certain influential elements in his own party, the main cause of his defeat. It was, however, the public esteem and confidence due to these same qualities which brought about his triumphal return to the White House four years later. History will not fail to assign to him a place by the side of the greatest Presidents this country has known—by the side of Washington, of Jefferson, of Lincoln and of Roosevelt.

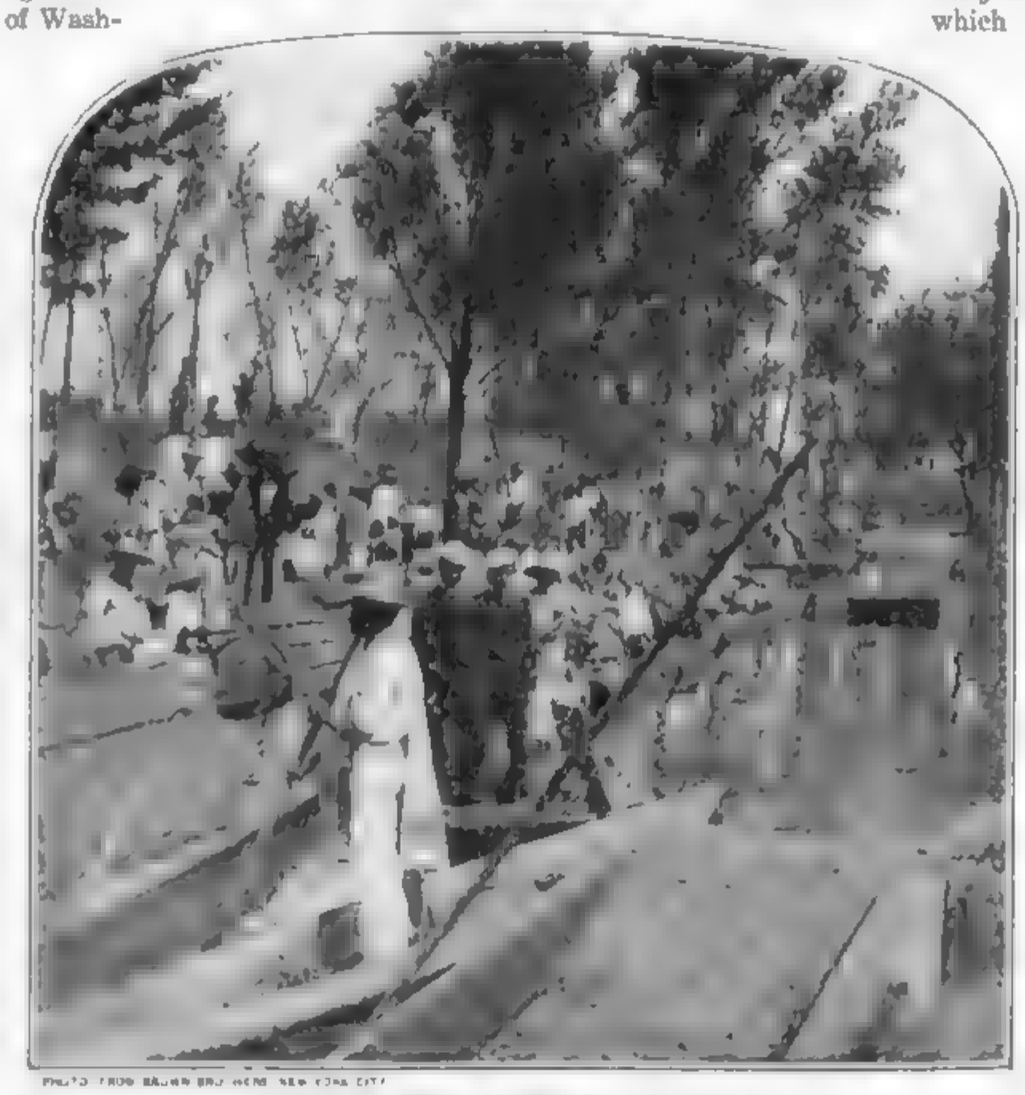
The electoral contest of 1888 differed from the preceding one in its freedom from vituperation and bitterness and was conducted by both sides with dignity and earnestness. It resulted in Mr. Harrison's being elected by the votes of the electoral college in consequence of the state of New York having gone over to the Republican side. President Cleveland, however, received a small plurality of the popular vote.

Shortly before Election Day an incident occurred in itself quite unimportant but demonstrating the extreme sensitiveness of a proud people to even the most shadowy suspicion of anything smacking in the remotest degree of an attempt on the part of a foreign Power, however friendly, to exercise an influence in the internal affairs of the nation. On one of the last days of October the newspapers published what purported to be copies of a correspondence exchanged between a Mr. Murchison and the British Minister, Sir Lionel Sackville-West—later Lord Sackville, after the death of his elder brother—in which the latter was supposed to have given to his correspondent, who claimed to be a recently naturalized Englishman, certain advice meant to influence his vote in the coming election. It would appear that the Murchison letter was nothing but a trap set by an intriguing politician in the hope of eliciting from the British Minister some reply which might possibly serve as a basis for accusing the representative of a foreign Power of an attempt at interference in the internal affairs of the nation in favor of one of the parties in the electoral contest.

This decoy letter, purporting to come from a recently naturalized Englishman, was written and forwarded in the preceding summer and reached the British Minister at his summer residence on the Massachusetts coast. He happened to be quite alone in the house when the letter arrived, his daughters having gone on a few days' visit to some friends' country place. It was also a rainy day and he had no other business on hand. He was known for his distaste for epistolary efforts of any length. On this occasion, however—was it, perhaps, that the pseudo Murchison's well and cleverly written letter requesting in deferential terms the counsel of his pretended mother country's representative in regard to the choice of the party for which to cast his first vote as a newly naturalized citizen, evoked in Lord Sackville an unusual interest?—in short he actually penned a reply of three or four pages, the sense of which, as far as I can now remember, was simply that President Cleveland's Administration having in every respect been a most successful and creditable one he did not see any reason for the desirability of a change.

It was of course entirely out of the question that a professional diplomat of Lord Sackville's high character and wide experience would intentionally have said or written anything of a nature to compromise his government in any possible way. This was also evidently the view taken by Mr. Bayard, the Secretary of State. When his attention was called by the newspaper representatives to Lord Sackville's letter as published in the press, and frankly acknowledged by him as authentic, he merely said that the right of the British Minister to express in his private correspondence his views on any subject whatsoever could not be questioned for a moment; and that, besides, this particular letter of his did not contain anything that could be considered objectionable in any respect. The popular excitement, however, inseparable from an electoral campaign, especially during the last few days before the casting of the votes, seemed to have fastened upon the incident of the Murchison letter, and the party managers insisted on something being done immediately in order to allay the feeling roused by this incident, which threatened to affect unfavorably the party's chances of victory in the impending election. The matter was complicated by the fact that a similar attempt had been made, evidently by the same person or persons, to entrap the Mexican Minister, Mr. Romero, into some uncautious expression of opinion, with the result that he had returned to his correspondent a very curt reply to the effect that as representative of a foreign Power he could not express any opinion whatever in regard to the internal political affairs of a friendly nation. The publication of this reply of the Mexican Minister side by side with Lord Sackville's letter was naturally intended to emphasize, so to speak, the seeming impropriety of the latter's expression of opinion. In short, the pressure brought to bear on the Administration by the party management was such that the Government felt compelled—most reluctantly, I have no doubt—to demand the immediate recall of the British Minister and, there being no time to await the expected compliance with this demand, to send him his passports, as diplomatic parlance has it.

The summary character of these proceedings, as was not unnatural, led to some temporary coolness in the relations between the two governments; perhaps even more apparent than real, as the British Government could hardly fail to make some allowance for the exigencies of party warfare at election time. At any rate the appointment of Sir Julian Pauncefote as successor to Lord Sackville was delayed until after the inauguration of the newly elected President.



Canal de la Viga, Market Day, Mexico City

The Castle of Chapultepec, Mexico

The return to power of the Republican Party brought with it, as was to be expected, the appointment to the office of Secretary of State of the brilliant and extremely popular statesman who, as leader of his party, had four years before failed to reach the goal of his most legitimate ambition. The Blaines, belonging to the set of old residents of the capital, where they had always occupied a prominent social position, had naturally many long-established relations with the diplomatic body and we were not quite strangers to them. Their family circle was a most attractive and highly intellectual one and we greatly enjoyed being brought into closer contact with this most distinguished and charming family through spending the summer at Bar Harbor, where we were near neighbors.

As for me personally, I was brought into closer relationship with the new Secretary of State in the transaction of some official business with which I had been intrusted by my government and which furnished me with an occasion to appreciate the elevation and the nobility of his character apart from the winning charm of his magnetic personality. It came about in this way. For some years already the fur-seal industry in the two groups of islands in the Bering Sea—one belonging to Russia and the other to the United States—had been suffering from the depredations of poachers, who having discovered the habitat of the seals in their periodical migrations had begun to practice an indiscriminate extermination of them in the open sea to an extent which threatened the gradual extinction of the species.

Both governments being interested in the protection of a valuable industry the right to the exercise of which they had farmed out to the Alaska Commercial Company, and which moreover constituted the only means of subsistence of the native population of the islands, I had been instructed to study the question whether something could not be done, perhaps in coöperation with the Government of the United States, with a view to putting a stop to the depredations of the poachers. The difficulty in the way of any really effectual measures for suppressing the predatory operations of the poachers consisted in the generally accepted doctrine of international law in regard to the limitation of the jurisdictional power of states over their so-called territorial waters. This difficulty could obviously be overcome only by securing the acquiescence of the principal maritime Powers in a proposal, to be put forward by Russia and the United States, to undertake jointly the policing of the Bering Sea for the exclusive purpose of preventing the illegal killing of fur seals on the high seas.

In obedience to the instructions received I devised a plan of an agreement with the Government of the United States to cover such a proposal and duly submitted it to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This plan having been approved I was instructed to begin at once negotiations on the subject with the Department of State. Mr. Blaine likewise approved the plan when submitted to him, and we had very soon completed the drafting of the text of the proposed agreement. Before appending my signature to the agreement it was my duty to submit it for final approval to my government and for authority to sign it as their plenipotentiary in their name. This was done immediately by cable and we expected to receive within a couple of days our government's approval, in regard to which we did not entertain any doubt whatever, the agreement having been concluded in accordance with their own wishes. No reply, however, came and having waited for it a couple of weeks in the sweltering heat of Washington Mr. Blaine left for Bar Harbor, where I soon followed him, greatly annoyed by the failure of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to reply to my cable, which had all the appearance of a disavowal of my action, though it had been undertaken solely in consequence of and in obedience to their instructions.

This naturally placed me in a most embarrassing position in regard to the Secretary of State, as he might have suspected me of having deceived him in regard to our government's real position in the matter. And this is where Mr. Blaine showed himself as the high-minded, perfect gentleman he was. He not only never let me feel any of the displeasure which our government's failure to act must necessarily have caused him but he tried with the utmost delicacy and fine feeling to console me as best he could in my manifestly painful embarrassment, at first by saying that as a matter of course no very quick reply could be expected since "big bodies always move slowly"; and finally, when months had passed without bringing any reply whatever, that it was plain that the government's silence must be due to some circumstances which I could not possibly have foreseen and for which I could not possibly be held responsible in any way. In the beginning of winter the minister, M. de Struve, returned to his post after the death of Madame de Struve, and I was relieved of my duties of Chargé d'Affaires. Still no reply whatever had come from St. Petersburg, and the matter was allowed to drop.

It was only many years later, when the question of the protection of the fur-seal industry had become a subject of international negotiations, that I learned accidentally why the proposed agreement with the United States which I had negotiated under instructions of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs had been abandoned. In order to understand fully how it could have come about that an agreement with the United States, mutually advantageous to both sides, should have been abandoned, thereby depriving the United States of the support of Russia in a matter in which the interests of both Powers were absolutely identical, it will be necessary to explain the mode of the functioning of the government machinery of those days.

Under the autocratic régime there was no such thing as a cabinet, each minister of state ruling his department quite independently, reporting to the Sovereign separately and subject solely to the Sovereign's will and directions. The chaotic condition which a strict adherence to this system would have resulted in was mitigated through the custom that had gradually grown up of attempting to bring about some unity of action in the following way: When an individual minister had determined on some measure affecting not only matters subject to his own department but likewise matters of more or less general interest he would request in writing the conclusions of those of his colleagues whose departments he would consider as more specially concerned in the matter in hand, and would then submit their conclusions along with his own project to the Sovereign for his ultimate decision.

This had been the procedure adopted in the matter of the proposed agreement with the United States. The text of the agreement as established between the Secretary of State and me had been communicated for their conclusions to the Ministers of Finance, of the Interior, of the Imperial Domains and of the Navy. Their conclusions had been entirely favorable with the sole exception of that of the Minister of Marine. It turned out that the Naval Department had recently engaged the services of a lawyer of considerable ability as legal adviser, to whom the agreement in question had been referred for his conclusion. He may have thought, perhaps, that a simple approval of the projected agreement, which could have been expressed in a few words, might possibly not have satisfied his employers. Be that as it may, the fact was that he had given a conclusion controverting the position taken by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs upon the advice of its own counsel, Professor Martens, the universally known and respected authority on international law, upon the ground that the projected agreement might lead to complications with the leading maritime Powers, which Russia was not from a naval point of view prepared to face.

This alarmist view of the question seems to have impressed the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the extent of causing him to let the matter simply drop, apparently without taking into consideration that such a way of dealing with it might be considered by the Government of the United States little short of discourteous.

On the other hand, it seems to have been conceded, as a matter of equity, that some compensation was due to me as the innocent victim of a situation for which I bore no

(Continued on Page 78

The National Palace, Mexico City

The Investor's New Arabian Nights

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE BANKER'S SECRET

DAN PHELAN was a good, smart machinist; a good, capable, hard-working boy. After the war came on he went over to Jersey into a shipbuilding plant. And he made more wages and met more people and saw more life than he would have in all his days in the home town. He had taken a chance, like the rest of them in the room, in the Liberty Bond raffle, just as he had on the motorcycle and all the others—not expecting anything out of it naturally; and when Jim, the foreman, who got all the raffles up, came to him and told him he had won it, you could have knocked him over with a feather.

He was in Hickey's saloon that night spending a little of it on the bunch and had put out twenty-five or thirty dollars or so when Jim, the foreman, came over to where he was from a table where he'd been sitting with a stranger.

"Come on over here," he said to Dan. "I got a fellow here I want you to meet. Aw, leave him alone," he said to the rest of them, when they weren't going to let him go. "You've all had enough for to-night—if you're coming in to do any work for me in the morning." And so finally they let loose of him.

"Danny," said Jim, the foreman, "meet Bill Hixon, a regular old Wall Street shark."

The stranger laughed till he coughed and had to stop. And nothing would do him but Dan must sit down with them. But when he wanted to buy them a drink, this stranger that Jim, the foreman, joked on Wall Street wouldn't hear of it.

"Put it up!" he said to Dan. "Put it up! It's somebody else's turn." And pulling out a wad as big as a horse's hind leg he made Dan Phelan put his wad back into his pocket and paid for the drinks himself—Dan taking a cigar, for he'd had enough and he knew it.

But then this old fellow, this Bill Hixon, wanted to see the prize—the five-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond and when Dan handed it over he held it in his hands and opened it and kind of smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" Jim, the foreman, asked him.

"It makes me smile," he answered back. "I was thinking what millions and billions of these things they are getting out and what the big boys—those bankers and those billionaires, you might call them, down in Wall Street—are making out of them now."

And from that he went on and told them about what he'd seen down there. Most interesting it was too.

"You think you're getting good money since this war started. You make me laugh," he said. "You're like the kids they're giving a joy ride on the Ferris wheel in the park; you go a long ways in the air—and you get off just where you started!"

And he told them some of the profits some of those fellows had made off this war.

"They holler about these bonds in all the newspapers and the high wages you've been getting while the other fellows were in France. But who was getting the coin out of it while you were doing the work and the other lads were doing the fighting? That's the question."

And he told them some of the games those bankers, those real big guys down on Wall Street, had played—to his knowledge—since this war began. You wouldn't believe it!

"There'll be twenty billions of these things—these bonds," he said, "alone. And they've got it all figured out now where they'll get twenty per cent—that is, four billions—right now out of these. I know that for a fact. And they'll get it too. If they don't I hope to die and rot right here in my tracks now!

"I ain't no socialist," he said—for he was a good, common-talking man. "But they might have the right of it at that, when they say these boys—these big bankers and capitalists and financiers—got up this war for what they saw in it. I don't say that's true myself, because I don't know. They may prove it or they may not. But whether they do or not, there's where the money goes that comes out of you and me from these things," he said, holding up the bond.

You Could Sit There and Figure It Out for Yourself. If You Put In Five Hundred Dollars You Got Back Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand

"Oh, you got to hand it to them! They don't do the work or the fighting, but they're the boys that know their business. They've got it all fixed to cop off the coin," he said.

"It's about time some of us was getting some of that," Jim, the foreman, said. He was a rough-and-ready fellow that swore quite a lot.

"You said something there!" this Bill Hixon told him. And he handed back Dan Phelan's bond to him.

"And we're going to," said Jim. "This war and these wages showed us one thing. It's showed us they've got to have us. It's showed us that we've got a right to live—as well as the rest of them. And we're going to too!"

"You are if you've got brains enough," said Hixon.

"You'll see," said Jim, swearing again.

"Go to it!" said the visitor, getting up. "You don't hate them any more than I do. You haven't got the reason to, I guess. But you don't know these boys—these financiers and bankers—the way I do. You don't know what games they're capable of. They've got the cards all marked on you. And the only way to meet them is on their own ground. I know all about it. I've been there!"

Then he got up and brushed himself off with his hands and pulled down his coat where it had wrinkled up while he was sitting there.

"Well, boys," he said, "I'll have to be going!" And he left them.

"A mighty knowing fellow!" said Jim, the foreman, when Dan and he were going home together. "He knows all the tricks those crooks are up to down there in Wall Street!"

"I guess they are crooked all right," said Dan Phelan, thinking.

"Crooked!" said Jim, the foreman. "They're so crooked they have to build special spirals for them to get their souls into hell."

"What's he doing up here?" Dan asked him.

"I don't know exactly," said Jim, the foreman. "He sells stocks or something down there in Wall Street. He's up here on some kind of business."

All that week Dan Phelan couldn't help thinking about how this country was run; and about all those bankers and financiers and bright-eyed old boys in Wall Street—how much they had and how easy they got it. And that four billion dollars that Hixon was talking about their getting now—that got him most. He wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't got it straight from a fellow that had been there.

"Why wouldn't you?" said Jim, the foreman. "What about that sixty million dollars for a shipyard they never scarcely used? You know that, don't you? Aw, they make me laugh," said Jim, the foreman, "talking about our good wages! All we get is the smell of the platter going by to the table."

They were in there again at Hickey's on Saturday night and ran against that old Bill Hixon once more.

"He won't believe it," said Jim, the foreman, to the other man when they all sat down again together. "Now I want you to tell him some of the things you know about—for a fact." And he started cursing out the bankers and those boys on Wall Street—and especially some of the big ones that everybody talks about, calling them by name.

But this Hixon cut him off right away.

"No, hold on, Jim!" he said, putting up his big fat hand. "No! I take exceptions to that, Jim! They knock those fellows. That's all right. They may have done some things—I don't say they ain't. But I tell you right now, Jim, they're brainy men—these particular fellows you're talking about. And if you or me was in the same place we'd be doing just the same things. I know them. I've studied them for years. Oil," he said, "that's my line. We seen a lot of it in oil.

"The fact is," said this Hixon, rolling himself in his chair and taking another chew, "I've studied these fellows and I know. They got brains and they got a system now that can't be beat. I've watched it for thirty years—from way back in the old oil days in Pennsylvania."

And then he told them about this System you read so much about in the papers.

"You never hear of them losing anything, do you—these big capitalists? No, I guess not! Because why? Because they can't! You hear a lot of fellows talking—making a secret of it. There is—in a way; and in a way there ain't. When you've studied it way down deep you'll see what it is. It's all simple, really. Just two things.

"Just two things," he said, turning in his chair again, scratching himself. "They got all the money in the country—your money and my money in their banks and insurance companies. That's the first thing. And the second is,

they've got all the advance information. That's simple, ain't it?" he said

"And there's nothing wrong to it, is there—that you and me wouldn't do if we could? You'll hear a lot of loose talk and cuss words about these big boys from hot-headed fellows like Jim here," he said; "about the way they work it and their secret operations. But the fact is that's all the secret—when you study it. It's perfectly simple. They've got all the money, boys, yours and mine, and they've got all the advance information.

"They got the whole country now all covered with that information system they've got. They know in advance just what's going up and what's coming down in this country—in business and the stock market and everything else. There ain't nothing criminal about that, is there—nor anything wrong? But when you got that, boys, on everything in this country you can let the other fellow start anything he wants to, I don't care what; and you'll finish it if it's good. That's the secret—the big secret you hear so much about. You're fixed so you can play safe always—all the real good shots in the country. You can play the limit, bet your head off and at the same time always be sure you'll bring the bacon home."

"Well, what are you going to do about it then?" said Jim, the foreman, swearing as usual. "What's the answer? Are those fellows—those bankers and those financiers—going to own this country?"

"Cussing and swearing won't do you any good, that's sure," said this old Hixon, and he rolled his chair and scratched himself again, for he was a calm old guy. "That won't stop them much—no. What you've got to do is to go out and do the same thing yourself. Use your own judgment—use your own money for yourself the way they use it all now for themselves. That's the answer! That's what they don't want! And you'll do it, too, if you don't want them to have it all—gobble up, as Jim here says, the whole country on you."

And he stopped again.

"For example," Jim, the foreman, asked him, keeping him going, "how do they work this thing? How do they get all this advance information? How can they do it?"

"They've got all kinds of ways," answered the other man

"Give us one," said Jim, the foreman, "just for example."

"Well, I'll give you one way," said this Hixon, after thinking a minute. "Advancing money's one way—very common—and taking back a preference. I'll illustrate to you by something I know; by what I'm doing myself just now—an old trick. I studied it out from watching those big oil fellers years ago down in Pennsylvania."

And he went on and told them about this "three-way call," he named it, that he got years ago, studying the methods of those big oil financiers and capitalists.

"You know all about this new Wyoming oil field that's coming in now," he said. "The biggest little oil field, in my opinion, God Almighty ever spilled coal oil into. You can go in there 'most anywhere and not lose money. Well, it makes me laugh," said this old Bill Hixon and stopped, laughing that hearty coughing laugh again.

"What at?" Jim asked, looking at him.

"I took advantage of them, that's all, boys," he said, stopping finally and going on talking. "I hadn't ought to done it. But if I didn't somebody else would—some banker, without a doubt." And then he went on and told them.

"I was out there," he said, "and these three fellers I know had these three properties they'd started working on right there in the Tremain District. The best little district there, in my opinion. Two and three thousand barrel wells all round them everywhere. Three different wells on three different properties, they had—but each feller with a fractional interest in the other feller's well, the way they do," said this Hixon and stopped and waited again, looking into his glass.

"You know how those fellers are; you've heard probably—those drillers," he went on then and laughed that hearty husky kind of laugh again. "Spending always up to the limit. Well, pretty soon word came to me they had to have more money to go on with it and I saw my chance! I went to them. I know them all. I know everybody in the oil fields and everybody knows me. I'm a kind of a household word in the oil fields all over this country," he said, laughing again.

"'Boys,' I says to them, 'there's no use mincing matters. You're up against it. Now I ain't got much but I'll tell you what I'll do with you. This thing is a gamble; they're all gambles. You and me don't have to be told any different about any one of these wells—separate. But together, somewhere, I think you've got a darned good chance. There're two and three thousand barrel wells, you might say, all round you.'

"'I know all that,' I says. 'But still, at that it's a gamble. But I tell you what I'll do, boys. I'll buy into it as a gamble—that's what I'll do. And if I can't swing it I know where I can find fellers with blood enough to help me out. I'll take care of you, boys,' I says, 'so you won't have to fall into the hands of them bankers or big capitalists.

"'You're getting along good, boys,' I said. 'Your derricks are all up and you're down real good and you got good signs. Ten per cent more on the three wells ought to finish you up now. So I tell you what I'll do. I'll advance you that money and you'll give me a three-way call.'

"'A three-way call!' spoke up one of the boys to me. 'You can't ask us that! You ain't going to do that, Bill!' And the other two gave a kind of a groan.

"'I can and I will,' I says. 'I got to,' I says. 'I got to,' I says. 'I may have to get outside capitalists into this,' I says, 'to see it through. And if I do I've got to make it attractive to them. I got to give them a minimum of risk and the maximum of profit—you know that!'

"They sat there looking down, all three of them. I saw I had them," said this Hixon, looking over hard and earnest at Jim and breathing hard the way that big fat fellows like that do when they get talking.

"'A three-way call,' I says, 'either that or nothing. That's the best I can do. And if you don't if you don't give it to me you know what it'll be,' I says, 'probably. You'll get into the hands of one of these financiers and they'll get it all. Which will it be?' I says. 'Do I get it, or do you get into the hands of some banker or capitalist who gets you and your property both before you get through?'

"Oh, I took advantage of them all right but I got it finally!" said this Bill Hixon, looking at Dan and Jim, the foreman. "I got it—to make a long matter short—I got my three-way call!"

And Dan looked over to Jim, the foreman, then, and Jim looked over back at him.

"A three-way call!" Jim said to Hixon then, clearing out his throat. "What's that?"

"That's just what I was going to ask," said Dan.

"That's an old, old way of working it—a regular bankers' way of making your capital sure and at the same time getting in on the profits if there are any," said Hixon.

"It's an old way, you say?" said Jim, going ahead with his questions.

"Yes," he answered him. "But they ain't so many that knows it after all—outside the oil business. I got it myself years ago studying them big oil men 'way back in the old Pennsylvania days."

"Go on," said Jim, "explain it to us, won't you? I never heard of it—nor Dan either, I guess."

"I never did," said Dan. "I know that."

"A three-way call," said this Hixon then, "is like this, boys. I'll explain it to you the way I did to those three others when I was making it." And then he went on and explained it to them.

"'You take your properties,' I says to them, 'and make three separate corporations out of them. We'll call them,' I says, 'just as you do now—that is, the Big Bear and the Little Bear and the Teddy Bear.'"

"Yes," said Jim, the foreman, looking right at him all the time.

"'Then we'll arrange our three-way call,' I says. 'I'll let you have that money,' I says—'that ten per cent you need to finish up with,' I says. 'Then you'll turn round and give me my options.'"

"Yes," said Jim, the foreman, watching him.

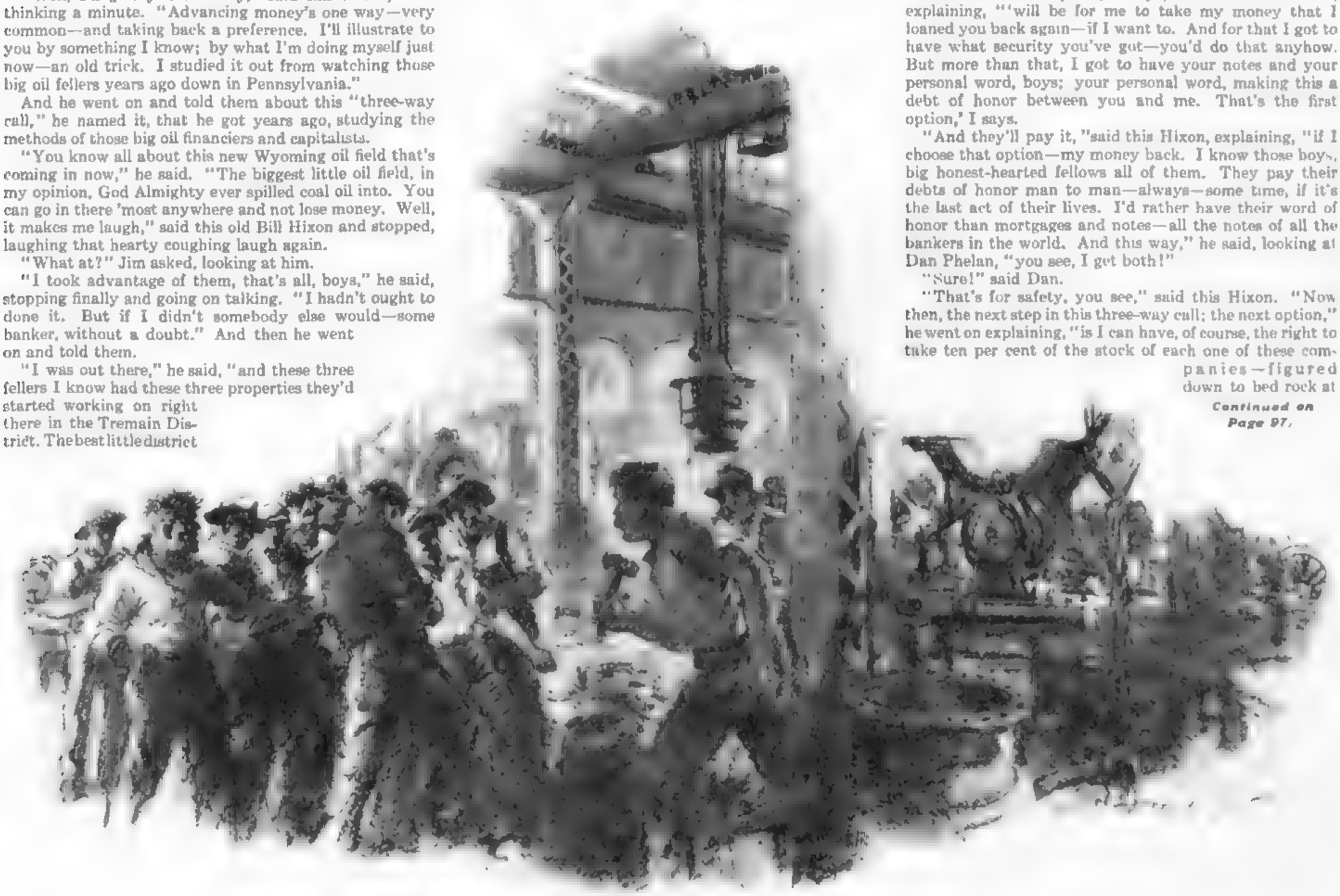
"'Now the first option,' I says," went on this Hixon, explaining, "'will be for me to take my money that I loaned you back again—if I want to. And for that I got to have what security you've got—you'd do that anyhow. But more than that, I got to have your notes and your personal word, boys; your personal word, making this a debt of honor between you and me. That's the first option,' I says.

"And they'll pay it, "said this Hixon, explaining, "if I choose that option—my money back. I know those boys, big honest-hearted fellows all of them. They pay their debts of honor man to man—always—some time, if it's the last act of their lives. I'd rather have their word of honor than mortgages and notes—all the notes of all the bankers in the world. And this way," he said, looking at Dan Phelan, "you see, I get both!"

"Sure!" said Dan.

"That's for safety, you see," said this Hixon. "Now then, the next step in this three-way call; the next option," he went on explaining, "is I can have, of course, the right to take ten per cent of the stock of each one of these companies—figured down to bed rock at

Continued on Page 97



"I'll Mark You Up First So We'll Always Know You and Then I'll Turn You Over to the Police! That's What I'll Do to You!"

HUNKINS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VIII

I STAYED awake a long time trying to puzzle out Bill Hunkins' proposition. "What is the psychology of it?" I asked myself. I am not much of a psychologist. Until I went into the Army I hadn't thought of the carking stuff since I left college, and I thought about it only enough there to get a "Fair" in the examination. In the Army I encountered busy flocks of psychologists, who were asking doughboys to work out problems like this:

"If 5 x 2 is 37 put a cross in the square that is superimposed on the triangle that surrounds the smaller of sixteen circles, but if 2 x 5 is not 37 write another incorrect answer for the problem under the longest of these three words: black—white—green; and then state instantly whether the real reason why the chicken crosses the road is to get on the other side or because the road cannot cross the chicken, and verify your statement by spelling a word that contains the first letter of your last name and the last letter of your first name, and has three labials and four dentals, which must not rime with mush, slush or flush."

That was psychology, they told us, and they made ratings of the soldiers on that basis, determining to their own card-indexed satisfaction whether the boys should be kept continuously on kitchen police or sent to join the general staff. They were earnest about it, but they had only put about half of us through these important tests when the war quit on them, thus leaving posterity without the important knowledge as to whether a couple of million Jim Smiths and Charley Browns used fifty seconds or five in writing "piffle" on the dotted line if 4 + 2 = 9, and the sun rises in the west, or putting six crosses over the prettiest letter in the alphabet provided the psychologists can hand Secretary Baker a stunt like this and get away with it.

That interested me in psychology. There must be something in it. To be sure, the man in my company who took half an hour to figure out whether 9 — 9 = 0 when it is high tide on the coast of Labrador or 18 at the full of the moon in Kokomo got three citations and two medals for good work in killing Huns over in the Argonne, and brought in six prisoners one night single-handed because when he ran onto them as he was alone he made them think he had a squad of companions just round the corner, but the tests showed him to be slow-witted and the veriest dub of a soldier.

The psychologists said it only proved abnormality or atavism or an absonant quality or something like that. I didn't quite get their explanation, but I am strong for psychology. It did give a lot of professors a good safe method of serving their country in the great crisis.

"What is the psychology of Bill Hunkins' amazing proposition to me?"

I approached that problem from a dozen different angles and found no solution. As I was in the midst of an elaborate hypothetical thesis I went to sleep, and next morning it occurred to me to talk the matter over with somebody who knows more about Hunkins than I do. Three persons presented themselves to me: Dad, Dowd and Steve Fox. I canvassed them thus: "If I go to dad he'll laugh at me and tell me to forget it. I don't know Dowd well enough yet. Steve Fox is the man." I caught him at the office at two o'clock that afternoon.

"Steve," I said, "I've got a job."

"Politics or honest toil?"

"Politics."

"As soon as this? You're a pronto person. What is it?"

"Alderman."

"Alderman? What sort of an alderman?"

"Regular, honest-to-Mike alderman, from the Second Ward. Bill Hunkins offered it to me last night."

Steve looked hard at me. I know Steve so well that his mental processes are familiar to me. He was debating this question: Is he drunk or crazy?

"Neither one," I said.

"Neither one? What the devil ——"

"I'm not drunk and I'm not crazy. It's a fact."

When Steve is perplexed he chews a wad of paper. He tore a piece from the margin of a newspaper and chewed it vigorously.

"Let me get this straight. Bill Hunkins offered to make you alderman from the Second Ward?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At his house."

"How did you get there?"

"He wrote to me and asked me to come."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing much. He's heard that I am talking of getting into politics, and he says I can learn more in the board in a year than anywhere else in six."

"That's right. What else?"

"Nothing. He says he'll guarantee nomination and election if I'll accept and wants an answer by Saturday."

"Didn't he give you any reason?"

"Nope; only that."

Steve chewed his paper and looked out of the window.

"Well, I'll be gol-darned!" he said finally.

"Gentlemen of the Board," Fred Declaimed: "I am Now About to Relate an Instance That is Fraught With Great Importance to This Fair City of Ours"

I waited for further illumination. Steve comes to bat regularly, but sometimes he is a bit slow in leaving the bench. When he is chewing paper in his mouth he is chewing things over in his mind in the same vigorous fashion. Presently he began:

"Bill Hunkins never does anything without a reason. He doesn't work on impulse. So, as I look at it, there are only two reasons for this thing: The first is because he thinks that perhaps you may get somewhere in this game you are talking about—with your father's money, and so on—and wants to tie you up. The second is that he needs a candidate from that ward who will be acceptable to the people who live there, and he has picked you because he has heard that you have political ideas and may take it, not figuring that you will amount to anything in the way of opposition at all, but planning on using you because you are respectable and have a good family name.

"I think the first reason is the real one, because there are plenty of others in the Second Ward he might pick up if respectability is all he is looking for. It isn't that. He has some returned-soldier stuff in his mind, and he knows how far the Talbot name goes in this city and has decided to get you into his camp at once. This alderman thing is all he has for bait at present, so he's dangled that in front of your eyes. Did he say anything about future advancement?"

"No."

"Just made the bald proposal?

"Yes, but he did say there are various reasons he has that can be talked over later."

"Just so. He's too foxy to make promises when he doesn't need to, for he has a strange habit of keeping his word. It will be time enough to talk about the future after you have fallen for this first advance; or maybe it never will be time—provided you do fall for it."

"Who said anything about falling for it?"

"I did. Come on up and see Tommy Dowd."

Dowd was in his office in the Occidental Building, talking to some young men in civilian clothes who were returned soldiers. Their clothes were too new, their bearings too erect, and their colors too brown to allow them to be anything else. Presently the soldiers went out.

"This is a double and distinguished honor," Dowd said, "a great journalist and a rising young politician call at my humble quarters. It must be something important."

"Not so important as it is interesting," Steve replied, "provided you will chop the kidding and listen."

"Go ahead."

Steve told the story of my visit to Hunkins and what Hunkins offered to me in rapid-fire fashion.

"What do you make out of that?" he asked as he finished.

Dowd asked me a few questions, exactly like those Steve had asked me, and then said: "It's simple enough. Our friend Hunkins is planning to throw a monkey wrench into our machinery."

"But George hasn't anything to do with your machinery—yet."

"I know it. However, in my opinion Hunkins is fooled to some extent by the stories brought in by his scouts. He's human, you know, and must depend on what his men tell him to a large extent, subject to the clarifying processes of his own mind and experience. The most superserviceable person in the world is a political scout, next to a private detective. Both live not by what they find out but by what they say they find out. They have to get information to justify their employment, and if they get none they make some, or if they get little they increase it in detail and importance. Hunkins thinks Talbot is further along than he is, and plans to tie him up to his end of it."

I Hadn't Gone Once the Length of the Floor With Her Before I Realised That David Was Right. She Could Dance

"I think so too," said Steve.

"Poor bait," I commented.

"I don't know about that," Dowd objected. "An alderman is a rather important cog in the wheel of city government. The office is important even if the men who fill it are not. What is your idea—to take it or refuse it?"

"Refuse it."

"Don't be hasty. Let's think this over a little. You came to me the other day with an idea about utilizing the returned soldiers for political purposes, both for the good of the city and for their own good. I told you some of us are working along those lines and asked you to come to our next meeting, which is to-morrow night. What have you decided about that? Are you coming?"

"Yes."

"And if we can show you any practicality of operation and signs of progress are you inclined to join with us?"

"Yes; if you'll let me."

"Oh, we'll let you. We need all the help we can get. Now then, assuming that we can give you tangible evidence of work already accomplished, and expectations that look good, you will work with us. I already set you down as a partner in the enterprise because Steve here tells me you are all right, because I know your father, because you have some ideas in consonance with mine, and because, as I say, we need all the help we can get. You're in."

"All right."

"That being the case, shall I tell you what I think you'd better do?"

"I wish you would."

"Well, I'd take him up."

Steve whistled. "Why?" he asked.

"For several reasons: The first is that the experience will be of value to Talbot. The second is because the position, and the news of it spread round, will identify him with politics, and we need a man or two thus identified. The third is because both his personal history and his name will give him respect outside of the joshing of his social playmates, who do not count—respect of the average citizens, I mean. The fourth is because the newspapers will have to take it with some seriousness because of the Talbot name, as an evidence of an attempt to have better politics, unless Steve here gets facetious about it. The fifth is because there isn't a chance for a Pendergrast man up there, and there will be no campaign that will start anything. The sixth is because in that position Talbot can be of great value to us in what we shall try to do."

"Hold on!" I cried. "You don't think that I'd take this job and double-cross Hunkins, do you?"

"I do not, and I wouldn't advise you to take it if I did; or have any use for you whatsoever. What I mean is this: If Hunkins is sincere—or playing a deeper game than is apparent on the surface of this—he won't demand any obligation from you. He doesn't need your vote in the board. He's got that sewed up, with Tom Pendergrast's gang, so tight that anything you might try to do will be overwhelmed. If he is sincere, as I say, he won't ask any obligation. All right; then you can keep your eyes and ears open and be of use to us and yourself. If he is playing a deeper game than is apparent we want to know that too, and the easiest way we can find that out is for you to accept, provided you are earnest and smart enough to play our game. Possibly you are. Steve says so. I'll take a chance."

"Direct-spoken citizen, this," I thought, and was about to give an opinion when Dowd continued.

"I had no idea Brother Bill would weigh in this way, but he's a clever gentleman—a clever gentleman. If it is part of a big game, and not an ordinary political maneuver to get a respectable candidate he'll not obligate you at this time either, for that would tip his hand. Feel like taking a whirl at it?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I do, and then I don't. There are a lot of angles to it that I haven't figured out yet."

"Oh, well, you've got until Saturday to decide. Perhaps I can get a better line on it for you before then. I'll try. Meantime, shall I see you to-morrow night?"

"Yes, I'm coming."

Steve and I walked down the street together. "No hurry," said Steve. "Tommy will dig up the inside of it if anybody knows it besides Hunkins. He's got a grapevine into that outfit."

I thought of talking to dad about it that night, but didn't. Next morning at breakfast I said as casually as I could, though my heart was beating a little faster: "Dad, what would you think if I told you that I may run for that vacancy from our ward in the board of aldermen?"

Dad stopped buttering his cakes and looked at me.

"I'd think of sending you to a sanitarium." But he smiled when he said it.

IX

I DID not see the News until after dad got away. He had a row with the editor over a grade crossing at the pump works and won't allow the paper in the house or at the office. I sent for it after breakfast. The man brought a copy in and handed it to me, and an item jumped from the top of the second column on the first page and hit me a thundering whack. My eyes blinked, my face flamed, and my heart beat a tattoo as I read:

CAPTAIN GEORGE TALBOT
MAY ENTER POLITICS
Son of Wealthy Manufacturer
Mentioned for Alderman

I didn't read what followed. That was enough. Steve Fox, my friend, just to get a measly little piece of news in his paper, had betrayed me! It was incomprehensible. It was outrageous. It was damnable. It was everything else putrid and perfidious I could think of. I raged up and down the room.

"Damn Steve Fox!" I shouted. "And damn everything and everybody else more than an inch high! One of my best friends spills the beans for me this way. The man I trusted. I'll go down and punch him in the jaw. It's a lie. I haven't decided to run for alderman. Probably I won't run, and he's made a laughingstock of me and put me in foolish with everybody I know. I won't run for alderman! I'll quit the whole outfit and go back to the pump business. The idea of springing this on me when I told him in confidence what happened. In confidence! Pshaw, he's just like the rest of his gang of reporters. Nothing sacred to them if they can get an item out of it. Ghouls, that's what they are. Worst than that. They're—they're ——"

I had to quit, for I couldn't think of anything worse than a ghoul. I rang up the News. Nobody there but an office boy, who told me fliply what I knew—that Fox wouldn't be down until noon. I thought about calling the editor, at his house and protesting to him, but I didn't.

"I'll get Fox first," I thought. "I'll just walk in and pound the eternal upholstery out of him. I'll ——"

Then the telephone rang. It was dad.

"They tell me there's a piece about your running for alderman in the News this morning, George."

"Yes, sir, but I didn't ——"

"All right. Drop in and see me when you come down. Good-by."

Dad wasn't so very ferocious. Still, dad thinks everything printed in the News is a fake, so that meant nothing. When he found there was some truth back of it—oh, boy! I shivered over that, and then it occurred to me to read the item and find out to just what depths of perfidy Steve Fox had plunged himself. I read it:

"There was a story in circulation at the City Hall yesterday that Captain George Talbot, son of John J. Talbot, president of the Talbot Pump and Engine Company, intends to enter politics, and will run for alderman from the Second Ward at the coming election to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Alderman Octavius K. Porter.

"The story was that Boss William Hunkins has offered the nomination to Talbot, and that Talbot is considering it. Nominations will be made on Saturday. Neither Talbot nor Hunkins could be found last night.

"Captain Talbot is twenty-nine years old. He was in the Army, saw active service in France and won a promotion at St.-Mihiel. He was in business with his father after he finished college, or until he went to war, and is a member of the Union, the University, the Country and the Weehawis Clubs."

I read it twice and did not cool down much during the readings. It was a scandal and a shame that Steve Fox should do a thing like that to me when the chances were ten to one against my taking the nomination. I shuddered to think of the reception I would get at the Union Club and at the Country Club. Then while I was shuddering the telephone rang again. Dowd called.

"Hello, Talbot. Seen the News this morning?"

"Yes. I've seen the News, and it's a perfect damned outrage that Steve Fox should do a thing like that! Why—I haven't—I—I never said—I'll be kidded all over the place. It's ——"

I sputtered like a wet fuse.

"Cheer up!" advised Dowd. "It isn't as bad as you think. Come down here if you have time, and we'll talk it over."

I ran out to the garage, took the runabout and broke every traffic regulation in my haste to get to the Occidental Building. When I got into Dowd's office I found him placidly smoking a big cigar and reading the News.

(Continued on Page 106)

TRIMMED WITH RED

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

X

QUITE aside from its advantages as a paradise of free board and keep, Emily decided that the Bolshevist studio was quite the most amusing sanctuary she had discovered during the twenty wandering years of her life. The morning after her final encounter with her unworthy lover found her merry as a cricket, bustling about Rosamonde's den of higher thought in the act of appeasing a very human hunger. She resurrected bread, eggs and coffee from Comrade Niki's neat kitchen, and when she had converted these into edible quantities and taken the result to the orange-colored table in the dining room she pulled up an orange-colored chair and fell to with a wholesome young appetite.

She chuckled as she ate, and laughter helps the digestion. How like Rosamonde to have devised this eminently artificial amusement! What would Merlin say to it all? It was like giving a spoiled child several pretty packages of dynamite to play with. Would poor charming Rosa manage to blow something up? Emily, if the truth were told, didn't much care that morning. She was weary unto death of looking for work and being discharged and looking again. After all she believed in Bolshevism quite as much as she believed in half the silly fads forced upon her in Aunt Carmen's gilded environment. And here was freedom; freedom from the arrogance of self-appointed superiors whether in the Plainview palace or the Sixth Avenue kitchen-ware department.

"She Has Done Much Noble Work and Will Do More. But She Has Made a Natural Mistake. She Has Fallen in Love With Me"

Emily thought of herself staying indefinitely among these queer fish from the backwaters of Washington Square. Orange furniture, pinkish curtains, orange souls, pinkish thoughts; neutral tinted walls lined with futuristic portraits of revolutionary leaders; a brotherhood and a sisterhood always round her like one big family whose common vice is that fatal drug of radicals, talk. Dreaming over a slice of toast and a good cup of coffee, Emily had a feeling that she had beaten the world at last. She pictured herself as living here, pleasantly drugged by strange combinations of colors and ideas. It would be an easy life. And after a while she would drift into spinsterhood.

The studio door was pushed slowly open and someone entered without knocking. It was a tall raw-boned woman whose sallow cheeks suggested spinsterhood and the rumpled condition of whose short hair and long smock frock indicated that she had slept in both without any attempt to arrange them for the day. In her scrawny right hand she held a teacup, and so absorbed she seemed upon her errand that she never looked round to observe the girl at the orange table. Striding grimly ahead in her shapeless slippers she crossed the studio room and entered the kitchen. The clatter of tin boxes, the crumpling of paper bags, the rattle of knives indicated a visit and search. Emily smiled again and held her peace.

Presently the gaunt specter of maidenhood came out of the kitchen, and now she held the teacup at a careful angle. In her lean right hand were two eggs and under her scrawny elbow half a loaf of bread.

"You've forgotten the butter," said Emily in the gentlest possible voice.

Whereupon the gaunt one gave a smothered "Oh!" halted dead in her tracks and dropped an egg.

"I'm sorry," exclaimed Emily, coming to the rescue with a spoon. "I didn't mean to scare you."

"I—I didn't know ——" The maiden lady was faltering, edging toward the door as though to save herself in precipitate flight.

"I'm Mrs. Vallant's cousin," Emily explained. "I'm staying here now."

"You're one of the Comrades?" came an acrid challenge.

"I'm not sure. But won't you sit down?"

"I'm Comrade Elsa," said the interloper, and somehow the explanation seemed to ease her conscience as to the raw provisions she was carrying away on the communistic principle.

"I've got some coffee made and I can boil you two eggs in less time than it takes to steal them," suggested Emily in a warm, sympathetic tone.

"I don't understand your terms," snapped Comrade Elsa.

"I'm sorry," said Emily, although she didn't look it.

"You must be a capitalist." This accusation was dripping with scorn.

"Oh, thank you—I could kiss you for that! Nobody has called me that for weeks and weeks. How wealthy it makes me feel! But come on, I'll divide my coffee with you and boil you an egg ——"

"No, thank you." Comrade Elsa was ever so stubborn about it. Nevertheless she pursed her lips and followed Emily into the dining room where she permitted coffee to be poured for her and a four-minute egg to be broken in a cup. The egg that remained from her looting she still retained on her side of the table. Emily had a suspicion that it was being reserved for Comrade Hattie who dwelt on the other side of the sealed door.

"I'm an awful greenhorn," confessed Emily, the while she watched Comrade Elsa's struggles with a piece of toast, an event which required skill because several teeth were missing from Elsa's upper set.

"Yes." Elsa gnawed pessimistically. "But you'll learn."

"Of course I will, if I'm not too stupid."

"We have a class for defective children at the Pilsen School," Elsa assured her, and made a great noise with her coffee.

"Are you connected with the Pilsen School?"

"If you ever went there you'd know that."

"I suppose to free enlightened minds that question is as bad as asking who was president during the Civil War."

"The Civil War was a capitalist plot against the proletariat," announced Elsa, and poured herself another cup of coffee.

"Of course it was," said Emily soothingly. Inwardly she was convulsed. "Would you forgive me for asking what you teach at the Pilsen School?"

"I would," grunted Comrade Elsa in a thin New England voice.

"Well, what do you teach?"

"Motherhood."

"Sweet spirits of turpentine!" Emily hadn't intended to giggle, but her disturbing trill echoed through Rosamonde's temple of reason.

"Is that necessary?" It looked as though Elsa were about to hurl her cup.

"I suppose not. But if we stuck to things that were necessary lots of our noble institutions would go out of business. How many children have you, Comrade Elsa?"

"What has that got to do with it?" The Comrade set her cup down with a bang.

"Oh, nothing—maybe."

"Nothing—less than nothing! The very processes of motherhood unfits the mother to know the child. The mother's emotional nature is overdeveloped, her judgment cramped, her vision narrowed. The childless individual occupies a superior altitude whereby the child may be studied in the light of synthetic analysis."

"Synthetic children!" gasped Emily.

"I didn't say synthetic children!" snapped her newfound comrade.

"Of course not. I suppose the altitude you speak of helps you to teach the children how to wash above their wrists and how not to mark up the woodwork and not to play with the gas log and how to say their prayers and how to eat their cereal without getting it all over the rug and how not to chew the soap when they're being bathed ——"

"It teaches no such thing." Comrade Elsa arose and began gathering unto herself the raw egg, the half loaf and the cup of ground coffee. "The children of the Pilsen School are not concerned with cereal food and—and soap." The last word was shot out like a deadly projectile.

"Well, what are they concerned with?"

"The psychology of discontent."

"My word! I didn't know you had to send a child to school to learn discontent."

"Quite to the contrary. Scientific discontent is all-important in the growth of the coming race. The Pilsen School is, you might say, a college of discontent. From the kindergarten classes to the post-graduate courses discontent in all its branches is taught. Otherwise the revolution could never be."

"I suppose not," agreed Emily rather weakly.

"You'll learn about us in time," Comrade Elsa rather patronizingly assured her as she retreated toward the door.

"I think I'm beginning to get you already," sang out Emily, and managed to maintain her calm.

Emily had scarcely washed the dishes and smoothed her hair to a most un-Bolshevik smoothness than a gentle tapping at the door announced another visitor. This time it was Professor Syle, and the look upon his auburn countenance assured her that he had called to see her and none other. However, he betrayed a tendency to temporize, which was slightly out of key in the home of truth.

"Comrade Rosamonde promised to come down early and finish arrangements for the soviet dinner to-morrow night," he began smoothly.

"I seldom knew her to get up before noon," announced Emily, who had an instinct to disagree with everything he said.

"You would be surprised what emancipation has done for her," he smiled. "She is often down by eleven o'clock."

"Even peace has its soldiers," said Emily. "It's now about half past ten."

"Just time for a talk." He settled himself easily on the self-made divan and motioned her to a place beside him. Instead she pulled out another one of those orange chairs.

"About this dinner party you're going to give my Aunt Carmen—Mrs. Shallope. What's possessed the old girl? She's spent her happy girlhood shooting down the lower classes in squads and platoons. What are you going to do to amuse her?"

"She will be a very valuable convert," he solemnly informed Emily. "And she is now on the brink of conversion. Comrade Rosamonde warned me that we must stress the picturesque side of our cause in order to ——" He hesitated for a word.

"I know. She's crazy about vaudeville."

"We are making this soviet of soviets an occasion to introduce to this country Corporal Anna Fishkoff."

"Corporal Anna Fishkoff?" echoed Emily, herself not averse to a little vaudeville.

"Of course you've heard of her—she fought with the Russian Battalion of Death, you remember."

"Naturally."

There fell a pause during which Comrade Walter regarded her with the same eyes he had but last night devoted to her cousin. "Comrade Emily," he began, "if you are to become one of us it would be well for you to receive a little preliminary instruction."

"Who ever said I was going to become one of you?" she asked pertly.

"Oh, but, of course, you will — "

"I've seen one of you just now," she resumed, "and I think she's a nut."

"Who was that?"

She was longing to stir him to a frenzy just as she had the recent comrade with the raw egg. However, looking over his cultured features and generally repressed demeanor she concluded that he would be somewhat more difficult to handle.

"Elsa she called herself. I suppose she's got another name somewhere out in the great wicked world."

"Poor Comrade Elsa!" sighed the Professor, but did not explain his sigh.

"But with you," he added, flushing to a bright strawberry, "it will be different. You are very pretty, my dear—in many ways beautiful. You can exert a great power in our midst."

Had Emily regarded him as anything but a man of theories this avowal might have alarmed her. As it was it filled her with ecstatic amusement. It would be immensely diverting to have this superhuman, subnormal person capering back and forth at her behest. Then she thought, not without rancor, of Oliver Browning. After all Emily was a frivolous Ray at heart.

"With the great weight of the laboring masses on your shoulders—and I guess they must weigh a powerful lot—have you come all the way here to tell me I'm a pretty girl and in many ways beautiful?" she quizzed him with her penetrating gray eyes.

"Ah, but Miss Ray—Comrade Emily——"

For the first time in his public career, possibly, Professor Syle lost the power of speech.

"Because if you have you've taken a lot of trouble to do a very commonplace thing. You know when I was out on Long Island living with the sinful rich I used to have college boys tell me that almost every night. They did it a great deal better than you do. Practice, you know. Just the way you have learned to make dynamite beautiful by talking about it over and over again."

"You haven't come here to make fun of the Cause!" he gasped, reddening a still deeper strawberry.

"Oh, nothing so ambitious as that. I'm here for the same reason that a lot of Comrades are here."

"What's that?"

"Free lunch," said Emily.

Comrade Walter studied her a long time His face gradually paled back to its natural straw.

"By Jove," he murmured, "you are wonderful!"

"The college boys used to tell me that, too, nearly every night when Aunt Carmen was giving a party."

"Oh, yes," he agreed in his abstracted tone. "You are one of that family, aren't you? Comrade Carmen," he added in a more sprightly manner, "is a remarkable acquisition to our cause."

"Isn't she!" exclaimed Emily. "And what in the world do you think her game is?"

"The trouble with you capitalists is," he explained, coming back to his pedantic style, "that you express everything in the terms of sport. You would think that the world revolution were a game of tennis."

"Isn't it?" she asked, opening her eyes wide. She was now sure that Comrade Walter would be worth cultivating.

"Wonderful!" he whispered, and looked at her again long and feelingly.

"I Beg Your Pardon," He Sang Out as She Passed. "Did You People in No. 18 Lose Some Stuff From Tanqueu's?"

The pause became embarrassing, because it was only while he was talking that she could think of something to say back. "Comrade," he said at last in his best platform voice, "there is a phase in the process of our race development which I confess puzzles me."

"Don't admit it in your lectures," she warned him, "or you'll lose your job."

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed again, then: "The personal quantity as opposed to the impersonal mass. We who are in the advance guard of progress have trained ourselves to think in large numbers, I confess, and to neglect the personal or—more strictly speaking—the human quantity. In arranging a program for the entire human race there is a danger of overlooking the relations, say, which exist between two actors in the great drama, a man and a woman."

"I suppose that means in plain United States that you are going to tell me the story of your life."

"The story of my life," he admitted modestly, "is the story of the human race."

"Of course. How stupid of me!"

He had been cocking one of his auburn eyes toward the hundred-and-fifty-dollar futurist portrait of Lenine, but abruptly he sighted his eyeglasses upon Emily Ray.

"Your cousin, Comrade Rosamonde, is, I should say, a peculiar convert. Capitalistic luxury has so surrounded her that she is unable to view the world revolution in its true perspective."

"Have you guessed it?" She was beginning to consider Comrade Walter a cleverer man than she had at first thought.

"She has done much noble work and will do more. But she has—due to her inexperience in the great human drama—made a natural mistake She has fallen in love with me."

"Of course," said Emily, narrowing her eyes and taking in every detail of the man's personality. "That would be natural."

"But the circumstances under which I work have made such an alliance impossible. In the first place, the interference of her bourgeois husband ——"

"Has she ever confessed her passion for you?" asked Emily Ray, drawing down her upper lip and folding her hands.

"Not directly, but a thousand indications have convinced me of her state of mind How otherwise would she have quit her plutocratic home to take up quarters here? How otherwise would she have followed me in my lectures among people who, I am sure, are physically repulsive to one of her tender rearing?"

"How otherwise?" echoed Emily, still holding that look.

"And my agony of mind—purely humanitarian—has been most aggravating, most injurious to my work. I could see in her a fine woman reared under a false system and turning to me as a beacon light in a new era." Suddenly Comrade Walter snapped his

(Continued on Page 173)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $2.00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Requests for changes of address must reach us at least two weeks before they can become effective. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $4.16. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 23, 1919

A TABLE of Contents will be found on page 186 of this number, and hereafter weekly in the same position.

War Taxes

A RECENT statement by Secretary Glass shows that expenditures of the Government from the beginning of the war to June 30, 1919, were something more than thirty-two billion dollars, of which twenty-nine per cent was raised by taxes and the balance by borrowing. But not all the war taxes levied in the last fiscal year had been paid, so when the accounts are finally cast up it will probably be found that nearly one-third of the war cost was met by taxation. Probably that is the practicable limit, though at the beginning of the war a good many theorists saw no difficulty in raising half or more of the war costs by taxation. It is doubtful that as much as one-third of the cost of a four-year struggle, with our scale of expenditure, could profitably be raised by taxation.

The amount borrowed in the period was twenty-three billion dollars, but a considerable part of that was mere fiat—a book credit obtained by inflation of bank credits. A. C. Miller, of the Federal Reserve Board, has said that the amount of government paper carried by the banks in one way or another and representing inflation of credit might be as much as seven billion dollars.

As it happens, seven billion dollars is about the amount of war taxes paid in the period reviewed by Secretary Glass—or a sum about equal to the probable inflation of credit. This inflation undoubtedly imposed a tax on consumption by raising the prices of commodities. The nation needed more credit than its savings amounted to and resorted to an overdraft that reacted adversely on cost of living—imposed a heavy tax on consumers, in short. It may plausibly be held that the amount of the overdraft, or of the inflation, is more important for the mass of the people than the proportion between the sums raised by taxation and by borrowing; in other words, that lower taxes and no inflation would, in the long run, have made the war actually less costly to the mass of the people. And it is most likely that decidedly higher taxes would, by the burden imposed on production, have made the war actually more costly to the mass of the people.

Foreign Trade

FOR four years we have been shipping Europe enormous quantities of our good steel, wheat, leather, bacon, copper, and so on, and getting back paper. That was a necessity of an abnormal situation; but we certainly do not want to go on indefinitely deluging the earth with good, usable products of American farms, mines, mills, forests, and getting back paper. For one thing, if that went on indefinitely the farther it went the more dubious the paper would become. Normal, wholesome foreign trade is an exchange of goods for goods, not of goods for paper.

Before the war, for example, we sold Germany raw cotton, copper, wheat, lard, automobiles, and got back potash, dyes, laces, embroideries, calfskins, musical instruments, toys. That was wholesome, profitable foreign trade. We should like a balance in our favor—say, five or even ten per cent—but in the fiscal year just ended we shipped out American goods of the value of seven billion dollars and got back foreign goods valued at not much more than three billions—more than half our goods being exchanged for paper.

Trade with Germany is beginning, and the discussion of it runs in the main to what we can sell Germany and what sort of paper Germany can give us for it. But finally, if we are to trade with Germany at all, it is not German paper that we must have but German goods—or goods of other countries that Germany trades with—so that our German credits are finally exchangeable for those goods.

The net of it is that when we ship Europe a cargo of American goods we have simply been working for Europe. As the affair then stands we have been Europe's hired man, growing wheat, smelting ores, felling timber, and so on, for her. As a permanent condition if we are going to work for Europe we want Europe to work for us and not merely credit us up with wages in an endless open account.

The immediate thing in foreign trade is further credit to Europe—financing imports from America that she immediately needs. But the sooner that phase ends, the better. We want to trade goods for goods. Seeing what Europe can sell us now is as much to the point as seeing what we can sell Europe.

Reconstruction

OUR belief at this writing is that industrial recovery in Europe will come faster and easier than is generally expected; that while many people are sweating over comprehensive theories as to how it can be accomplished it will fairly accomplish itself. That will happen, we are confident, just about in proportion as government and politics let it alone; just about in proportion as the practical men who have finally got to do the reorganizing are given a free hand—and of course in proportion as the people of Europe maintain orderly social conditions and settle down to work.

The big facts are that something like forty million men formerly engaged directly or indirectly in destruction are now available for production, and that the necessary technical and managerial skill is there.

In the last year before the war Germany bought from the United States a hundred and eighty million dollars of raw cotton and forty million dollars of copper—the two chief items in her American imports. She turned that raw material into finished products, sold them and paid for the material. It now seems likely that without any particular political action individual German manufacturers will be able to buy cotton and copper by giving a first lien on the plant and output. Practically it would amount to their taking the raw material and manufacturing it for the account of the American creditor, retaining the manufacturing profit and the wages paid to the labor employed. In such ways as that, we believe, practical business men here and there will work out a basis on which even nominally bankrupt Germany will get the materials necessary to start production. Every step that production takes makes the next step easier.

We shall be disappointed if while many people are still theorizing over wholesale schemes of reconstruction—with large elements of governmental and political action—recovery does not get well under way of itself.

What Will Come of It?

THE Federal Trade Commission points out in even greater detail than before that a handful of Chicagoans do an enormous business in food products. That business has been much investigated by the Government. Its growth, methods of operation and profits are of public record. No one, we believe, questions—as to the chief products in which it deals, at any rate—that it takes the raw article from the producer, carries it through the various stages of manufacture and distributes it in consuming centers with remarkable efficiency; or that its direct profits amount to so small a toll on each unit that they cut no appreciable figure in anybody's cost of living.

But the packers are subject to a continuous indictment, the chief counts being that they are not only big, but huge, growing all the time, and that dealings of such extent give them a dangerous power over the nation's food.

Men who have a dangerous power are not likely to exercise it when somebody is watching them, and no men were ever more closely watched than these same packers are. But that safeguard is generally regarded as insufficient. The popular remedy, expressed in several bills before Congress, is to reduce their size by making them dispose of certain branches of their business, and then to give the Government extensive and arbitrary authority over them; which would mean, in practice, making a number of subordinates of the Department of Agriculture their special guardians.

Congressmen think great good would result from this arrangement. Packers think great harm would result from it. We incline to the opinion that they are both wrong; and that probably nobody's live hog and nobody's pork chop would be either dearer or cheaper by a penny. We suspect, in fine, that it would amount mostly to a gesture.

The packers have become a problem. A country that rejects socialism still finds something irritating in the spectacle of a handful of men doing so vast a business. Some years ago the Standard Oil men occupied a quite analogous position. They were a problem, about which something had to be done. Something was done—namely, the courts dissolved the oil combination. Apparently everybody is satisfied with that solution—including, very notably, the oil men themselves. The big privately owned packing houses are the most efficient piece of machinery yet invented for handling the meat trade, for which sufficient reason it is likely they will go on.

Joy Strikers

THE labor agitator who wants to ignore compacts, ignore duly chosen representatives of labor, and just step on the gas and let 'er go anyhow is having quite an inning now. It is a phase of the deep and general disturbance which events of the last five years have set up in men's minds—reacting upon a sense of labor's strong position at present. It goes on the idea that labor can afford to show its speed, irrespective of whether it has any particular destination and of the rules of the road.

But no position was ever strong enough for a spendthrift. Irresponsible, reckless striking is a mere squandering of that much of labor's strength. Joy striking is as serious an obstacle to collective bargaining as any that the most Bourbon employer can impose. There is obviously no more use in a collective bargain than in a bargain of any other sort if it is not really binding on both parties; no use in dealing with chosen representatives of labor if they do not represent.

The best students of the situation now look for a shortage of labor, or at least very full employment of labor, as a condition to be counted on for an indefinite period—instead of that unemployment which a good many people thought they foresaw six months ago. So far as we are able to see there is nothing on the horizon to gainsay that prophecy, with the possible exception of extensive interference with production, demoralization of industry and discouragement of enterprise through needless strikes.

Counter-Revolution

RADICALS have a Russian scarecrow which they call counter-revolution—not much of a scarecrow, for the straw stuffing is visible through every rent in its tattered garments, and any child can see it has no head; yet it probably imposes on a good many generous people for whom counter-revolution means a restoration of the detestable rule of the czars.

But in fact counter-revolution happened in November, 1917, when all that was free, liberal and upward-looking in the revolt against the czars was destroyed by a new tyranny as odious as the old. Counter-revolution has ruled since then.

This is brought to mind by an appeal for aid to Russian artists and scientists. The Bolshevist scheme of knocking the brains out of Russia entailed some harrowing personal experiences for individual possessors of brains. Killing a nation's ability necessarily becomes a more or less gruesome personal affair for persons who have ability.

Of the Russian names which two years ago stood to the outside world for genius or talent or progress or liberal thought or human aspirations, most are now either on a tombstone or signed to protests against the present counter-revolutionary régime.

Claim Filers

AS CLAIM filers the American people rank high. Congress is still working on apparently interminable lists of claims growing out of the Civil War. The latest evidence of this national proclivity is the mass of claims which has all but engulfed the Federal War Minerals Relief Commission.

Congress provided $8,500,000 to compensate those who, acting on government suggestion, had attempted to produce manganese, pyrites, chrome or tungsten during the war. Hundreds of claims were filed under the act, not only by miners but by all those who could establish any connection with war minerals, including promoters of proposed companies and men who hired automobiles to look up mineral properties.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Works of Antiquity

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE present generation is an age of wonders. We have learned to navigate the air, see through the human body, converse without wires and reproduce accurately the voice and movements of our fellow man. But in the case of many simple everyday problems we appear to stand stock-still. Of all things vital to life, food comes first, and yet in our great cities, where millions of people are massed together, we still adhere to methods of distributing food that were already antiquated when Admiral Dewey steamed into the Harbor of Manila.

It is a serious matter for a responsible journalist to make such a statement as the foregoing unless he is sure of his facts. No one is more contemptible than the writer who prefers to be sensational rather than truthful. The reputable editor or author must be as careful of what he produces as the merchant must be of what he sells. There may be individuals of abnormal taste who have appetite only for stories and discussions that excite the emotions or that satisfy their desire to question the integrity of all motives and the worth of every accomplishment. But the average intelligent reader to-day wants the truth.

There are times, however, when the defects of a system so far outnumber the merits that any examination of the plan must lead to harsh judgment. Such is the case with markets and marketing. The economists of all nations are devoting serious attention to the subject, but are finding that the problem can be only half corrected by improving on the methods of the producers and sellers. Much of the trouble originates with the consumer himself.

It is the cost of living that makes so much of our talk concerning wages more or less farcical. The workman might as well try to catch the wind with a net or hide the sun with a sieve as to try to force wages ahead of expenses under present conditions. The dollar of twenty-five years ago bought a bushel of wheat, while the dollar to-day will not buy a half bushel. The fellow who received three dollars a day then was better off than the man who gets six dollars now. Three-fourths of the people in the United States do not produce anything at all to eat. It is this seventy-five per cent of our population who must be made to know that they, the consumers, pay for every vegetable wasted on the farm or in the markets, for every pound of meat that spoils on its way to the householder's kitchen, and for every banana, orange or apple that rots in the hands of the dealer. Practically all prices are fixed to cover spoilage, and the ultimate buyer settles the bill.

We have spent millions of dollars during the last decade for great terminals to handle passengers, but we have expended almost nothing to build terminals for handling food. In the city of New York it costs more to convey a pound of food from the railroad terminal or dock to the householder than it does to transport that same pound from Florida or Cleveland to the city. It is evident therefore that the great opportunity to reduce food costs lies in the elimination of ancient and inefficient marketing methods. Even such savings, when effected, will not accrue to the consumer himself unless he exhibits a proper concern in safeguarding his interests.

In Greater New York City the requirements call for products to feed seven million persons daily. More than ninety-five per cent of the food brought into this great metropolis is supplied by farms lying outside the boundaries of New York State. As a consequence it is plain that material relief for the present situation in New York and other large cities can come only from providing additional food—and freight-handling facilities. In New York, where the problem is most complex, it is estimated that the foodstuffs brought into that city each year have a total value of more than one billion dollars. If a ten per cent saving in food costs were to be effected by installing modern equipment and improving methods the citizens would benefit to the extent of one hundred million dollars annually. To recover such a huge sum so easily appears almost incredible, but let us not forget that one-fourth of the perishables that arrive at the wholesale markets in New York City is hauled to the dump piles for no other reason than that it is unfit for human consumption.

In a recent year the Board of Health in New York condemned and destroyed nearly seven million pounds of fruit and three million pounds of vegetables. One-third of all the oranges that reach New York are of no value, and approximately one-fifth of all the eggs sent to our metropolis are broken or rotted before they reach the consumer. Is it any wonder that the retailer must charge high prices to cover the enormous costs resulting from improper handling? Adequate storage facilities would remedy the losses that now occur when the wholesale markets are glutted. Wholesale merchants would not have to decide between breaking the price and dumping the oversupply in the ocean. It is impossible to go back to the days of our grandmothers, when most families produced the majority of the food that they ate. Nor can we revert to the time when people lived in houses with cellars where there was plenty of space to store several months' supply of vegetables, flour and meats. In those happy days of cows and chickens there was no need for the head of a family to grow gray with worry over the high cost of eatables.

But at present, with our highly sensitive apartment habits and our cultivated city tastes, the average family is satisfied with factory-made foods, and the common run of housewives in our big towns would not know how to make jam or jelly, even if they found it possible to get a large enough pot into the kitchen without taking the door off the hinges. Father would not know how to kill and cure a hog, even if he had one, and mother would retire in confusion if asked to try out the lard. Instead of a three months' supply of food the city flat dweller now is lucky if he has enough on hand to last three days. All of which is a fact, not merely a criticism.

In nearly all our large cities food supplies to-day are handled by at least three agencies after they reach the pier or terminal before they are in the hands of the consumer. Even if we could improve conditions by selling the food at the first landing point it would be impossible to follow such a plan at present, because of insufficient space at such terminals to accommodate buyers, goods and trucks. It often occurs that whole carloads of perishables are spoiled through limited facilities to handle these supplies quickly.

As to what such conditions do to prices, let us again refer to New York. Taking at random a number of food products, the following figures disclose the percentage increase in the price paid by the consumer over the cost to produce and bring these commodities to the initial terminal in New York City: Beans, 106 per cent; celery, 150; cabbage, 100; lettuce, 87; apples—Baldwin, 116; bananas—dozen, 135; ham—pound, 45; beef—average, 50; cod, 180; tea, 111; macaroni, 50; rice, 100; bread, 23; pork and beans—canned, 35; and corn—canned, 81. In every case these increases represent the profits exacted by the commission merchants, jobbers and retailers, plus the costs incurred in distributing the food in the city to the consumers. It should be noted that in some cases the handling and selling of food in the city costs the ultimate

A Farmers' Market in the Harlem Section of New York City

purchaser more than does the labor involved in producing and transporting the supplies to town. One authority estimates that on an average more than half of each dollar that is expended for things to eat is consumed in dealers' profits and cost of distribution.

In practically all cities there are near-by districts that produce quantities of foodstuffs. In nearly every case it will be found that many merchants in the small suburban towns appear to find it necessary to purchase their vegetables and other supplies from city wholesalers who have bought goods that came directly through the towns to which they were again reshipped. In no way can anyone figure out an advantage to be derived from carrying supplies past a market and subsequently conveying them back again. If the middleman must figure in every deal, surely some way can be devised whereby he can cut out this needless waste of time and money; and perhaps he might go even further and let the consumer share in the saving that results.

But no complaint is worth much unless the critic suggests practical ways for possible improvement. Market conditions, as stated before, will not be bettered until there is an awakening on the part of consumers, who have it in their power to correct the evils when and where they choose. One of the fundamentals of good marketing is standardization. When the producer establishes a reputation for quality and reliability he gains the confidence of his customers and directly benefits thereby. It is because of careful grading and packing that apples from Oregon and Washington are able to compete successfully in Eastern markets with fruit raised in the immediate vicinity. When a dealer purchases Northwestern apples he knows from experience that one box is a duplicate of another and that fruit bought this year will be identical with that of the same grade bought last year. Think what an asset such a reputation is to the producer!

As an example of the importance of food standardization it is only necessary to recite the experience of grape growers in a famous district of a Middle West state. In this well-known region a smart salesman visited the owners of the vineyards and suggested that they buy his new-style baskets with raised bottoms, which made it possible for the producer to ship several hundred more baskets from the same vineyard than had been shipped heretofore. This meant more profit for the growers, as grapes are sold by the basket, and before long the manufacturing concern that had devised the improved container had monopolized the basket business of the district.

Other manufacturers soon discovered the fraud and offered a basket that looked as large but held still less than the container that had captured the business. This game of cheating went merrily on until the consumer practically was buying a wooden basket with a few grapes for trimming. But trickery always comes back to its master, and before long the dealers noticed the decline in sales and refused to buy grapes from the district in question except at a substantial discount. The result was that trade was so curtailed that in one year thousands of pounds of grapes from this particular region spoiled for lack of a purchaser.

The final outcome was national legislation prescribing a uniform basket for grapes in all states, so that to-day when the consumer buys this fruit in any market in the country he gets it in a basket that is in every way of uniform size. The lessons of the story lie in the knowledge that cheating eventually exacts full payment; and that finally it is the dissatisfied customer who dictates the business method that shall be employed. Bad methods can only hold sway so long as the householder is willing to countenance them. When the consumer refuses to continue his purchases the producing interests make hot haste to remedy the trouble and again procure a seat in the hall of good repute.

Three-fourths of the food produced in the United States is raised and harvested during the same three months of the year. Enormous losses would result if the thousands of farmers throughout the country were to try to unload these products on consumers at one and the same time. First, it is necessary that there be mobilization of the producers so that commodities may be assembled in units sufficient to justify careful arrangements for shipping in carload lots and for icing and ventilation. One of the greatest advances in food distribution has come from the establishment of government as well as private reporting services, advising producers, dealers and consumers of prevailing market conditions. The information thus imparted prevents the farmer from shipping a quantity of potatoes or other product to a market that is already glutted. It also enables the large purchaser, such as a company operating a chain of stores, to buy intelligently and to fix prices in accordance with the supplies available. Even the individual consumer, by observing these market reports as published in the daily papers, can often save money by anticipating an increase in food supplies. All of which tends to save food and thereby increases the nation's wealth and the citizen's prosperity.

However, the chief thought in the mind of the reader is "How is it possible to eliminate part of the difference in price between what is paid the producer and the cost of the things to the consumer?"

The merchants who are operating cash-and-carry stores are trying to provide a remedy and are meeting with much success. This system cuts out the delivery charges and removes the service fee heretofore collected by the dealer to cover the cost of bookkeeping and bad accounts. The parcel-post marketing system also has large possibilities, but it has not been the success that was expected, because consumers have not found it possible to depend wholly upon mail orders bringing goods of satisfactory quantity and quality. When all producers finally adopt the plan of standardizing and guaranteeing the food products they ship, parcel-post marketing will go forward by leaps and bounds.

More parcels of eggs than of any other product pass through the mails. In order to test the efficiency of this method of distribution officials in the United States Department of Agriculture conducted an experiment embodying the shipment of four hundred and sixty-six packages of eggs. The total lot comprised nine thousand one hundred and thirty-one eggs in parcels of one dozen to ten dozen each. The number of eggs broken was three hundred and twenty-seven, or less than 3.6 per cent of the whole number. But of these, 118 were still usable. If ninety-one eggs broken in parcels known to have received violent usage be eliminated the breakage resulting in total loss is less than 1.3 per cent. By educating postal employees to observe instructions carefully this transportation loss could be further reduced to a negligible minimum.

Shippers are also often at fault through their failure to observe a few common-sense rules. First, only nonfertile eggs should be produced for market; second, eggs should be gathered once or twice daily and be kept in a cool well-ventilated place prior to shipment; third, eggs should never be washed before packing, as washing removes the natural mucilaginous coating of the egg and opens the pores of the shell; fourth, all eggs should be candled—that is, tested by passing light through them so as to reveal the condition of the contents. To make this latter test it is only necessary to have a small hand lamp, a pasteboard box large enough to be placed over the lamp, and a dark room. A hole should be cut in the box on a level with the flame of the lamp and each egg is held against the hole when observation is made.

That the parcel post offers one solution for the high-cost-of-living problem no one need doubt. The annual production of eggs and poultry in the United States has a value of more than $750,000,000. At the present time in the handling of eggs by other means than parcel post there is a loss of eight per cent of the eggs marketed. This indicates that mail methods would save rather than add to breakage. Discriminating consumers, especially city clubs, hotels and restaurants, will eventually awaken to the opportunities of the parcel post; and individuals dwelling in cities will some day see the advantage of forming a connection with an egg producer who will furnish a product of guaranteed quality at a reasonable price. What has been said about eggs is equally true in the case of butter, sausage, poultry and many vegetables. The greater the value per pound of the product the more favorable is the chance to market the goods direct by parcel post and effect a saving for the consumer.

The distribution of milk is also a subject worthy of serious attention. An examination shows that nearly one-third of the price paid by the consumer is advanced to cover delivery charges. It often occurs that in a large city no fewer than a dozen milkmen travel along a single block, each one covering the same ground traversed by all the others. Supposing we were to adopt such a plan for the delivery of mail, does anyone doubt that the cost would materially increase? Theoretically the delivery of milk should be made by having each dealer cover an entire series of blocks.

Practically such a plan would be difficult to inaugurate because of the decided preferences of consumers, who generally resist any effort by city, state or nation to dictate in matters of personal privilege, even if the proposed plan is designed solely to benefit the individual himself. Only a vigorous campaign of education by labor and fraternal organizations, by Federal and municipal authorities and by newspapers and magazines will ever succeed in bringing the consumer to a frame of mind where he will accept any plan that seemingly limits his independence, even if it does at the same time lower his expenses. The organization of coöperative societies managed by the citizens themselves and designed to effect economies through the wholesale purchase of necessities is one way out of the trouble and may prove to be a method that will rapidly increase in popularity.

It is interesting to study the market program proposed for New York City by Jonathan Day, Commissioner of Public Markets. His scheme is designed to eliminate all tolls in the marketing of food except those that are paid to people who render essential service. The plan contemplates the erection of large terminals near the centers of population so that freight cars or ships may be brought directly to one of these selected points for unloading. Then there are to be railroad yards with storage tracks and driveways leading to them, elevators and conveyances for carrying foodstuffs, refrigerating facilities, a market hall for the auctioning of produce, wholesale market rooms, retail rooms, a canning and conserving department to save food that is in danger of perishing, a department of coöperation with producers, and a division to coöperate with consumers. It is further suggested that some of the markets shall cover areas of twenty-five to thirty acres, which does not appear to be such a large order when we consider that upward of sixteen hundred carloads of foodstuffs arrive in New York City daily.

Let us not underestimate the importance of having modern markets in all our towns and cities. Let us further recognize the close relationship of high costs to antiquated marketing methods. There is a limit to the height to which wages can climb and we are unwise to assume that more pay for our daily labor is the only panacea for to-day's social ills. We have been years in creating an undesirable condition and it is foolish to suppose that we can restore a healthy situation in a week or a month. It is not a case of accumulating more food information but of using the knowledge we now possess.

The Question of Costs

OF ALL the handicaps that retard business success none is more serious than the ignorance of manufacturers in the matter of production costs. The Federal Trade Commission reports that in the United States only ten per cent of our industrial establishments know what it actually costs them to manufacture their products; forty per cent simply estimate their costs and fifty per cent have no method whatever of finding out what their production charges really are. This condition is largely responsible for a national situation where more than one-third of our 300,000 manufacturing companies did not earn one per cent on the billions of capital invested in them last year.

One of our leading authorities on shop efficiency contends that with correct equipment and proper instruction the average workman will do at least three times as much as he now does, and can continue to do this greater work month after month. One large automobile manufacturer called on science to modernize his methods, with the result that certain of his costs were reduced two-thirds, with the same product and the same equipment and men. Only the intense application of brains to business will remedy the present situation of decreasing profits and rising costs.

Cuba as a Source of Minerals

SURPRISED by the extensive development of its minerals during the war, Cuba is preparing for an orderly study of its resources by establishing a geological survey of its own. It is being modeled after the United States Geological Survey.

In 1913 the island produced 1,582,431 tons of iron ore. Lack of tonnage made it impossible to maintain this rate of production during the war. In 1918 Cuba produced 92,000 tons of manganese and 10,000 tons of chromite, in addition to considerable quantities of copper and gold.

The Honor of the Force

A Correction

ON JANUARY 19, 1918, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST published an article by Miss Katherine Mayo entitled The Honor of the Force. In this article Miss Mayo related the story of a fight between State Police and, as she described it, "a band of men" intrenched in a certain house in Florence, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania. The version of the incident given to Miss Mayo by someone present at the time was that during the fight a priest who had appeared on the scene refused to counsel the men intrenched in the house to surrender and so prevent the further shedding of blood.

At the close of the struggle the house was dynamited by the State Police, and its owners subsequently brought suit in the Court of Common Pleas of Dauphin County against the state to recover damages for its destruction. We are advised by the attorneys who conducted this suit that the evidence taken at the trial in this particular did not bear out the version of the affair as related to and by Miss Mayo; that, on the contrary, there was but one occupant of the building during the course of the struggle, and that the priest did not refuse to advise him to surrender, but instead counseled him to yield to the officers.

Miss Mayo, in her recently published book, The Standard Bearers, in which The Honor of the Force is included, has omitted the incident, and in this statement of the case we wish to do the same thing so far as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is concerned, and to add that no reflection upon the Catholic Church or its priests was intended by either the author or THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and that they are, therefore, taking this opportunity of correcting any mistaken impression that may have been created by the regrettable reference to the incident in question.

The Corner-Stone

You cannot build health without a good appetite and good digestion. To be sure of these you should eat good soup every day. All food authorities agree on this.

The trouble with many people is, they eat too much of foods which the system does not require, and too little of what it really needs. They are over-fed but *under nourished*.

Good soup *nourishes*. And it creates a natural appetite for other wholesome food. You realize this benefit especially with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It strengthens the weak digestion. It supplies needed body-building elements.

It will probably make you want less meat. But what you eat will be easier digested, more nourishing.

It is easy to prepare with no more heat nor labor than in making a cup of tea.

Order an ample supply and have it on hand.

Try Campbell's New Vegetable-Beef Soup

It combines a variety of choice vegetables with selected beef and rich invigorating stock. A particularly hearty and substantial dish. Almost a meal.

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

Once More They Made Canoes and, Starting Below the Dalles of the Columbia, They Made Astoria Post

The Road to Oregon

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WE WERE seven and we were lost. Round us on either side of the Arctic Circle swept the widest and wildest wilderness there is to-day on the North American Continent. We had been nine days dragging our boats up the Rat River to the summit of the Rockies and had launched again on a little stream purporting to flow into the Yukon some five hundred miles away—we were so tired and wet and cold that we did not care where it went. Home and mother were far away and it seemed unlikely we would see either again; but nobody cared.

And then all at once one day as we were sliding along down the mountain river we looked up and saw fastened to a tree a slab with letters on it which naïvely announced, "Road to McPherson." It was, I presume, the most useless and unused guide post in the world. It is doubtful if anyone has seen it in the six years since we were there or if anyone had seen it in the six years preceding our visit. Fort McPherson on the Mackenzie was a hundred and fifty miles behind us, the Yukon an unknown distance ahead, and there was not a footmark or oar mark on the watery road. Yet, there the signboard stood, jaunty and self-assured, leaning against the Arctic Circle and apparently quite content with its function in life.

We could not call that lost signboard of the Far North more casual than a certain other signboard which existed in our own country a generation ago. It stood—a narrow board on a little stake perhaps two or three feet in height—in the middle of the prairie, forty-one miles west of the Missouri River. Its top barely showed above the heads of the grasses, bending and rolling in the sheenful and shimmering sea of the prairie, whose waves continually pass and yet never are past—such a prairie sea as you cannot find anywhere in the United States to-day. It was not very much of a signboard. Perhaps the lettering was not too perfect. The legend was very simple. It said, "Road to Oregon." There was no Oregon and there was no road; but that was what was lettered on the board.

The Quart That Thwarts—in Five Reels

PAST the point in the prairie occupied by that artless index there flowed a flood of humanity whose issue and whose deeds have altered the history of the world. There under a kindly and unclouded sky, surrounded by the sweet and unbroken green of the grasses, the dust wallow of a prairie hen at its foot, lay the beginning of the longest, the wildest, the most remarkable and the most eventful highway of any region or any period of the world.

It is curious how great things sometimes happen by reason of little things. A quart of whisky lay at the bottom of the Oregon trail. It was a quart that cost ten dollars. Six months from now ten dollars will seem plumb reasonable for a quart of almost any kind of whisky. But to Pierre Dorion, squaw man, interpreter and guide for Manuel Lisa in 1811, the price seemed robbery and he so declared himself, announcing that he was off of Lisa, as they say to-day in St. Louis. One thing leading to another, he quit his job with Lisa and, remaining at St. Louis, refused to go north with the fur brigade. Worse than that, in a fit of spleen he hired out to Lisa's rival and competitor, William Price Hunt, of the Pacific Fur Company. The latter, as perhaps may be known, was an institution run by Mr. John Jacob Astor, of New York City, who had sent Hunt, Ramsay Crooks and others overland with a cargo of supplies for his fur-trading post, Astoria, situated just over the hill a couple of thousand miles at the mouth of the Columbia River. Hunt and Crooks did not know the Missouri River and Dorion did, so they hired him at almost any price he liked; and in March of 1811 they were on their way up the river. Then ensued the greatest boat race ever known in America.

In order to make this comprehensible in terms of to-day, we ought by rights to stage a scenario of the events. Los Angeles at her wildest and bloodiest never produced a more stirring five-reel film. It is an out-of-door picture, full of life and action, full of blood and risk and danger, full of quaint costumes; full also of fate and history—though as to these latter we shall say but little.

Suppose the lights are down and that the lady in front of you has been persuaded to take down her topsails and that the screen has given you the name of the concern releasing the fillum; and suppose that you have seen the portrait name of the director in large capitals; also a photograph of the weekly check drawn by the lead actor; also photograph of the check given to Mr. McAdoo for his legal services; and suppose that you have seen the advertisement, "Use Bingley's Chewing Gum—It Sticks Tightest to the Seat," and all these other and usual intellectual preliminaries. Next come the names of the actors—for instance, Mr. James Hardesty as Dorion, the good bad man who did not pay his liquor bill; then traders, Indians, villagers and others.

We now run a still picture captioned "J. J. Astor Looking West." Follow the "stills" of W. P. Hunt and Ramsay Crooks, agents of Mr. Astor, also looking West. "Still" of Manuel Lisa, Spanish villain, dark, with cruel smile. Deep handkerchief round his neck to show how cruel he is. Cut-in says that Lisa is of the Missouri Fur Company, hated rival of Mr. Astor of the Pacific Fur Company. Now show "pretty open" of Wild West, taken in outskirts of Hollywood, California, displaying St. Louis in early days. Full company in wharf scene at St. Louis docks. Dorion shown, bottle in hand. Teeth clenched. Looks at bottle—which is empty. Cut-in shows picture of bottle captioned "TEN DOLLARS." Dorion again; "I will have revenge." Change to Manuel Lisa, looking very cruel; "I will have me money." Dorion again; "It was you who made this fowl charge." Lisa again; "Yes, I done it. And I will collect it, though I follow yuh across the Range."

Scene showing embarkation of Hunt and Crooks. Brigade starts north. "Pretty open," showing banks of river. Scene of crews bending in the tracking lines, bending over the setting poles, bending to their oars—everything bent. Buckskin, moccasins, long hair. "Pretty open" of river again, showing wild turkey, deer, buffalo, bears, antelope, lions, camels and other animals indigenous to Los Angeles. Party attacked by Indian savages. Eight repulses of Indian savages. Dorion shown, bottle in his hand, still empty. Clenches teeth. Cut-in states that the Hunt and Crooks party will never be overtaken by anybody.

Show now a "still" of Lisa with cruel smile. Cut-in showing date of April, 1811. Scene of Lisa examining morning paper. "Curses! He drinka my whisk' and no paya my bill! He's gone with my compet'. Ah-hah! Dorion, I catcha you! You are two hundred and forty mile ahead up the riv' and you been gone two week and four day ahead. But I catcha you! Me, I am Manuel Lisa, the most boss trader on the Missour'!"

"Pretty open," again showing Missouri River near Hollywood, California. Business again of Lisa looking at liquor bill. He smiles—very cruelly. Populace on wharf gives cheers to Lisa and his crew as he starts for the great race up the river. He has one keel boat. His men are even more bent than Hunt's at the oars, poles and tracking lines. Great speed is indicated. Cut-in shows that a king's ransom is at stake. Table of distances shown by cut-in. To the mouth of the Big Horn two thousand miles: to the mouth of the Yellowstone seventeen hundred and sixty miles; to the mouth of the Niobrara eleven hundred miles. Best day's travel by Lisa seventy-five miles, breaking all records. Average per day by Lisa—also breaking all records—eighteen miles.

A Shooting Affray Threatens

CUT-IN showing bill, "Pierre Dorion to Manuel Lisa, debtor, eighteen bottles O P at ten dollars; One hundred and eighty Dollars." Action shows that there will be trouble when Lisa catches up with Dorion. Cut-in shows pictures of two Englishmen—naturalists—Bradbury and Brackenridge, who undertake to act as peacemakers but fail. Scenes in Indian villages, showing pastimes of savages. Great excitement prevails when Hunt and Crooks, above the mouth of the Niobrara, see approaching the solitary keel boat of Manuel Lisa. Manuel Lisa has won the great boat race! It is obvious that the two parties are about to clash. The film states, "This thrilling release continued at this theater next Wednesday. Use Bingley's Chewing Gum—It Sticks the Tightest." Audience files out to the music of picture of Mr. McAdoo's salary check.

I would not seem irreverent, yet not more would I appear unfaithful to facts; and indeed a scenario of the great boat race up the Missouri would work out in practically the above form. Moreover, though the Oregon Trail ultimately ran from Independence across the prairies, the Oregon Trail left its first mark upon the soil at the Arikara villages, thirteen hundred and twenty-five miles

(Continued on Page 34)

Missouri meets and greets Ohio

"SHOW me," said Missouri to Ohio, "two finer states than we and I'll give up smoking this good friend of mine—the Owl Cigar. Have one! Light up, then let me thank you for your tires—known and used in every county in Missouri. And for your cash registers which help my city merchants."

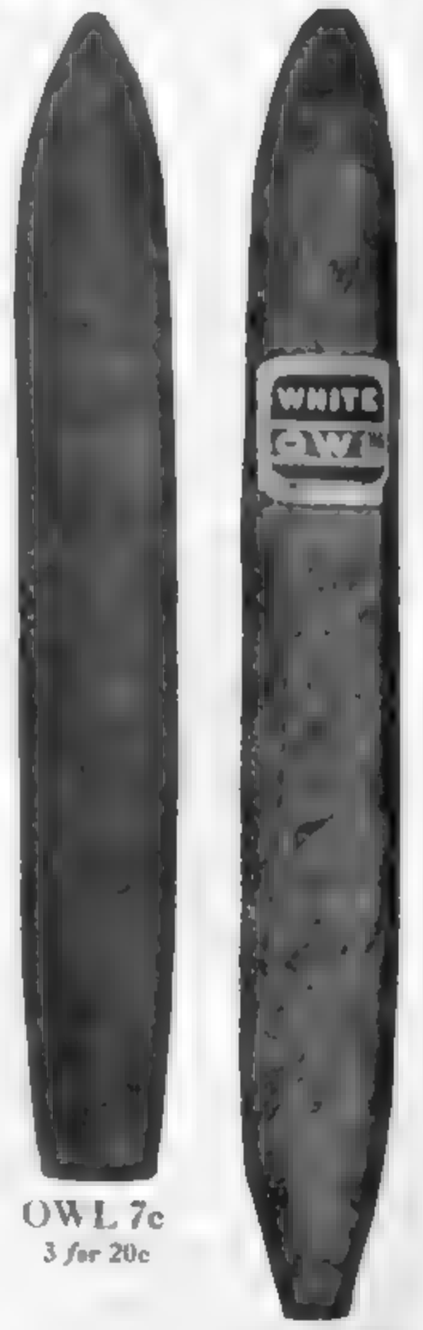
Ohio made reply, through cheerful haze of mellow smoke:—

"Missouri, the Buckeye State owes much to you. Missouri shoes are known to me for their good looks and sturdy wear, and they say you lead the nation in poultry products. I admire your growth in manufacturing. And your past, though great, is vastly over-shadowed by the brightness of your future. Friends let us always be."

Of course, Missouri and Ohio are only two of the 48 states that swear by the dependable goodness of Owl and White Owl. For the popularity of these two cigars is nation-wide. And their sale grows greater every day, thanks to their dependable fragrance—a fragrance guaranteed by the nearly $3,000,000 Owl leaf reserve and all the great resources of the General Cigar Co., Inc.

DEALERS:
If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us.
General Cigar Co., 119 West 40th Street, New York City

TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS



OWL 7c
3 for 20c

white OWL
8c—2 for 15c

OWL 7c | white OWL 8c

(Continued from Page 33

above St. Louis; and the basis of it was the great boat race, just as has been stated—and the whisky bill was the basis of the boat race.

When Lisa overtook Hunt and Crooks he resumed his old quarrel with Dorion over the unpaid bill. McLellan, another partner of Hunt and Crooks in the Astor enterprise, threatened to shoot Lisa. Hunt took sides with Dorion, whom he had hired as his own guide in Lisa's territory, and Hunt and Lisa at one time also were about to shoot it out. At last the two Englishmen, Bradbury and Brackenridge, patched up the affair. The two parties traveled on upstream together until they reached the Arikara villages.

Hunt and Crooks had started out for Astoria over the only way known to the Pacific—the Lewis and Clark trail up the Missouri. But now word came down that the Blackfeet were very bad on ahead—perhaps Lisa exaggerated all these reports to his own profit, for he did not want these competitors of his trading round among these Indians and in his country. To Hunt and Crooks it did not look very safe to go on ahead with all the heavy cargo they had. The long list of murders and robberies by the Blackfeet of which they now began to hear made them dread the Upper Missouri. They resolved to abandon the Missouri River and try to get across overland with pack horses.

Lisa said if they would trade their boats in for horses he would get them horses among the Mandans farther up the river. After some delay Hunt and Lisa got together eighty-two horses in all, of which seventy-six carried packs. Hunt's party numbered sixty-four persons, including Dorion, his wife and two children. They did not know where they were going or how long it would take or how many miles the trail might be or what they might meet between. They had nothing to make them believe that they could get across the Rockies except the general feeling that somewhere south of the Lewis and Clark crossing there must be another pass over the great continental divide. There was no trail across.

History does not record that Dorion ever paid his whisky bill. He was killed on the Boisé River in the winter of 1814, among the last of the sixty-five victims of the ill-fated Astoria enterprise. His squaw and her two children wintered alone and their known history ends the next spring at Walla Walla, where the plucky woman had managed to arrive.

Into the Unknown

BUT certainly on July 18, 1811, the overland Astorian party pulled out with its caravan from the Arikara villages, bound for Oregon. There was no geography. They had no map. All the great country beyond them was totally unknown. The Great Salt Lake had not been discovered. The South Pass was unknown and was to remain unknown for many years. They had no guide, for Dorion was lost when he got west of the Missouri River. There was an Edward Rose who went along part way as interpreter among the Crows, but he did not go far. Practically all that these men could rely upon was their chance meeting with the Indian tribes on their way across. If these were hostile they must be fought; if they were friendly they might know the trail over the next range of mountains or to the next waterway.

This wild caravan—only two or three mounted of the entire party—pushed southwestward out of Dakota, as we now name it, and across what to-day would be the southeastern corner of Montana. Among the Cheyennes they got thirty-six horses more. They got through the Crow nation safely and passed beyond the upper edge of the Black Hills, as we now call that range. Before them next lay the long range of the Big Horns, of which they knew nothing at all; but some Crow Indians showed them the way to the top and some Shoshone Indians showed them the way down the west side. The route they took is used as a highway to-day and was an Indian highway generations before these whites ever saw it.

Perhaps under Indian guidance, though the journals tell us but little as to that, Hunt and Crooks got on the Wind River and followed it up for almost a hundred miles into the Rockies. On September fifteenth, at which time the snows must have been showing on the higher crests of the Grand Tetons north of them, they faced the Wind River range and plunged into it without guide or counsel so far as we know, though some Indian may have pointed out the general route. They broke through this range at or near what later was known as the Union Pass in a country well known to the elk hunters of to-day who go in below Jackson's Hole, south of Yellowstone Park. They must have made a very good crossing, because on September sixteenth they had made it to the head of the valley of the Green River on the other side of the divide. They found buffalo here and rested and fed up the party.

The more we learn of early Western geography and history, the more extraordinary this stage of the march must seem. It had been made simply, easily and without loss. They were now on Pacific waters and not very far from the Snake River. But how did they know that the Snake River ran to the Columbia? On this point I myself was never clear from any readings I could make. True, two years before that time Andrew Henry had established his post, Fort Henry, on the Henry fork of the Snake; and with Hunt there were three trappers—Rezner, Robinson and Hoback—who had been there and who could tell Hunt what that fort was if they saw it. But how did Henry know that his river ran into the Columbia, even though Lewis and Clark had found that river a thousand miles farther on? At least there is no recorded doubt on the part of the leaders of the Astorians as to the general direction of the Snake River, though no man could have predicted the full nature of that tremendous stream at all the points between the Rockies and the Pacific.

But they did find Fort Henry, though some of the party did not want to go there, but clamored to get on the river at once and float merrily on down to the Pacific. Hunt now divided his party to some extent, leaving a few trappers to winter in the neighborhood of Fort Henry. He embarked most of the others in canoes. It is to be presumed that practically all of these men were good outdoor men; and they had along many good Canadian voyageurs—best of all known rivermen. They were all accustomed to taking care of themselves and making the best of what was at hand. But, though the Indians could show them the passes across the mountains, no Indian could give them a map of the Snake River.

Very soon in a gorge of the Snake their boats were wrecked. They lost a man—drowned. The stream terrified them. They did not know what to do. Winter was coming on. McLellan went on west with three men on foot. Reed and a small party explored downstream. McKenzie with four men broke north on foot. Crooks with five men started back for Fort Henry. Hunt remained near the Snake River with such of the supplies as had been saved and began to dig caches—nine in all—to store his goods.

Lost Along the Snake

REED came back and said the way downstream was no good. Others came straggling in and said they did not know where they were. Hunt and Crooks divided their remaining party and started downstream on foot, one party on each side of the river. Hunt had with him twenty-two persons, including Dorion and his family. Crooks on the left bank had eighteen persons, all on foot. It was November ninth and winter was coming in the mountains. There was no Oregon Trail. And perhaps even now we may begin to see what the finding of the Oregon Trail really meant.

These two parties—forty men out of sixty-four—did not get word of one another for more than a month. Except for the Indians they met they must all of them have died. They traded for a few horses. On December sixth, near the Blue Mountains, the two parties met by mere accident after such trials in travel as none of us to-day well can imagine.

Perhaps at this point the Indians told them that the Snake River ran to the sea—perhaps tradition of the Indians told them the same thing close back by the Rockies. Indeed it was astonishing how much the tribes of the Missouri Valley knew about the country beyond the Rockies. There was always a great deal of tribal travel and interchange. The red pipestone of Minnesota was known among the Comanches of Texas. The Kiowas of the Southwest used to come to the Hot Springs of Arkansas to bathe. Sacajawea, the Indian girl, who practically guided Lewis and Clark across to the Pacific, was a Shoshone who had been captured near the head of the Missouri River by the Minnetaree Sioux and brought to the Mandan villages on the Missouri. So perhaps, granting that there was much aboriginal geography, Hunt and Crooks knew where they were going or trying to go all along. They hit it in very well at the head of the Snake; and had they traveled all the way on foot they would have saved time and trouble.

Crooks by this time was sick. They all were nearly starved. The parties broke again and went back up the river to find food among the Indians. Crooks, John Day and four Canadian voyageurs said they could not go any farther and intended to remain among the Indians until next spring. Hunt, who was the hardiest and

(Continued on Page 36)

The Road to Oregon Was the Road of the Little Fellow; of the Business Man and the Home Builder

Your Printer knows the value of Systems Bond

WHEN you talk to your printer about your letterheads and forms, ask him concerning the value of Systems Bond. You will find that most printers prefer to bid on and work with a paper like Systems, standardized and uniform in quality, watermarked and backed by a manufacturing organization that itself carries through every step in the paper making process. Printers likewise prefer to work with a loft-dried rag-content bond, for such better quality means greater satisfaction to the customer. And they know that a paper like Systems gives better service, is more pleasant to eye and touch, has crispness, toughness, endurance all built in.

Systems fills the need for a standardized bond paper of better quality. It does so at a price that makes it compete with papers of inferior quality. Firms of standing can hardly afford to use paper of inferior quality, and they need not afford one higher in price.

Ask your printer to use Systems on your next order of letterheads. He can also obtain for you our book "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper," interesting and valuable to the paper buyer.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

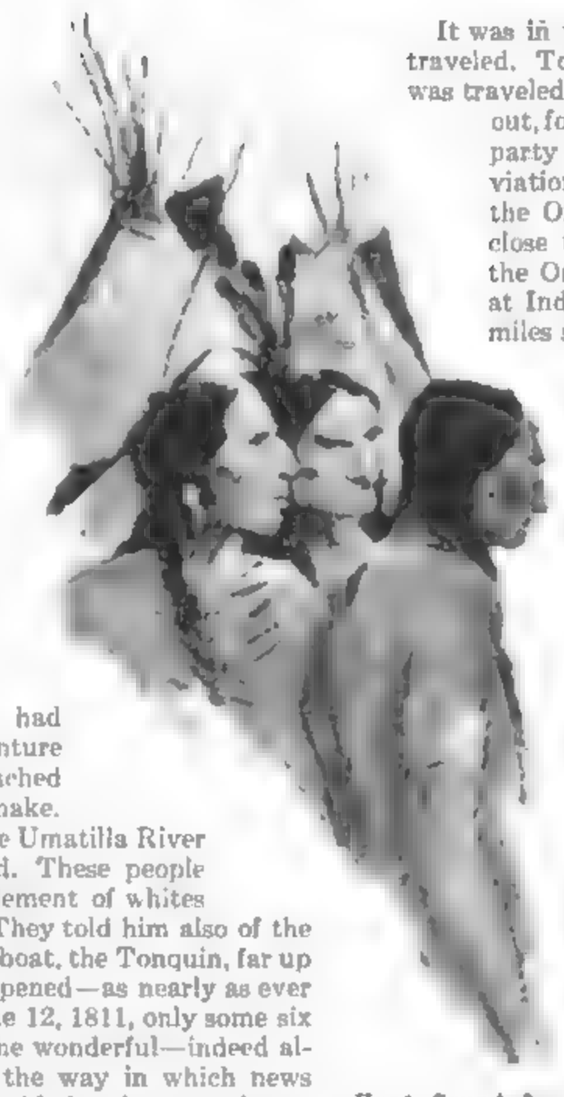
(Continued from Page 34)

wisest man of them all, resolved to go on through or die in the attempt.

On the day before Christmas, 1811, Hunt, with Indian guides, left the Snake Valley and got into the mild and beautiful valley known as the Grande Ronde. They rested here for a time. Two men gave out. Dorion's wife, an Indian woman, who had stood it well thus far, on December 30, 1811, gave birth to a child. Unhappily the infant died before the party got across the Blue Mountains. In this hard passage also one of the Canadians strayed from camp and was not seen again. Three of the party up to this time had died—not including the infant. One of the original partners, Miller, had thrown up his share in the venture and stayed back with the detached trappers near the head of the Snake.

But Hunt found Indians on the Umatilla River and once more they were saved. These people told Hunt that there was a settlement of whites at the mouth of the Columbia. They told him also of the destruction of Mr. Astor's steamboat, the Tonquin, far up the Alaska coast, which had happened—as nearly as ever will be known—on or about June 12, 1811, only some six months earlier. This is one of the wonderful—indeed almost inexplicable—examples of the way in which news travels in the wilderness. Many old-time hunters always said that the Indians had mysterious ways of getting news across country. Most of the traders of the Far North believe in ankticook, the Eskimo's gift of second sight, and present many instances in which the Eskimos have told them of events at distances that could not have been covered by any courier in the time limits involved. No human being can tell of the original wireless between Nootka, on that Alaskan coast, and mid-Oregon in 1812.

In any case Hunt felt safe by this time. Once more they made canoes and, starting below the Dalles of the Columbia, they made Astoria post on February 14, 1812. They brought with them no goods for the post. They were out six months and twenty-seven days from the Arikara villages on the Missouri, and from St. Louis they had been gone eleven months and three days. You could make the distance from St. Louis to-day in about three days perhaps, in large part over the trail which these men laid out. Yet all these things happened but little more than a hundred years ago and the making of our great country has come between then and now. A story? What border thriller can equal it?



Hunt Found Indians on the Umatilla River and Once More They Were Saved

Lost in Blazing Trails

AS A MATTER of fact, Hunt's party was not the first, though it was the most important band of the Astoria overland outfit to reach the mouth of the Columbia. McKenzie, Reed and McLellan, who had been left far back toward the Rockies, in some way best known to themselves made it straight through across lots until they cut the Lewis and Clark trail on the Clearwater. They built boats there and got down the Snake and Columbia, reaching Astoria on January 18, 1812, almost a month ahead of Hunt.

There remained back on the trail somewhere Crooks and Day, who had stayed on the Snake among the Indians, with their Canadians. It was always easy for the French voyageur to take up life among the savages; wherefore, three of the Canadians promptly abandoned their white companions, accumulated dusky mates and settled down, not caring whether Mr. Astor made any money or not. The other Canadian became exhausted and was left with the Shoshones. Crooks and Day managed to go on, always with the aid of Indians. By April of 1812 they had reached the Columbia River. In May they were found by a party of Astorians under David Stuart and taken down to the post, which they reached May 12, 1812, more than a year out of St. Louis and after hardships of the extremest sort.

These westbound Astorians still had men and goods scattered all across the western part of the continent. There were four men left back by Crooks and the two trapping parties left on the head waters of the Snake—thirteen men in all. Of these seven got on through to Astoria, a full year later, reaching the post January 15, 1813.

These events sound simple in the telling, but what an astonishing series of experiences they cover! In this wild journey they had traveled more than thirty-five hundred miles. Hunt's party, best led of them all, had lost a hundred and forty days in camp or in traveling wrong trails. The distance from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia to-day is round twenty-three hundred miles by rail.

It was in this way that the Oregon Trail was first traveled. To use a Hibernianism, the last part of it was traveled first. The great trail, as afterward laid out, followed pretty closely the course of Hunt's party west of the Rockies—with certain deviations by reason of local topography; and the Oregon Short Line Railroad sticks fairly close to it. Everyone knows, however, that the Oregon Trail as known historically began at Independence, Missouri, many hundreds of miles south of the Arikara villages from which Hunt and Crooks started with their pack train; and the Oregon Trail never went near the Big Horns at all.

Almost none of the route taken by the westbound Astorians from the Missouri to the Rockies ever became used as any part of the Oregon Trail or any other highway—except perhaps the later trail through the Big Horns, which was not any part of the Oregon Trail proper.

Why then is it correct to ascribe to the Astorians the discovery of the Oregon Trail, which is well known to have gone through the South Pass of the Rockies made famous by Frémont, Parkman, Bonneville, Irving? The truth is that the westbound Astorians laid out most of the western end of the Oregon Trail; the eastbound Astorians laid out most of the eastern part of the trail along the Platte River in the following year. As to the part directly across the Rockies we shall have to credit other fur traders and explorers for the eventual location of the historical trail, as presently we may see.

The tragic Tonquin was lost. The new ship, the Beaver, which Mr. Astor had sent out to his pet colony was needed in the coast trade. Of the personnel of that unhappy post many parties had to be made up to send out on the fur hunts all through the Northwestern country. It was determined to send Robert Stuart and five men East across the country with dispatches to Mr. Astor.

Stuart started on July 31, 1812, and plugged it on foot on the back trail of Hunt and Crooks as well as he could. Crooks was along and so could act in some sort as a guide to Stuart. Crooks and McLellan had had enough of the gay life of hunter and trapper and wanted to go back to home and mother. Of course these men knew the location of Hunt's caches on the Snake River and were rather counting on replenishing their supplies at that point. But when they got there, on August twenty-ninth, they found only three of the nine caches intact. All of the others had been rifled. In point of fact, this had been done by the detached parties of the trappers who had been left alone in this country the preceding fall. They took what they wished and scattered out north, south and east; and of them all not one escaped being robbed by the Indians, so that the Astorian goods got among the savages without any pay after all!

Miller, the renegade partner who had got cold feet the previous year and chucked his interest in the venture—with Rezner, Hoback and Robinson, who had been left at Fort Henry—had been wandering about the country. Perhaps some of these wanderers first saw Great Salt Lake—they said they had found a river that "ran into the ocean." Another man had been lost. He strayed into the hills and was never seen again. Miller concluded to go on with Stuart. Rezner, Hoback and Robinson decided to stick it out for another year and were outfitted with what was left at the caches.

Stuart therefore started east from the caches with seven men in his party, there having been six at the start. Miller seemed now to have assumed the office of guide, though whether or not he was overruled by the rest of the party remains doubtful. At least in trying to get across the mountains from the West these seven men seem to have got absolutely into a muddle. On the Bear River, which they reached, they fell into a panic and sought frantically to get back to Hunt's old trail when he went West. Winter again was coming on. They wandered round almost in a circle for nearly a month and got no farther east in that time than they could have done in six days' proper marching. The compass meant nothing to them, for they were only crazy men.

They struck the Snake River and followed it downstream for a hundred and ten miles before they came to their senses. Then they worked off across the mountains and by sheer good fortune managed to get into Pierre's Hole, which Crooks and McLellan could recognize. I have often wondered where this mountain valley got its name—Pierre's Hole. It may very probably have been named after Pierre Dorion, though my own reading does not inform me as to that. If that were true once more we could trace the curious interblending of whisky and American geography in the story of the Oregon Trail.

When East Was Unquestionably East

ON OCTOBER 12, 1812, our heroes found the Green River and followed along it for a time. It is a wonder they did not follow it down to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. For three days they had no food at all, but at last they got a little game; and once more fortune favored them in bringing them in contact with some Indians who told them which way was north, and which—par consequence—was east.

The Indians told them where they could find a perfectly good Indian trail across the mountains. They headed that way and struck the broad Indian trail—which would have led them square through the South Pass and on to the head of the Sweetwater, where the Indians were hunting. But fatuous as ever they crossed this trail instead of following it. In some way best known to themselves and at a point which is not really known to anyone at all to-day they got across the mountains of the Great Divide somewhere just below the South Pass. That historic gap in the mountains lay between these two crossings of the Astorians. Therefore the Astorians never found it at all.

Stuart and his six companions struggled through the Rockies somehow and landed on the Sweetwater somewhere, and they must have known that they now were on Atlantic waters. They passed down that easy valley until they got to the North Platte; and it is from the point where they struck the North Platte that we may regard their eastbound journey as the first travel on what eventually was to be the great Oregon Trail.

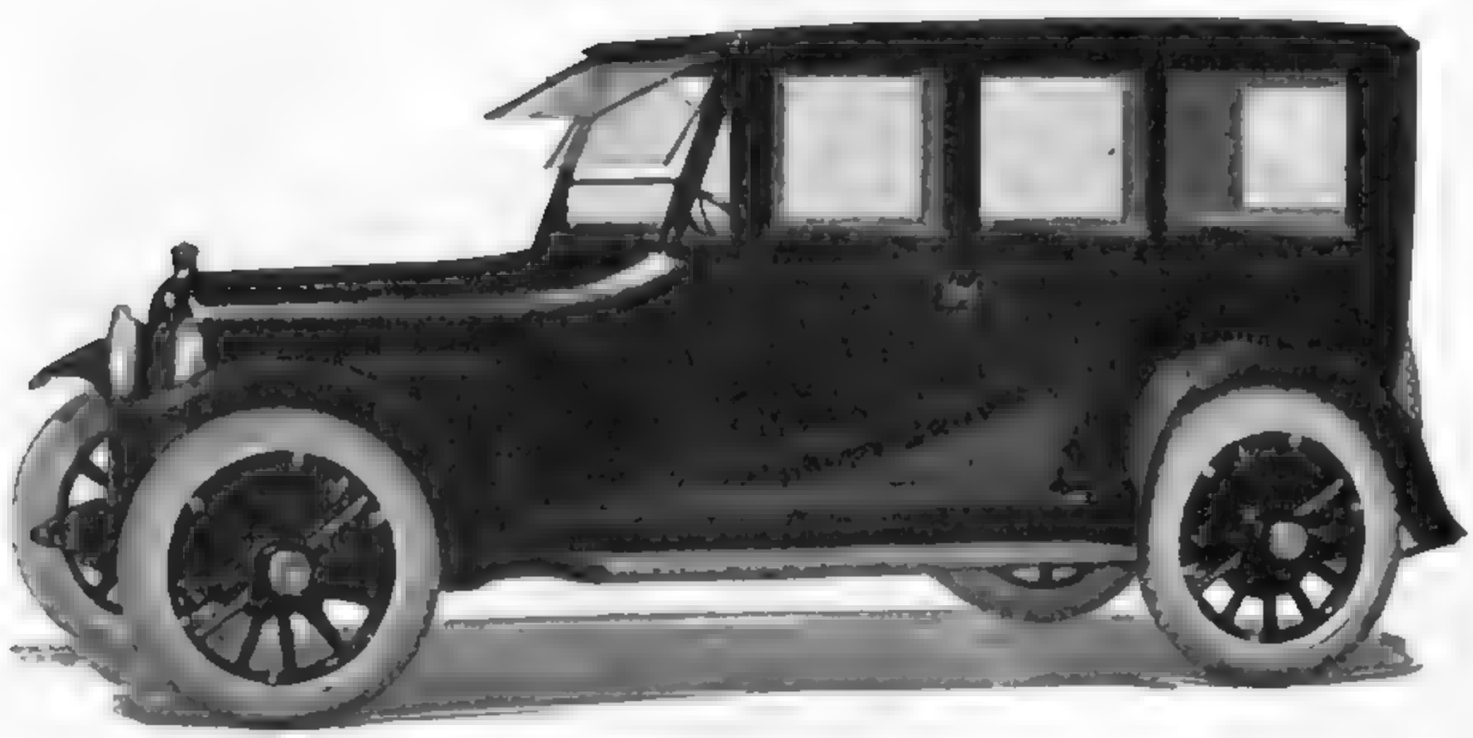
They had crossed the range on October 21, 1812. On October thirtieth they got cold feet and resolved to go into winter quarters, not reflecting that now they were going downhill and into lighter snow every day eastward. Near where the Poison Spider Creek empties into the North Platte they built a cabin, which was the first house ever built in Wyoming. They hung up their winter's meat—and were promptly robbed of it by the Arapahoes. They got cold feet again and on December thirteenth—six weeks later—pulled out east once more. It was cold and there was snow, but they made three hundred and thirty miles in two weeks on foot. They had picked up one horse just west of the Rockies and this made their sole transport. They were now well out on the prairies and they concluded that this must be the Platte River.

There must have been a rude sense of geography, after all, in the heads of most of these early travelers. All of these men had passed the mouth of the Platte River in their journey up the Missouri. It was a stream from which short-range hunters no doubt came back occasionally. Several years before this time at least one man—Lalande—had gone up the Platte on his way to Santa Fé. But of course at this time General Ashley's parties had not yet started West; so we may call Stuart and Crooks and Miller and their four associates the first men to break the trail along the Platte.

Now our heroes got cold feet yet again. They trailed back upstream one hundred and seventy-seven miles and went into winter quarters once more—on December 30, 1812. They stuck the winter

(Continued on Page 158)

One of the Original Partners Had Thrown Up His Share and Stayed Back



THE character of the performance, of course, goes without saying. We direct your attention to the beauty of the design.

Hupmobile Enclosed Types—Sedan and Coupé, $2185, f. o. b. Detroit

Hupmobile

THE REAL TEST—By Sapper

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

IT DEPENDS entirely," remarked the great doctor, twirling an empty wine glass in his long, sensitive fingers, "on what you mean by fear. The common interpretation of the word, the method which I think you would use to portray it on the stage" —he turned to the celebrated actor, who was helping himself to a cigarette from a silver box on the table in front of him—"would show a nervous shrinking from doing a thing; a positive distaste for it; a probable refusal finally to carry out the action. And rightly or wrongly—but very naturally—that emotion is the object of universal scorn. But"—and the great doctor paused thoughtfully—"is there no more in fear than that?"

The well-known soldier drained his port. "It would be a platitude to remark," he said, "that the successful overcoming of fear is the highest form of bravery "

"That if, for instance, our young friend had overcome his fear this afternoon," said the rising barrister, "and had jumped in after that horrible little dog it would have been an act of the highest bravery "

"Or the most stupid bravado," supplemented the celebrated actor.

"Precisely my point," exclaimed the great doctor. "What is the dividing line between bravado and bravery?"

The well-known soldier looked thoughtful.

"The man," he said at length, "who exposes himself to being killed or wounded when there is no necessity, with probably—at the bottom of his mind—a desire to show off, is guilty of culpable bravado. The man who, when his battalion is faltering, exposes himself to certain death to hold them is brave "

"Two extreme cases," answered the doctor. "Narrow it down, general. What is the dividing line?"

"I suppose," murmured the soldier, "when the results justify the sacrifice. No man has a right to throw his life away uselessly."

"Under those circumstances," said the rising barrister, "there can be no fixed dividing line. Every man must decide for himself—and what is bravery in you might be bravado in me."

The doctor nodded.

"Undoubtedly," he agreed. "And with a thoughtful man that decision may be very difficult. For the fraction of a second he will hesitate—weigh up the pros and cons—and even if he decides to do it finally it may then be too late."

"Only a fool would have gone in after that dog," said the actor dogmatically.

"Women love fools," answered the barrister, apropos of nothing in particular, and the celebrated actor snorted contemptuously.

"Which is why the man who is reputed to know no fear is so universally popular," said the soldier. "If such a man exists he is most certainly a fool."

The door opened and their hostess put her head into the room.

"You men have got to come and dance," she cried. "There's no good looking at one another and hoping for bridge; you can have that afterward."

The strains of a talking machine came faintly from the drawing-room as they rose dutifully.

"I cannot perpetrate these new atrocities, dear lady," remarked the soldier. "But if anybody would like to have a barn dance I shall be happy to do my best."

"Sybil shall take you in hand, Sir John," she answered, leading the way across the hall. "By the way, young Captain Seymour, the V. C. flying man, has come up. Such a nice boy—so modest and unassuming."

As they entered the room a fresh one-step had just started and for a while they stood watching. The two sons of the house, just home from Eton, were performing vigorously with two pretty girls from a neighboring place, while Sybil, their sister, who was to take the general in hand, floated past in the arms of a keen-eyed, bronzed young man who had won the V. C. for a flying exploit that read like a fairy tale. The two other couples were girls dancing together; while seated on a sofa, knitting placidly, were two elderly ladies.

"Saying I'm a Coward, are They?" He Forced the Words Out. "What Do You Think, Sybil?"

"And where, Lady Vera," murmured the actor to his hostess, "is our young friend Peter?"

She frowned almost imperceptibly and looked away.

"He disappeared after he left the dining room," she remarked shortly. "I suppose, after what occurred this afternoon, he prefers to be by himself."

The actor ran a delicate hand through his magnificent gray hair—it was a gesture for which he was famous—and regarded his hostess in surprise.

"Even you, Lady Vera!" he remarked pensively. "I can understand these young girls blaming the boy; but for you—a woman of sense ——"

He shrugged his shoulders—another world-famed movement feebly imitated by lesser lights.

"I don't think we will discuss the matter, Mr. Deering," she said, turning away a little abruptly.

It had been a somewhat unpleasant incident at the time and the unpleasantness was still apparently far from over. Madge Saunderson, one of the girls stopping in the house, had been the owner of a small dog of ratlike appearance and propensities to which she had been devoted. She shared this devotion with no one, the animal being of the type that secretes itself under chairs and nips the ankle of the next person who unsuspectingly sits down. However—*de mortuis*—and since its violent death that afternoon, Toots—which was the animal's name—had been invested with a halo. Its atrocious habits were forgotten. It lived in everyone's memory as poor little Toots.

It was over its death that Peter had made himself unpopular. Not far from the house there was a disused mill past which at certain times of the year the water poured in a black, evil-looking torrent, emerging below into a deep pond cupped out in the rocks. For a hundred yards before the stream came to the old mill wheel the slope of the ground affected it to such an extent that if much rain had fallen in the hills above, the current was dangerous. The water swirled along, its smoothness broken only by an occasional eddy, with ever-increasing speed, till with a roar it dropped sheer into the pond twenty feet below. Occasionally battered things were found floating in that pond—stray animals which had got caught in the stream above. And twice since the mill had closed down twenty years ago a child had been discovered, bruised and dead, in the placid pool below the wheel. But then these had been small animals and children, quite unable to keep their feet. Whereas Peter Benton was a man and tall at that.

Into this stream, flooded more than usual with the recent rain, had fallen poor little Toots. Being completely blind in both eyes, it had serenely waddled over the edge of the small hand bridge which spanned the water and had departed, struggling feebly, toward the mill wheel seventy yards away. At the moment of the accident, Peter Benton and Madge Saunderson were standing on the bridge, and her scream of horror rang out simultaneously with the splash.

The man, seeing in an instant what had happened, raced along the bank and overtook the dog when it had gone about halfway, at a point where the current quickened and seemed to leap ahead. And then had occurred the dreadful thing.

According to the girl afterward, he just stood there and watched Toots dashed to pieces. According to the man—but incidentally he said nothing, which proved his cowardice, as the girl remarked. He had nothing to say. Instead of going into the water and seizing the dog he had stood on the bank and let it drown; and he had no excuse. Of course there would have been a certain element of risk; but no man who was a man would have thought of that—not with poor little Toots drowning before his eyes.

And his remark at the moment when she had rushed up to him, almost hysterical with grief, showed him to be—well, perhaps it would be as well not to say what she thought. Madge Saunderson had paused in her narrative at tea and consumed a sugar cake.

"What did he say, Madge?" asked Sybil Lethbridge.

"He said," remarked Miss Saunderson: "'Sorry. No bon, as they say. It really wasn't worth it—not for Toots.' Can you beat it?" she stormed. "Not for Toots! Poor little heart—drowning before that brute's eyes!"

"Of course," said Sybil thoughtfully, "the mill stream is very dangerous "

"My dear Sybil," answered Madge Saunderson coldly, "if you're going to take that point of view I have nothing more to say. But I'd like to know what you'd have said if it had been Ruffles."

The terrier in question regarded the speaker with an expectant eye, in which thoughts of cake shone brightly.

"What happened then?" asked one of the audience.

"We walked in silence down to the pool below," continued Madge. "And there we found him—my little Toots. He floated to the side and Mr. Benton was actually daring enough to stoop down and pull him out of the water. It was then that he added insult to injury," she

(Continued on Page 40)

A Drive for Better Motion Pictures

SEPTEMBER 1919						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
AUG 31	1	2	3	4	5	6

NATIONAL

Paramount-Artcraft

WEEK

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Beginning the greatest motion picture season in the history of the screen

THE whole week of August 31 to September 6, will be devoted to a drive for better pictures in thousands of the better theatres, big and small, all over America.

What a nation does with its spare time is a mighty good test of the heart of that nation.

And the verdict of America's whole heart and mind on Paramount-Artcraft leaves no shadow of doubt as to what sort of screen entertainment America prefers.

The week of August 31 inaugurates a season of new and surprising achievements in Paramount-Artcraft Pictures.

After seven years of gathering way Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has mobilized all the great geniuses of production; dramatists, directors, artists, technicians; and is equipped with facilities of the utmost magnitude to capture from the realm of soaring imagination photoplays of Homeric power and occult charm.

As in the past the proof is written large in increased showings at more theatres, more frequent attendance by more people, and the making of that better theatre in every community the magnet that draws the people as surely as the moon draws the tides.

This poster in the lobby will identify for you the *better* theatres joining in this national drive for *better* motion pictures.

NATIONAL Paramount-Artcraft WEEK
SEPTEMBER 1919

Theatres showing this Calendar-Section in their newspaper advertisements and house programs are co-operating in this drive for *better* motion pictures.

(Continued from Page 38)

went on in a voice of suppressed fury. "'Rotten luck, Miss Saunderson,' he said, 'but in a way it's a happy release for the poor little brute, isn't it? I'm afraid only your kind heart prevented him being put away years ago.'"

A silence had settled on the room, a silence that was broken at length by Sybil.

"He was very old, wasn't he?" she murmured.

Madge Saunderson's eyes flashed ominously.

"Eighteen," she said. "And I quite fail to see that that's any excuse. You wouldn't let an old man of ninety drown, would you, just because he was old? And Toots was quite as human as any old man—and far less trouble."

Such had been the official communiqué, issued to a feminine gathering at tea time. In due course it traveled to the rest of the house party. And, as is the way with such stories, it had not lost in the telling.

Daisy Johnson, for instance, had retailed it with some gusto to the rising barrister.

"What a pity about Mr. Benton, isn't it?" she had murmured before dinner, moving a little so that the pink light from a lamp fell on her face. Pink, she reflected, was undoubtedly the color she would have for all the shades when she had a house.

The rising barrister regarded her casually. "What is a pity?" he asked.

"Haven't you heard?" she cried. "Why, this afternoon poor little Toots—Madge Saunderson's dog—fell into the mill stream."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the barrister brutally.

"Oh! I know he wasn't an attractive dog," she said.

"Attractive!" he interrupted. "Why, the little beast's snorts reverberated through the house."

"But still," she continued firmly, "I don't think Mr. Benton should have let it drown before his eyes without raising a finger to save it. He stood stock-still on the bank—hesitating; and then it was too late. Of course, I suppose, it was a little dangerous."

She shrugged a delightful pair of shoulders gracefully. "I don't think most men would have hesitated."

She glanced at the rising barrister as she spoke, and if he failed to alter the "most men" to his own advantage the fault was certainly not hers. It struck him suddenly that pink gave a most attractive lighting effect.

"Er—perhaps not," he murmured. "Still, I think he was quite right, you know. One—er—should be very careful what one says in cases of this sort."

Which was why a few minutes later he retailed the story to the celebrated actor over a sherry and bitters.

"The faintest tinge of the yellow streak," he said confidentially. "There was something or other in France—I don't exactly recall it at this moment. I know I heard something ——"

But the celebrated actor flatly refused to agree.

"I don't know anything about France," he said firmly. "I know a lot about that dog. If a suitable occasion arises, I shall publicly propose a vote of thanks to young Benton. Would you believe me, sir, only yesterday, when outlining my part in my new play to Lady Vera and one or two others, the little brute bit me in the ankle. I had inadvertently trodden on it, but——"

He waved a careless hand as if dismissing such a trifling cause.

From all of which it will be seen what the general feeling in the house was toward Peter Benton on the night in question. And Peter, a very discerning young man, was not slow to realize it. At first it had amused him: after a while he had become annoyed. More or less a stranger in the locality, he had not known the depth of the mill stream; and he frankly admitted to himself that he had hesitated to go into that black swirling water, not a stone's throw from the mill itself, in order to save a dog. He had hesitated—and in a second it had been too late. The dog had flashed past him and he had watched it disappear over the fall by the wheel. It was only later that to him the additional reason of the dog's extreme age and general ill health presented itself. And the additional reason had not added to his popularity with the animal's mistress.

He quite saw her point of view; he was annoyed because no one apparently saw his. And he was far too proud to attempt any explanation—apart from seeing the futility of it. He could imagine the cold answer: "Doubtless you were perfectly right. Poor little Toots is dead now. Shall we consider the incident closed?"

Savagely he kicked the turf on the lawn outside the window where they were dancing. For three in succession Sybil had had Captain Seymour as her partner—and Peter had hoped.

"Oh! damn that horrible little dog!" he muttered to himself, striding viciously away into the garden.

A brilliant moon was shining, flooding the country with a cold white light in which things stood out almost as clearly as by day. Half a mile away an unfinished factory chimney, still with its scaffolding round it, rose sheer and black against the sky. Round it new works were being erected, and for a while Peter stood motionless, gazing at the thin column of bricks and mortar.

Only that morning he had watched men at work on it, with almost a shudder. They looked like so many flies crawling over the flimsy boards, and he had waited while one workman peered nonchalantly over the edge of his plank and indulged in a wordy warfare with the man below. It seemed that unless the latter mended his ways he would shortly receive a brick on his—nut. But it was the complete disregard for their dizzy height that had fascinated Peter. He could imagine few trades he would less sooner join than that of steeple jack. And yet the funny thing was that on the occasions when he had flown he had not noticed any discomfort at all.

Presumably there was some scientific reason for it; something that would account for the fact that though he could fly at twenty times the height of St. Paul's without feeling giddy, on the occasion when he had looked over the edge of that great dome from the little platform at the top he had been overcome with a sort of dreadful nausea and had had to go back quickly. "Why, Peter, what are you doing here all alone?" A voice behind him made him look round.

For a moment the dog episode had gone out of his mind and with a quick smile he took a step toward the speaker.

"Why, Sybil," he said, "how topping you look! Isn't it a glorious night?"

And then suddenly he remembered and stopped with a frown.

"Peter," said the girl quietly, "I want to hear about this afternoon from you, please."

"Haven't you heard all there is to be heard?" he answered a little bitterly. "Miss Saunderson's dog fell into the mill stream. I failed to pull it out. To be strictly accurate, I failed to attempt to pull it out. That's all there is to it."

They faced each other in the moonlight and after a while the girl spoke again.

"That's not like you, Peter. Why did you let it drown?"

"Because," said the man deliberately, "I did not consider I was called on to risk my life to save a dog. Even poor little Toots," he added cynically.

"Supposing it had been a child, Peter," said the girl gravely.

"My God!" answered the man very low. "As bad as that, is it?"

"They're saying things, Peter—all these people are saying things."

The man thrust his hands into his pockets and stared with brooding eyes at the black, lifeless chimney.

"Saying I'm a coward, are they?" He forced the words out. "What do you think, Sybil?"

The girl bit her lip and suddenly put her hand on his arm.

"Oh, Peter!" she whispered. "It wasn't like you—not a bit."

"You think," he said dispassionately, "that I should have been justified—more, that I ought to have jumped into the mill stream in flood to save that dog?"

But the girl made no answer. She only looked miserably at the man's averted face.

"I don't know," she said at length. "I don't know. It's so—so difficult to know what to say."

Gently Peter Benton removed her hand from his arm.

"That is quite a good-enough answer for me, Sybil." He faced her gravely. "The thing is unfortunate, because I was going to ask you to-night ——" His jaw set and he turned away for a moment. Then he faced her again. "But never mind that now. The situation, as they say in Parliament, does not arise. I should like you, however, to know that I do not think about the matter at all. For one brief second this afternoon I did think about it; for the fraction of a minute I had made up my mind to go in after the dog. And then I realized how utterly unjustified such an action would be. Since that moment, as I say, I have not thought about the matter at all."

"And supposing it had been Ruffles?" asked the girl slowly.

For a while the man hesitated. Then: "My decision would have been the same," he answered slowly, turning on his heel.

Inside the house the celebrated actor and the rising barrister were each proving to their own satisfaction, if not to their partners', that the modern dance held no terrors for them. The two boys were getting warmer and more energetic. Lady Vera, after chatting for a little with the great doctor and the well-known soldier, had left them to their own devices and joined the two elderly ladies on the sofa.

In a corner of the room sat Captain Seymour talking to Madge Saunderson, though incidentally she was doing most of the talking, and with them sat the two other girls. Every now and then Seymour frowned uncertainly and shook his head—the invariable signal for all three girls to lean forward in their most beseeching manner and look adoringly up into his face.

"I wonder," remarked the doctor, after watching the quartet for a while, "what mischief those girls are plotting?"

The soldier adjusted his eyeglass and looked across the room.

"Probably asking for his autograph," he answered cynically.

Every Now and Then Seymour Frowned Uncertainly and Shook His Head

(Continued on Page 150)

Order Your Hudson Now For Later Delivery

Buyers Know the Advantages of Anticipating Their Wants With This the Largest Selling Fine Car

Constantly for four years Super-Six sales have exceeded those of any other fine car.

Buyers have had to wait a month or more during the selling seasons before they could get delivery. On some models, at this writing, we are far behind orders. Yet factory production was never as large.

Thousands are driving less desirable cars that were accepted because they could not get delivery of a Hudson. Many frankly express their regret that they had not ordered a Hudson early enough to assure delivery in time to meet their needs.

Can There Be Any Hesitancy In Your Preference?

Four years have given universal recognition to the Super-Six. The patented principle in its motor, ended destructive engine vibration and added 72% to the power without increased weight or size.

That motor was developed by Hudson and it is exclusively Hudson. In the present model are the refinements resulting from 60,000 cars in service.

And then there are its official records of the most trying tests. No other car ever so established itself.

Some, at first, may have doubted the value of such proofs as were made on the speedway and in trans-continental racing so far as they relate to the type of car that would meet ordinary service. But no one now questions the importance of those records.

The fastest mile for a stock chassis was not established as a mark for Hudson owners to aim at. Nor was the twenty-four hour record of 1819 miles set as something that should be attempted by every Super-Six.

Likewise, Hudson racing cars did their part to prove the very qualities most desirable in an automobile used for individual transportation. The one most essential quality in an automobile is its reliability. No one ever questions Hudson's right to first place in that particular.

So, Too Is Its Style Equally Distinct

The boulevards of the great cities show what is most wanted in body lines and general equipment. Can you find more beautiful cars anywhere than are the Hudsons?

They set the vogue. Hudsons forecast the trend of motor car design. As a result a one or two year old Hudson has the same general lines as the current models of most other makes.

There can be no disappointment over the beauty of the Super-Six, regardless of the model you select.

The Wisdom of Buying Now

With these evidences is there any good reason why you should not now place your order for a Hudson?

You know the car you will get. It merits your implicit confidence.

Think of the thousands who this year have had to forego the pleasure of owning a Hudson, just because they put off ordering. Vacations planned to be taken in touring in a Super-Six had to be changed.

All the world is crying for automobiles. The demand can not soon be filled.

Hudson, as the largest selling fine car, must as a matter of right continue the first choice. Only those who place their orders in advance of their needs can be sure of getting the car they want.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

(1089)

CARRINGTON BLOOD

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

ONE moment the twins were idly splashing in the clear waters of the Branch, as carefree as two brown birds; the next, they balanced themselves on slippery rocks and stared at one another, panic-stricken.

The same arching locusts swayed fronded branches overhead, the same wild grapevines dipped sagging tendrils into the stream, the same brown-gold water went purling amid the stained rocks. Only they were changed.

The ever expected had at last occurred.

The too-brief scene hadn't been expected though. They had never thought the inevitable would come like that. Just the flashing up of Peter Carrington III on Streak, the reining in at the Branch, the hurried "It's come! Take care of Peter, Mary Lou!" The quick spur, that last half-agonized "Be good! Nothing else matters." He was gone.

The twins hadn't been able to say a word. He was beyond earshot when they called their brave "We will! Good-by, father!"

He couldn't have heard it. But neither could he have seen them marching stoically up the trail to the cabin; yet they went as though his critical, impatient eyes were still upon them, heads up and chins level.

They kept going to the door of the cabin as they got their meal ready, straining their eyes over the massed tree tops below. The road was visible in one place only, a mile away.

"Seem like you hear anything?" Peter asked Mary Lou as he drove a nail through the top of the milk can with one deft swift stroke.

Mary Lou didn't, but she stopped to listen at least a dozen times before they sat down to the homemade table. They lingered over the meal as long as they could stand it. Then they sat together on the lopsided stone before the door and watched the patch of road until it swam beneath their intent gaze.

"They're an awful long time," sighed Peter.

"Gives father that much more chance."

Peter agreed, with another sigh. Waiting was as hard on him as on all the Black Carringtons.

The day wore on. The sun slipped over the crags above them. Long purple shadows crept down the slope. The road became a misty glimmer. They sat in the dark and watched the stars come out in the summer sky and the Great Dipper hang itself over the farther peaks, and listened to the tree frogs.

The boy stirred his tense length at last: "Listen!"

It was a moment before Mary Lou could make out the clip-clop, clip-clop of horses' hoofs. Far off at first, then nearer. Then so near that the rattle of loosened stones falling under the impact of the hoofs sounded plainly. Then men's voices.

The twins closed the door and leaned against it, breathing hard. They could hear the men dismount and their futile efforts at silence. They knew to an instant when to expect the thundering knock, but when it came they jumped as though they had not known.

It was Mary Lou who opened the door.

"What do you want?" she demanded, facing the trio who crowded about the lopsided stone.

"Where's your dad?"

"I don't know."

They didn't believe that. They didn't believe Peter IV either when he gave his sister white-lipped support. They brushed past the twins and ransacked the cabin and dugout. The boy and girl didn't try to stop that. It meant gained time for the fugitive.

The leader of the trio came back.

"You-all better tell what you know."

"We don't know anything. We don't even know what you want him for."

That was Peter. He had always felt he couldn't bear not to know why this was to happen.

"Murder. Good piece back when he's younger." The man spat dispassionately. "But they ain't any gettin' outa murder. Ain't any livin' it down or havin' it forgot about."

"He didn't do it!" flashed Peter.

The man chewed a moment before replying.

"Oh, yeh, he done it all right, sonny! He said so. Said he's mighty glad to get rid of a skunk."

"I don't care, he didn't!"

But in his heart he knew the charge was true. It explained the constant readiness for flight.

"What kind of skunk was it?" asked Mary Lou.

"Dunno. Ten years ago. You-all better tell what you know."

But the twins remained abysmally ignorant of the movements of Peter III since he had started for town last night. They reiterated this bit of information until it came parrot-like from their lips.

The men consulted together, and presently two of them went off up the Gap. The third came back to the twins. He was an unwashed fellow with great, calloused, black-nailed hands. A frown worried his forehead unaccustomedly.

"It don't just suit me to leave you-all up here alone."

"We're all right," said Mary Lou.

"Reckon I better ast the judge what they count on doin' with y'."

"They shan't do anything with us!" cried Peter.

"W-ell. You-all git your hats and what you feel to take along, an' we'll push on."

It was Mary Lou who realized that rebellion was useless and got the letter their father had hidden behind the clock, pinning it into the front of her faded little frock.

There was a slight delay while Peter went back for the clock. It was his special pride and joy.

Their guide looped the rein about his fist and led the way with his steed. The younger Peter trailed after the others, the clock hugged against him. Occasionally he talked out loud—broken phrases like sobs:

"He won't come back! Oh, he didn't do it! I don't care! Don't let him—don't let him be caught!"

Mary Lou trudged along silently, refusing assistance over steep places with the faintest lift of one thin shoulder. Now and then her fingers clutched at a tough scrub oak, or seized and shrank from the thorniness of a locust bush. The deeper blackness of the lower pine woods brought out the guide's flashlight, and the leaping shadows sprang at them as they passed like living monsters. The twins shuddered and felt for one another's hands.

At last they came to a clearing. The guide threw the reins to Peter and went on to a ramshackle house, faintly seen ahead.

Peter extended the clock to Mary Lou wearily and she sat on a heap of rock and held the precious object in her lap.

"You got the letter?" he whispered with extreme caution.

She indicated its hiding place with the same stealth and they caught their breath quiveringly. Then, from Peter: "You don't b'lieve he did it, do you?"

"Yes," reluctantly. A pause. "Don't you?"

Peter kicked at the red clay.

"I—I—yes!" Another smothering silence ensued.

Their guide returned, dragging a light rig and followed by a sleepy individual bearing harness. Presently the three were crowded into one seat, jolting over the washed road. Mary Lou went to sleep on Peter's shoulder. The driver hunched himself over the reins, but Peter sat in rigid white misery, seeing the dark face of Peter III in every clump of bushes that they passed.

A faint grayness was fading into the black of the night when they drew up before the ugly frame hotel.

There was a long wait in the stuffiness of the parlor. The twins sat bolt upright and took turns holding the clock. Once Peter stole out and mailed the precious letter.

The judge, who finally appeared, was a kindly soul with a bald head and twinkling eyes. He took them to breakfast in the dark dining room and elicited all they had to tell.

They were fifteen years old. They had come to the cabin in the mountains a long time ago—yes, maybe ten years. Nobody ever came up there, but every month or so their father went to town. No, they didn't know if they had ever had a mother. Their father hadn't said.

"So there's no one to take you now?"

They shook their heads. They were not going to claim the Caldwells unless first claimed by them.

The judge wiped his bright dome and sighed. He'd take care of them for a few days until court was over; then—— Then was vague.

So they wandered about the dreary town or sat on the edge of the hotel porch, where weeds thrust ragged heads close to their idle fingers, and waited. When newspapers appeared they crowded up to the scratched counter and held their breath until someone told the news they longed to hear. Peter III was still uncaught!

It was on the third day that word reached them of the finding of Streak, dead of exhaustion. A man was recovering consciousness near by. His horse had been unceremoniously appropriated by a flying demon with a face like the devil.

That night the judge took the twins for a walk along the grass-grown path that led to the tumbling river. When they had left the last hideous house behind them he began:

"Once there was a man who could not control his temper. All his ancestors were the same. It was a boast with them.

(Continued on Page 45)

The label that is linked with history

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL
It is our guarantee to you of quality and service.

The largest woolen mills west of the Mississippi river—from raw wool to the finished garment. Power is supplied by the historic Willamette Falls.

On the site of the old Hudson Bay Stockade

ON this spot Sacajawea led Lewis and Clark to gaze in wonder on the Willamette Falls. Later it was the site of the historic Hudson Bay Stockade.

Here in 1864, came the founders of the Oregon City Woolen Mills. They found fine wool; pure, soft mountain water to wash the fleece; and natural power from the Falls. Soon their looms were supplying the pioneers with staunch, serviceable woolens.

Today on this same site, Oregon City Woolens are made in a great modern mill. And the sons of the founders take the same pride in maintaining that ideal of old-time genuineness in Oregon City Fabrics.

Here are woven Mackinaw Fabrics, Overcoatings, Flannels, Shirtings, Indian Blankets, Motor Robes and Blankets.

In our bright sunny shops we tailor Overcoats, Mackinaws and make Flannel Shirts of all-wool warmth. Ask your dealer to show them to you. You'll find honest values, moderately priced.

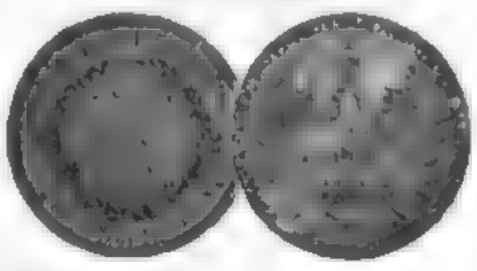
Oregon City Woolen Mills

Founded in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs
Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon

Sales Offices
New York Chicago Minneapolis San Francisco Portland Seattle Salt Lake City Spokane

Highest Awards Wherever Exhibited

Philadelphia Centennial 1876



Panama Pacific Exposition 1915

From Mill to Retail Merchant.

Dealers' catalog, in colors, on request.

Oregon City Woolens

"WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN"

OVERCOATS MACKINAWS FLANNEL SHIRTS INDIAN BLANKETS MOTOR ROBES BLANKETS

At home. An acknowledged part of a gentleman's attire . . . correctly-styled, finely-made *good* hats. More style, quality and comfort is found nowhere. At your hatter's see Rothschild Star and Longley Hats; in many likable new fashions and colors.

The Rothschild Mark identifies hats of particular dressers. Make a point to have it in yours. Made *well* since 1859. Sold—and worn—most everywhere.

ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT CO.
"All the new ones all the time"
St. Louis Chicago

ROTHSCHILD

Star Hats Longley Hats

(Continued from Page 42)

There was one, I remember, who beat a slave to death for disobeying. Of course he was sorry afterward and took great care of the slave's family, but it was too late. One was killed in a duel. I can't count them all. See what kind of man he was? I believe he used to go almost blind with fury. He never knew what he'd done until it was too late."

"You don't," confirmed Peter unthinkingly, and tossed his head and turned a chilly shoulder on the sympathetic regard of the judge.

"Well, anyway—well! Our man acquired a wife. No one knew where he got her. A little thing, as fair as a baby rose. She wasn't very happy, poor little thing. When her babies came she was afraid of them. So—so she ran away and presently we heard she was dead. Our man followed her and came back with her coffin.

"There was no through connection, for he poled up the river with the coffin on a barge—couldn't wait, like all his family.

"I can see him now, poling against the sunset. He buried her. Then he took the babies and departed. Five years later I ran across him in a big city. He was of importance for a man not yet thirty, making strides in the business world, running for election too."

It seemed hard to go on. They had reached the river and stood on its bank, watching the eddy below. Great mud-painted rocks reared up from the bed gauntly. Dogwoods and maples leaned drunkenly over it.

"I met him and he invited me to a city club banquet for the rival candidates. He was enthusiastic over his election race, his business—everything. I was proud of him. Well, I went to the banquet. There was a small-paper editor present—a snubby little beast. He owned a yellow sheet favoring the rival's cause. He showed his favorite an item that was to appear in the morrow's issue. Most of the club were friends of my friend and one of them saw the item, read it aloud and called on him to deny it. It was a libel—a slander—about my friend's wife. It was never printed."

"Why?" trembled from Peter's lips.

"Our man killed the editor. He took the sheriff's duty revolver and did it. Then he said he was glad, bowed and left. His friends helped him out of town."

"I'm glad he killed him!" flamed Peter.

"Why? It wasn't worth it."

"It's a silly law that would stop it. I'd kill him again if I could! I would! I would!" The look of the Black Carringtons blazed in Peter's eyes.

Mary Lou turned to the judge:

"Of course we know you mean father. But you can't find out anything that way. We don't know—and we'd die before we'd tell, if we did."

The judge shifted his position.

"The Black Carringtons are dead. They all die violently. There's none left to take you. I wish you might see that their way doesn't work."

The faces of the twins were hostile; and though he tried to make friends all the way back, they met his efforts in tight-lipped silence.

Next day he came to them at breakfast.

"There's someone inquiring for you at the office."

"What's his name?" asked Mary Lou cautiously.

"Cary Annis."

It was unfamiliar. They hesitated outside the office and looked at each other. It was their way of communicating.

The door opened and a man paused at sight of them. He was slight and fair, with a shy smile.

"You're the Carrington twins?" he stammered.

They admitted it. He extended his free hand. The other held his soft broad-brimmed hat.

"I am Cary Annis. Your aunts sent me for you."

They drew a long breath simultaneously.

"Won't you get your things and—let's start?" he suggested when it appeared they were never going to make a remark. Peter departed for the clock and Mary Lou continued her uncomfortable survey. Her victim turned his hat round and round, shifting his fingers over the brim.

The judge broke the agonizing silence. The younger man explained that the Misses Caldwell had sent him for the twins. It developed that the beautiful Mrs. Carrington had been a Caldwell; that Cary was a sort of cousin by marriage.

It was a great relief to the judge. What the twins thought they kept severely to themselves.

They followed Cary to his car and sat stiffly in the back seat, holding on frantically and pretending not to be afraid. They had never seen a car before.

It was evening before they reached Old Wakewood. Cary drew up at the curve of the road about a hill. Below them in the beauty of ancient oaks and time-mellowed brick and stone Old Wakewood lay dreaming.

"Where your mother lived. See the white house to the right? The trees hide all but the top."

The twins made inarticulate noises in their throats. The top of the house appalled them—it seemed so forbiddingly immense.

They wanted to hold back the car as it whirred on down the road.

The place was even more forbidding, approached from below. It was inclosed by a spiky iron fence, needlessly high. It stood on an elevation and reared its roof three stories from the ground, not counting a basement which showed long windows above the lawn. The shuttered windows helped make the house seem like that prison that stretched its grasping hands after Peter Carrington III.

Cary led the way in. Beyond the hall was a stiffly furnished room over which a high white mantel seemed to preside austerely. From opposite, uncomfortable, high-backed chairs two ladies eyed the newcomers. They were as tall and forbidding as the mantel, in their way. Their long, thin, prominently veined hands rested on the arms of the stiff chairs.

Cary indicated his charges with a movement of his tightly clutched hat. He had taken on an apologetic look.

"Mary Lou and Peter Carrington IV, Cousin Hetty."

The more arrogant of the two ladies inclined her head just perceptibly.

"They haven't caught Peter III," went on Cary.

The lady addressed as Cousin Hetty observed that she did not find herself interested in the person mentioned, and Cary subsided, flushing under the snub. She turned to the twins:

"I am your Aunt Hetty. This is your Aunt Charlotte. We will provide proper education and adequate support for you and I trust you will do your utmost to deserve it."

She spoke as though the speech had been rehearsed, as indeed it had. Her next remark was in a different tone. It was to the effect that it is considered bad form to stare. To the twins' dazed "no," she added the information that the correct response was "Yes, Aunt Hetty," which they repeated after her in unison.

It did not take the twins long to learn. Before their first outfits were completed they said "Yes, Aunt Hetty," and "No, Aunt Charlotte," and observed the small niceties as though they had done so all their lives.

After the first night, when Peter had flown for the evening paper and dashed through it for a line about his father, they sought that news stealthily. Aunt Hetty had made it clear that interest in Peter III was not a mark of gratitude, and being grateful was the twins' business in life.

They listened in silence to her arraignment of Peter III and all the Black Carringtons. An evil, sinister lot—a race of hard riders and hard drinkers. Their fine, dark eyes regarded the veins in her thin hands steadily. They did not recognize this picture of their idolized father, but they did not defend him. They could not do so and remain grateful—and they were going to be grateful if it killed them.

Aunt Charlotte liked to come to Mary Lou's room at night. Once, when she had so come, Mary Lou observed that Cary Annis had called while the aunts were out.

Aunt Charlotte's hands fluttered among the bedclothes. Her glance fluttered from Mary Lou's serious little face to the window. Her very voice fluttered when she spoke:

"You must not receive Cousin Cary unless we are present, Mary Louise."

"Why, Aunt Charlotte?"

"Because, my dear—because he was involved with your poor mother."

"My mother?"

"It was at first supposed he was the man who had carried her off. He never explained. It is my conviction that he was guilty just the same as though he'd finished it—and twice at that!"

"Finished what?"

But Aunt Charlotte would not commit herself further.

"But you sent Cousin Cary to get us," argued Mary Lou.

"That was because he is the only man in the connection," said Aunt Charlotte reasonably. She was of a generation that could not understand a woman's taking definite action herself. "I don't mean we do not receive Cousin Cary—only you must not. It wouldn't be suitable."

Mary Lou thought that over. A Carrington would never have accepted a favor from the hand of any but a friend. She took the problem to Peter and they talked it over. They were never tongue-tied when they were together. The aunts used to wonder what they found to say when the murmur of voices came up from the rotting seat under the cherry trees.

Aunt Charlotte thought it probable they spoke of their father and fretted over what would happen when Peter III was caught. She stood in fear and trembling of a Carrington outbreak. But the thought of that passion-ruled gentleman lay too deep in their hearts for words.

Instead they spoke of Cousin Arabelle Annis, Cary's stepmother, a fascinating creature who dressed like a débutante, used—whisper it!—paint on her face and was not approved by the connection.

It was this fair lady who first mentioned the romantic meeting of their father and mother. It appeared that Peter III had seen the lovely Rosalind Caldwell descending the grand staircase during inaugural festivities in Richmond, had tried to be presented, failed and so had followed her back to Old Wakewood, whence they had eloped.

It seemed to Mary Lou that Cary grew uncomfortably hot during this recital, and that it was the story and not the hasty recollection of an engagement that sent him dashing off in his car just then.

It was not the giddy Cousin Arabelle, however, who repeated the queer little story of Tessie Baird. That was Aunt Charlotte, making another faltering attempt to arm Mary Lou against the wildness of Cousin Cary. Tessie had been one of the swarm of summer girls in Old Wakewood a few years ago, had become infatuated with Cary, driven away with him in her car, and had only been deterred from her avowed intention of marrying him by the interference of the gentleman to whom she happened to be engaged, who possessed a swifter machine.

In spite of these dark tales, Cary was more to Peter than a cousin who is generous with his car. He alone knew how

to handle an attack of black wrath. Peter III had combated it with a hazel switch, but half-heartedly. It was something the Carringtons couldn't help—like the color of their eyes. Cary made a sporting affair of downing the wildcat. Cary was the reason the aunts had never had to face the Carrington rages.

Mary Lou tried not to be jealous. Peter had always leaned on her. She couldn't bear to have him outgrow that, as he had outgrown his fervent love for the wonderful clock. Cary's car, Cary's mother, Cary's dogs and Cary himself were the refrain of all his talks with Mary Lou, and the sum and substance of his letters when the two were away at school.

Peter liked his school.

But Mary Lou was acutely miserable. She didn't like Frances Stillmore and Betty Allenby, her schoolmates, and their equally flighty friends. She didn't know how to giggle and chatter and flirt and she didn't want to know. She thought the few masculine instructors neither thrilling nor interesting, and couldn't understand how Frances and Betty could put in night after night whispering about them. She felt immeasurably older and wiser than these trifling schoolmates, and they resented it, not unnaturally. Mary Lou was soon the loneliest girl in the class.

In the first rain-drenched days of May of their graduating year rumors of Peter III's arrival in New York began to fly about. He had been seen here—he had been heard of there. It kept the twins' hearts bumping about unbearably.

They were only eighteen, but they had grown up. Cousin Arabelle said that Peter IV was puffeckly huge, by which she meant that he was far too tall. He was lean and dark, but he had escaped the sinister look of the Carringtons, if he had not escaped their terrible temper. People said Mary Lou was neither Carrington nor Caldwell nor anything else Old Wakewood had ever seen. The other girls thought her queer and different, but Mary Lou didn't care what they thought.

The school's conversation turned on frocks and examinations, on presents and graduation. Trivialities they seemed to Mary Lou, waking at dawn to the cries of newsboys, who were always hawking tales of her father's capture which turned out not to be true.

She had heard the girls giggling about the costume party for some time before she thought of it as having any connection with herself. When she discovered that it was to be given by the Wakewoods for the graduating class, because Betty Allenby was a granddaughter of that honored house, she made a vain effort to avoid it. But the aunts looked upon the affair as something heaven sent.

When they were alone they exchanged whispers about the great good fortune which brought the eldest grandson home to the fête, and breathed little prayers that young Helm Wakewood might take to Mary Lou.

It was Cousin Arabelle who designed Mary Lou's costume. She was to go as the Spirit of Joy in a vivid scarlet gown sheathing her straight slenderness as the green husk does the corn, quivering with strands of golden bells. She didn't look like the everyday Mary Lou.

Peter eyed her with grave approval, though half his mind was on a rumor that day developed that Peter III had sauntered down Wabash Avenue in Chicago.

Approval was not quite the name for the aunts' sentiments. The dress was too daring for that, but they could not conceal their admiration.

What Cary thought nobody knew. He was careful not to let his glance linger on Peter's sister.

Mary Lou submitted to the fussing of her aunts over her hair, her cap, her skirts, and met her host and hostess with the air of one who can bear this because it must some day be over.

And then she saw Helm Wakewood.

He should have been the Spirit of Joy, with his vivid smile and his glowing eyes.

Betty Allenby, in the white ruffles of the sixties, was sparkling up at her Cousin Helm when Mary Lou first saw him, but after he had been presented, what became of Betty was never quite clear.

It delighted the aunts. Betty was a superior little puss.

Helm was to lead the grand march with Frances, and his grandfather had to call it to his attention when the time came

Helm's eyes were filled with a charming little vision in scarlet with whom he had spent every second since some God-sent elder had murmured their names.

The aunts would never have known this Mary Lou—this radiant Mary Lou. If she had had time Mary Lou might have wondered at it herself. But she hadn't time. She was too busy with the miracle of Helm Wakewood.

In the intervals when duty called Helm she sought quiet nooks to dream of him. Once she heard Betty's mother talking to Frances' married sister in the gallery above her dark seat.

"Isn't Helm amusing?" Betty's mother said indulgently.

"You mean the Caldwell child?" They always spoke of the twins as Caldwells.

"He's never without some violent fancy. I'd rather counted on that niece of Ella Graves'."

"The Caldwell child is pretty to-night. Costumes make a difference." They laughed. "Helm will get over it, you know."

Mary Lou got away. She wouldn't give Helm up to any girl in the universe. She wanted him. For the first time in her life she knew what it was to be a Carrington.

Helm found her sobbing, a passionate little heap under the willow. He knelt beside her, begging to know what had happened. He almost wept with her. He meant it all—then.

So she was presently pressed against his dark domino, her arms about his neck in an embrace that was near torture. He responded beautifully. In his most sincere voice, he said he loved her. His kisses were perfection. Forever and ever he was hers and she was his. He slipped his seal ring onto her finger to bind the promise.

Peter, patiently and quietly seeking his twin, came at length upon them. Mary Lou stood before Helm, holding to his pompons with fierce little hands, her head tilted back, her lips demanding kisses. Peter stopped with a catch in his breath.

Helm saw him first and turned Mary Lou in his arms that she might see.

"I love him, Peter," said Mary Lou.

Helm added that he loved her. The queer thing was that he was in earnest. The strange little scarlet-clad girl intoxicated him.

It was all Peter could do to get Mary Lou away. Even then, her thoughts were with Helm. She gave no heed to where her twin led her.

When the gate came softly to behind them she found herself beside Cary's car.

"Get in!" whispered Peter.

"But ——"

"Sh! Tell you later!" He lifted her in and jumped up beside her. Cary started the engine. A moment more and they were gliding along between the deserted houses in the direction of the mountains.

Not until they reached the end of the belt of ancient oaks and began the ascent did Peter speak.

Then: "Father wants to see us."

"Father!"

Peter nodded.

The shimmering city of dreams Mary Lou had been building about Helm Wakewood burst like an iridescent bubble. Fear gripped her heart.

"Where is he? How do you know? Is—he isn't in prison?"

"No! No! They haven't caught him! Don't look like that!"

"But how did you know? How could you know?"

"Cary."

"Cary!" Nothing seemed less likely than that. She brushed her hand across bewildered eyes and repeated the name. The man who bore it shot a swift glance at her over his shoulder and she stirred under it so that all the tiny golden bells tinkled.

"Father wrote him. Father can't stand not seeing us."

"But he ought not to! He ought not to! They'll find out and get him!"

"Nobody can get father."

Pride was in the lift of his chin.

Mary Lou squeezed her hands together painfully. She repeated that Peter III was running his neck in a noose. Oh, why had he tried it?

"Don't you believe in father any more?" asked Peter, bending from his too-great height. "Don't you want to see him? Why, I feel as if a wonderful dream had come true."

"Of course I want to see him. But I can't bear to have him caught. I can't bear to have him in a horrid, smelly jail. Peter! How did he come to write to Cary?"

It hadn't occurred to Peter as strange. The fact that he was to see his idolized father had prevented his dwelling on whys and wherefores. But now all the half-told tales he had heard since his arrival in Old Wakewood flooded back. Wasn't it Cary who had twice tried to run away with their mother—or was it?

Cary stopped the car at the edge of a cedar grove and alighted. The twins tumbled out after him. Peter towered over him at the right, Mary Lou palpitated up at him from the left.

"Why," they demanded in chorus—"why should father ask you, when people say ——"

"Say I'm not to be trusted with a girl?" finished Cary with a twist to his lips.

"—— say you tried to run away with mother," blurted Peter.

"Perhaps because I did it for him, then."

"Did it for father?"

They couldn't believe that.

"Nobody believes it, but it's true. I was only seventeen and I just about worshiped Peter Carrington. This way—we have to go beyond the Baby Falls. We camped together for a few weeks the summer before it happened. I was thrown from a colt at the flap of his tent. Won't you have my coat, Mary Lou?"

"No—no! Go on!"

"So when Peter wanted to meet Rosalind he came to me. I was never in love with Rosalind. You couldn't convince Old Wakewood of that. Even Ma Belle thinks I don't mean that. She was two years older than I, though she was a perfect baby."

They jogged his elbows simultaneously as he paused. All three were crowded together on the old wagon road.

"I don't know why she didn't care for Peter. He was wildly in love with her—or perhaps you don't understand that?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" cried Mary Lou, an instant's vision of Helm before her.

"Rosalind didn't like him and told me not to bring him again. I thought he'd go mad. He wanted her so desperately."

"So you ran away with her for him?" Peter prompted.

Cary admitted it.

"I thought he was so wonderful she'd have to love him. I thought he could make anyone love him. He thought so, I know. He used to tell me over and over that if only she'd give him a chance ——

"Well, I took her out here in our old rig one night. Peter and I had planned the meeting place. He was waiting for us in a high-wheeled cart. She was terrified when she saw him. He did have a peculiar sort of smile. I didn't want to let him have her when I realized she was afraid, but once he was so near nothing could have stopped him. I tried to make him let me take her home. I tried to show him how scared she was, but I might as well have argued with a tornado. He swooped her into his cart and left me. I went after them, but my old Dobbin wasn't a race horse like his. I didn't make a mile to his ten. I lost their tracks in no time."

"Oh!" shuddered Mary Lou.

"I drove all night, but I took the wrong road. I searched all the nearer villages—at it for a week before I gave up."

"Didn't you tell them father'd taken her?" demanded Peter.

"They'd had a letter from him, but they all suspected me—thought he took her away from me. I didn't know what to say, so I didn't talk. You can imagine your aunts were unpleasant, though they didn't know that Rosalind hadn't been willing to go—think of it! I worried over Rosalind more than they could worry over her, because they believed she'd been glad. I couldn't sleep. I used to come out here night after night. Still, all the time I truly thought Rosalind couldn't help loving him when she knew him. I thought anyone would love him the way I did. I don't know now why she didn't."

"Didn't she? Didn't she ever?"

They couldn't understand it either.

"Never!" Cary drew a quick breath. "I got the money out of Ma Belle at last and went to Peter's home, but he and Rosalind had gone away for the winter. No one would tell me where. I left a letter for them, begging them to let me know if Rosalind was all right."

"And what did they ——"

"Oh, they didn't answer. It was a year before I heard. I kept telling myself Rosalind wouldn't have married Peter if she hadn't cared—she must care. Though I knew she could never have come back to Old Wakewood if she hadn't married him."

Mary Lou's eager fingers pulled at his sleeve. The bells on her cap jingled an accompaniment to her impatient "But what did you hear then?"

"I had a dreadful little scrawl from Rosalind, saying she needed me at once. She would be at an inn on the Valley Pike at such a time. . . . Careful of that root! Perhaps you'd better hold on to me—or Peter?"

"Go on!" She laid a hand on his arm.

"I had such a terrible time getting there. I lamed the horse and had to leave him at a forge and get someone to drive me over. When I finally reached her, she was delirious. I telegraphed Peter. She must have been ill before she ran away. It was typhoid when I got there and all over before Peter came."

"I thought," said Peter gruffly, "you ran off with her twice."

The twisted smile came back briefly.

"It was her writing me did that. Her letter was seen and conclusions were drawn too freely from it. Your aunts believed her death was Providence delivering her from me."

"That's how the story came up that made father shoot ——" began Mary Lou, and Peter cut in with "That's it! No wonder!"

They threshed through the thickly sprouted roots in silence after that. Here and there, where a streamlet trickled across the road, wet rocks gleamed. Now and then the wall of a cliff reared itself close to the edge of the path or a fallen tree blocked the way.

Peter heard the rustle first. He said "He's there! He's there!" fully two minutes before the others could believe he hadn't imagined it. He plunged ahead of them.

When Mary Lou and Cary came up the two Peters were facing each other, hands clasped. The elder Peter turned to them eagerly. His eyes lit up at sight of his daughter. He hadn't expected her to grow up like this.

(Continued on Page 49)

The Roof of Ages

The Charm of a Red Cedar Shingle Home

Is the charm of this perfect exterior building material for roof and side walls.

Charm with dignity and a wide range of beautiful architectural effect.

Red Cedar Shingles resist all weathers in all seasons—under the most severe conditions.

This remarkable resistance to climatic conditions is due to the wonderful natural qualities of the giant red cedar trees from which they are made.

The cost of Red Cedar Shingles is the least of any "permanent type" building material.

The economy of Red Cedar Shingles, measured by length of life and up-keep, is a positive saving when building.

Red Cedar Shingles must be properly nailed — hot dipped, zinc coated, cut iron nails are best.

Red Cedar Shingles are architecturally beautiful—artistic color combinations are possible ranging from dove grays to soft greens and browns. The grain or "pencilling" of the wood harmonizes with the foliage and flowers.

How to Get Good Shingles

Ask for "Rite-Grade Inspected" Red Cedar Shingles.

The trade-mark "Rite-Grade Inspected" on the bunch means that they are produced by a member of our Association, from first class cedar trees, and that they are guaranteed by official inspection, to be up to the grade under which sold, as to thickness, grain, grade, selection and uniform size.

Progressive lumber dealers sell "Rite-Grade Inspected" shingles.

Send a two-cent stamp for plan book "Distinctive American Homes."

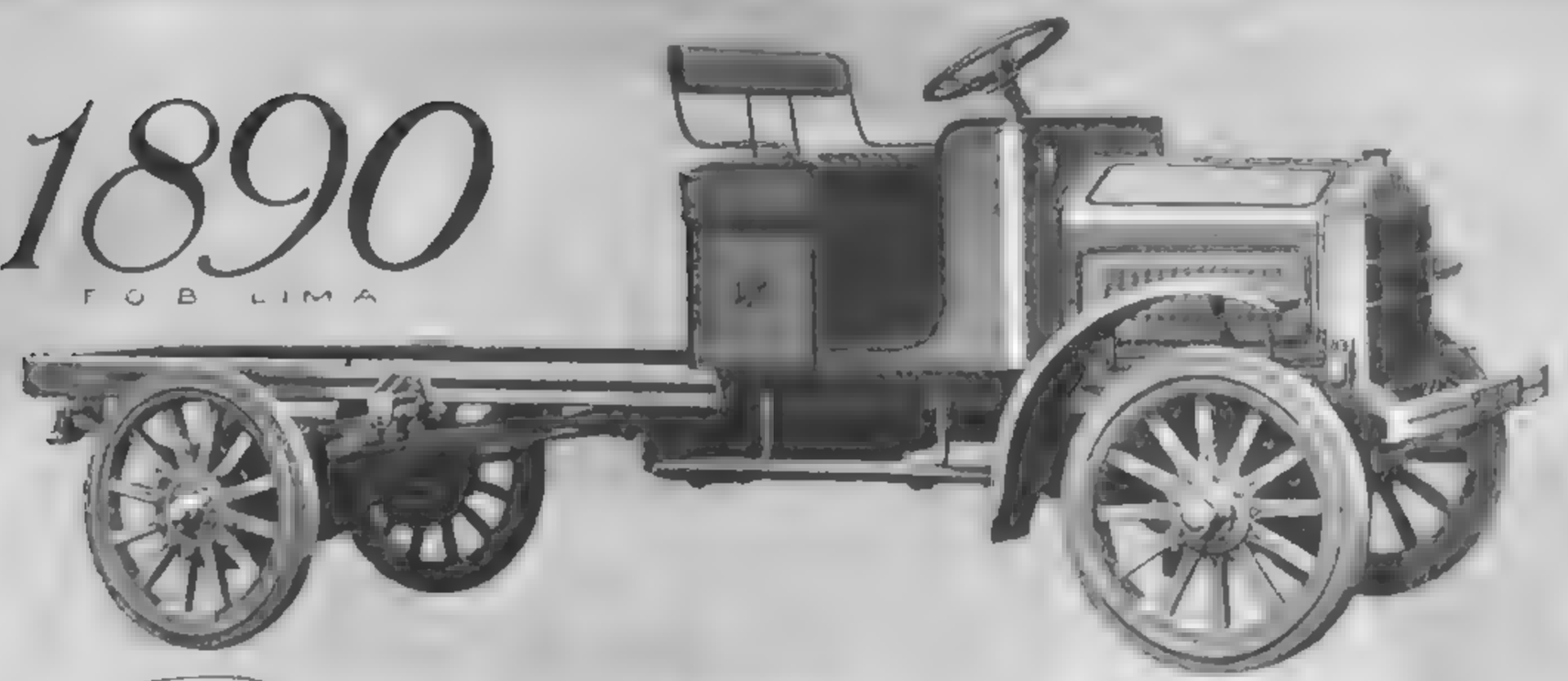
Shingle Branch, West Coast Lumbermen's Ass'n, 425 Henry Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

The Shingle Agency of British Columbia, 1026 Standard Bank Bldg., Vancouver, B. C.

RITE-GRADE SHINGLES

L W RITE-GRADE C A

INSPECTED



$1890
F O B LIMA

Announcing the New Garford 1¼ Ton Model.

Garford MOTOR TRUCKS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

In the new Ton-and-a-Quarter Model 25 Garford we present the sturdiest Motor Truck of that capacity built today.

It is in the truest sense a Garford—designed and built not merely to widen but to enhance Garford reputation for efficiency and durability.

Garford resources and facilities for its production in large quantities are exceptional.

Conditions most favorable for standardizing high-quality manufacture enable us to establish in this Garford a value of outstanding dominance.

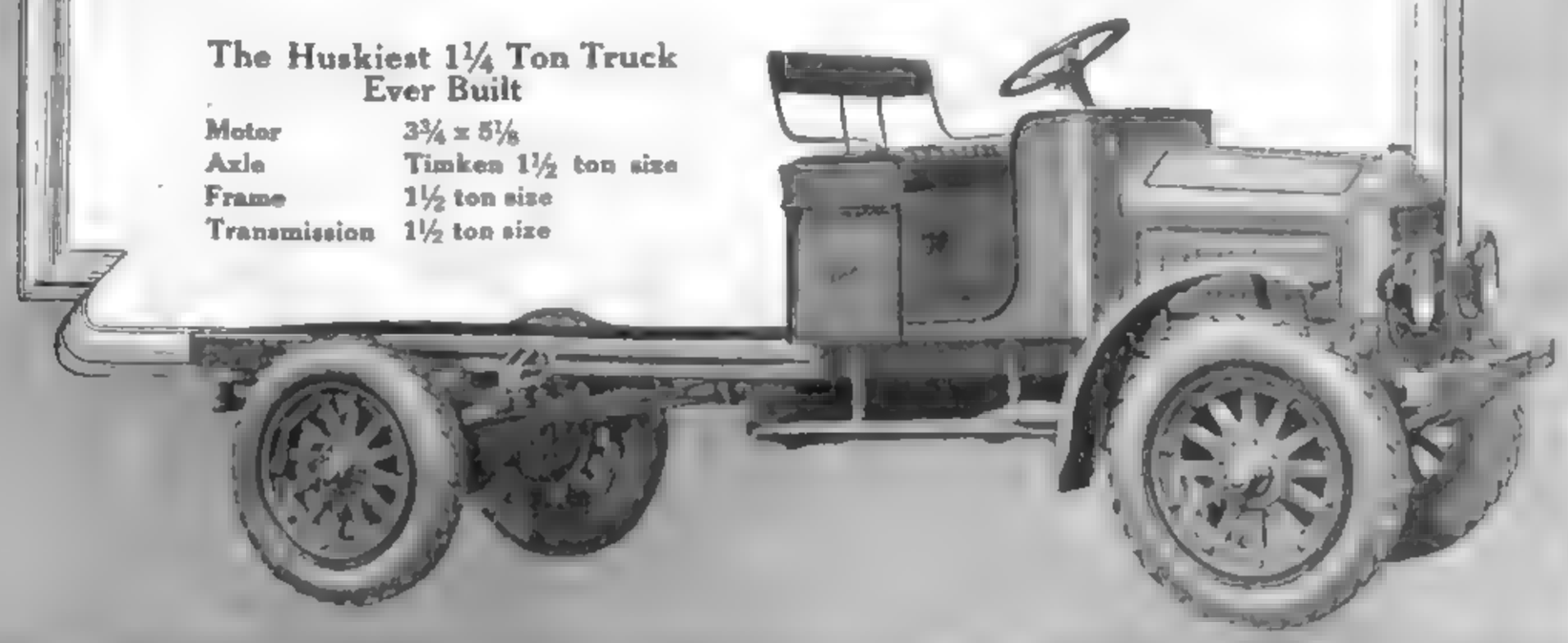
This new Garford materially widens the field in which Garfords deliver the *Low Cost Ton Mile*.

"USERS KNOW"

The Garford Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio
Motor Trucks of all Capacities
Distributors and Service Stations in all principal cities

The Huskiest 1¼ Ton Truck Ever Built

Motor	3¾ x 5⅛
Axle	Timken 1½ ton size
Frame	1½ ton size
Transmission	1½ ton size



(Continued from Page 46)

He could only hold her to him and repeat that she couldn't be his little Mary Lou, could she?

He was as much of a shock to them. Bearded and tanned, with gray in his untidy hair, his clothes soiled and shabby. The old Peter never tolerated unkemptness.

"You ought not to have done it!" said Mary Lou.

"I had to come. I had to see you."

"But you'll go away again," lamented Peter IV. "Isn't there somewhere we can all go and be together? Just anywhere at all, father?"

Peter III smiled and his eyes caressed his son.

"That's the way you feel, is it? How about Mary Lou? I can't believe she's the real Mary Lou. She always seemed older than you, Peter. She's a little sister now. How about it, Mary Lou?"

Mary Lou ducked her head abruptly. Go away to the ends of the earth without Helm? Go away where Helm could never find her? Oh, no, no, no! She didn't say it aloud.

Her father went on: "I'm sorry. No chance. I wouldn't have you share my life for anything."

Cary moved back to the Baby Falls and stood watching the thin rope of water fall over the gray-white rocks and wreathe up again in spray.

The wanderer hardly noticed his absence.

"Listen! I want you to remember this all your lives. Remember that I thought it so important I came back to tell you at the risk of my life."

They promised with the rapt obedience of their childhood.

"Don't let the Carrington blood master you! Conquer it! I let it conquer me. You mustn't do that. You mustn't ride over everything to get your own way as I did. Oh, I wish I could write it for you in letters of fire! Especially Peter. Mary Lou, you will watch over him? I know you have, just looking at him now."

Peter IV smiled, but Mary Lou tried to deny it. It had been Cary Annis who had watched over Peter. But their father had no time for interruptions.

"All my life I've given in to the Black Carringtons. I wish you could realize what it's done to me. Oh, Peter, try to think of me when the Carrington blood gets too much for you!"

Peter promised shyly. He didn't know what to make of this new father, who said uncomfortable things in a desperately serious voice. He wished he wouldn't.

"Mary Lou, don't let him be like me: If he falls in love—when he falls in love—he hasn't yet, has he?"

"No, but Mary Lou has," said Peter. "Only to-night, father."

Peter was glad to change the embarrassing subject.

"Mary Lou! Why, she's just a baby!"

"It's true, father. I'm grown up. Why, I've been older than the other girls always. I wish you could see him!"

Peter IV hurried the information that his name was Helm Wakewood and he had just come home. Peter couldn't keep his own dislike of Helm from his tone, but he scrupulously said nothing in words against his twin's lover.

Cary came up. He was sorry, but they must say good-by now.

It was almost too hard. Peter III seemed not able to let them go. He held his daughter so close she could scarcely breathe. He seemed to see her all over again. "She's so pretty," he kept saying to Cary. And when at last he did release her his voice was husky as he begged Peter IV to take care of her. As long as they could hear him, after they could no longer see him, his imploring "Take care of her, Peter!" followed them. Not "Take care of Peter, Mary Lou!" as he had commanded when he rode Streak through the Branch that long-ago day.

After all, it hadn't been Mary Lou but Cary who had looked out for Peter.

Mary Lou felt a bit conscience-stricken, when the car glided to the forbidding gate, that her thoughts hadn't been more on the lonely man they had left. They had kept drifting to Helm—Helm's vivid smile, Helm's throbbing voice—wonderful, wonderful Helm!

"I'd better go in with you," said Cary as Peter helped his sister out. Cary never touched Mary Lou.

"If you'd just as soon." The twins knew it would not be pleasant.

It wasn't.

They couldn't explain. They had to let the aunts think them ungrateful. "Ungrateful" was still the most stinging epithet in the language.

It was Peter who turned the tide.

"Mary Lou's engaged, Aunt Charlotte," he said, rushing the speech in a pause of Aunt Hetty's.

The aunts' eyes rested aghast on Cary, who was as amazed as they. He hadn't heard the announcement before. He looked as though someone had struck him.

"It's Helm!" glowed Mary Lou.

The aunts were afraid they had not heard aright. It was too wonderful to be true. Mary Lou had to show them the seal ring and tell the story again. Cary got away during the telling.

Helm's relatives took it lightly. His mother even warned him that Mary Lou was a dear little thing to look at and it wasn't fair to play with her.

"Oh, that's all right," returned Helm easily. "I'm mad about her."

He was mad about her at the time. He was at the gloomy old house at all hours. She went everywhere with him. He was always bringing her presents—odd chains, buckles, scarfs of scarlet silk.

Mary Lou bloomed under the consciousness of being loved. She was almost beautiful. Everything and everyone but Helm was insignificant to her. She couldn't feel apprehension about her father or let her thoughts dwell on his safety. For the first time in their lives she was out of sympathy with her twin. That Peter IV was at the station to get the first papers and pore over them with his heart in his mouth meant nothing to Mary Lou. Nor that there were nights when the boy crept stealthily out to walk up and down the silent old garden because he couldn't sleep for the fear inspired by the latest news. Mary Lou's thoughts were on the fact that Frances Stillmore had tried to lure her lover away and failed.

The summer passed on swift wings.

Peter spent much of his time with Cary and Cary spent none of his with Mary Lou. Occasionally Cousin Arabelle fluttered in with this or that dainty gift toward the trousseau. She sometimes mentioned Cary, and looked at the happy little bride-to-be curiously. But Mary Lou didn't respond.

It was hard to tell when the wane of Helm's affections began. Grapes were purpling on the vines when Frances announced her house party, and presently the Terraces, as the Stillmores called the only new house in Old Wakewood, overflowed with youth. Perhaps before that Helm had not been so eager. At any rate the advent of Sybil Hargreaves helped.

Helm took Mary Lou to the harvest dance. Peter went too. Betty Allenby rather liked Peter, though anxiety for his father prevented Peter from perceiving any difference in girls. He came away early and went straight to Cary's home, where he found that gentleman seated under a lamp reading to Cousin Arabelle. They welcomed him quietly. They were used to having Peter march in at odd times. He was generally suffering from a Carrington rage and needed Cary, and to-night was no exception. He threw himself down by Cary's chair and picked at the fringe of the rug under his fingers. It was a few moments before he could speak coherently.

"I wish I could kill him!" was his first statement.

"Wakewood?" asked Cary, comprehending.

Peter nodded. A strand of fringe broke in his hand and he glanced quickly at Cousin Arabelle, who merely shook her head and smiled.

"He's neglecting Mary Lou. He's mooning round after a thin blonde—a lazy thing, who looks as if she'd collapse if she moved without a prop!"

Cousin Arabelle said it was lucky Mary Lou had found him out before the twenty-second. The twenty-second was the day. But Peter replied that Mary Lou hadn't. She insisted he was simply being polite.

"And I saw him kiss the cat!" he raged. "Call that being polite? He's tired of her. I saw him draw down his mouth when Frances told him to get Mary Lou for the supper dance. I wanted to lash him across the face. I wanted to knock his head against the ground and jump on him and choke him."

Cary put steady fingers over the boy's mouth.

"Black Carrington, Pete! Let's drop it!"

He began to speak of a hunt they had planned. Cousin Arabelle ordered iced drinks and plates of chicken sandwiches. At the end of the evening Peter had almost forgotten his blinding wrath.

Cary walked home with him, and they surprised Mary Lou and Helm at the foot of the iron steps. She was clinging to him, raining kisses on his coat. He was holding her lightly, half smiling, half frowning, plainly anxious to get away.

Cary gripped Peter's arm, but Peter looked down reassuringly.

"I'm all right." He made unnecessary noise on the walk and slammed the high gate, but he was all right. He passed the departing Helm with no more than a civil "good night."

Just the same, things went from bad to worse. Helm called more seldom. Mary Lou used to stroll out in the evenings to snatch a few minutes with him when she could waylay him on the street. She actually stooped to run in on Frances' house party that she might meet him there. He was a bit impatient. She saw that the lazy Sybil had but to turn her languid gaze upon him to draw him to her side.

It was at his suggestion that the twenty-second was abandoned. The end of October would be more convenient. The end—vaguely—no particular date.

The truth—that he had tired of Mary Lou—was apparent to everyone else. Only Mary Lou would not believe it. He was too splendid, too knightly, too noble to be inconstant. Even when she couldn't go on blinding herself, she wouldn't admit she believed it.

Sybil departed, and Mary Lou looked for Helm wistfully. But Betty Allenby had a guest from Baltimore on whom Helm's fickle affections lighted.

The aunts tried not to show their distress. They were very tender with Mary Lou. They even let down the bars against Cary far enough to permit the twins to go for long rides with him in his latest car.

They were the only pleasant things in Mary Lou's existence, those rides.

Cary, the understanding, turned them into driving lessons and kept her busy at the wheel. Sometimes Cousin Arabelle sat with Peter in the rear seat. She was as flighty as ever, her frocks even more youthful. She took a wicked satisfaction in pretending to think there was something between Cary and Mary Lou.

"Oh, bad and coo if you like," she would say. "Petah and I can't heah, you know."

The idea was balm to Peter, but Cary took it as a joke. He never went beyond the relation of teacher and pupil with Mary Lou.

It was Cousin Arabelle who put the thought into the girl's head.

They were waiting under a flaming gum tree, while Cary and Peter changed a tire, when Cousin Arabelle poked at the litter of rose-red leaves and remarked that it was just here Tessie Baird had failed to run off with Cary.

"She'd have had him if it hadn't been fo' the man she married," laughed Cary's stepmother. "Cary's so desperately afraid of hurting people. She picked him up on the street and then she wouldn't stop the cah. Said she'd drive directly into the rivah if he wouldn't promise to marry her. If they hadn't run out of gasoline Cary would have been Mistah Tessie!"

Mary Lou didn't pause to consider the truth of that. She took it for granted. Why not Helm? Why not? Why not? It said itself over and over as she drove home. She'd borrow the car and make Helm come with her. The plan unrolled before her mind's eye. She didn't have to think it out. It was as if it were something she had known long ago and remembered.

It wasn't easy to get Helm, but he consented at last, prepared to be bored.

Aunt Charlotte came in to pin some late asters to Mary Lou's little brown belt and kiss her helplessly. Aunt Hetty lingered in the doorway, asking transparent questions as an excuse for remaining near. When Mary Lou was ready to leave she caught her aunt's thin veined hands an instant.

"I have tried to be grateful! I have! I have!" Then—"Good-by!" And she was gone.

The aunts worried over her for some time before they sent Peter for Cary.

Cary came quietly. His calmness soothed the aunts. They were almost ready to admit that they had been needlessly alarmed. He took Peter with him when he left, however.

At the telegraph office the older man left Peter a moment. When he returned he had a yellow envelope in his hand. To their inquiry at the still open drug store they received the information that little Miss Caldwell had gone out the Pike in the car with Mr. Helm.

Cary frowned and eyed the envelope in his hand ostentatiously. He let it be understood that there was news of importance for Mary Lou.

Betty Allenby, passing under escort of one of Helm's younger brothers, stopped to find out what was going on and perhaps for the opportunity of a word with Peter.

"They've eloped!" she cried. "I'm sure they've eloped."

Blaine Wakewood looked grave. Knowing Helm, he was sure of nothing so satisfactory. He felt Helm's defection from what his grandfather termed "honor" as strongly as did his mother.

"Take our racer, Annis," he offered. "It can pass your car any time."

"Bad news, Peter?" asked Betty. But Cary answered for him: "Yes, rather. Must have a reply at once."

"The telegram's just a bluff, isn't it?" Peter asked Cary, when they had begun to tear over the road in the Wakewood racer.

Cary shot him an odd swift glance, and Peter gave it up. He sank lower in his seat and pulled his cap down over his eyes. He writhed under his twin's absence of pride.

A sharp sound came to them above the roaring of the engine, before they had been on the road half an hour. Peter sat up with a start, and the car seemed to leap ahead under Cary's anxious hands.

"Shot?" gasped Peter, his voice faint in the teeth of the wind.

"She—have—gun?" came back from Cary.

"Don't—know. Was lit-tle one—my drawer."

"Loaded?"

"Guess so."

Then they saw the big car in the road. Helm stood by one of the front wheels, hatless. He held a small weapon in his hand and eyed them defiantly.

But Cary did not seem to see him. He stepped over the side of the racer into his own car quietly. Mary Lou was huddled over the steering wheel. At first he thought she was crying, but she looked up tearlessly.

"Telegram," he said briskly, as if all this were the natural thing.

She took the yellow envelope mechanically.

"It concerns you, though it's a newspaper dispatch," he amplified.

Peter leaned over her shoulder eagerly.

"Black Carrington caught Florida coast. Taken north nine-seven," ran the somewhat cryptic message.

The rumble and roar of the lightning express forty feet ahead drowned their exclamations. In the glare of its brief passing they could see Helm glance at Mary Lou meaningly. The clangor had barely died away before he spoke.

"There it goes!" he said, with a jerk of one shoulder toward the iron monster.

For a second Peter thought he meant the nine-seven of the telegram, and made a movement toward the express as if he could overtake it and drag his father from the clutches of the law. Mary Lou's voice stopped him.

"I'm sorry, Cousin Cary," she said wearily, "but Helm shot a hole in your tire."

"It was the tire or us," flashed Helm.

Cary said it was of no consequence. They could all squeeze into the racer

"What were you doing with a gun?" blazed Peter, advancing on Helm.

"Ask your sister."

"I had the gun, Peter," affirmed Mary Lou. "Helm took it to shoot the tire."

"Ask her why? Ask her why?" Helm wasn't appearing well and he knew it. The knowledge put him at an even greater disadvantage.

Mary Lou shrugged.

"He did it because he didn't want to be knocked off the track by that express."

"But ——" began the bewildered Peter.

"You see," explained Mary Lou carefully, "I thought we'd decide to-night whether we were to get married or not. And when I found we couldn't, because Helm is engaged to Sybil Hargreaves and Betty's friend and maybe others, who wouldn't understand his marrying me, I said we'd end it on the track."

"She threatened me with this first," growled Helm, extending the weapon. "Said we'd go to Charlottesville and get the license and have it over. She—she's mad, I think."

(Concluded on Page 63

CROSS-EYE'S DOUBLE CROSS

By ANTHONY M. RUD

KÜMMEL ain't no beverage for me. Nope! If you fellahs got any regular dope I can make a highball outa, that's different. If your cellar's getting dry I'll stick to Vichy. Oh, thanks!

No, kümmel naturally was a Proosian dish. My private notion is that Bill Kaiser used to soak up on caraway juice and that's one reason he went crazy. Anybody, even a German, is dangerous with some of it under his pod restrictor—particularly an Irishman, I guess. Look out for a Fritz whose breath smells like the inside of a loaf of Milwaukee rye bread. But when it's a harp, run for your life!

I'm retrospecting on Hindy Corrigan, of course. You guys ain't never heard the gospel about that rookie. Why? Well, because me and Walters—who got his going up the hill at Château-Thierry—was the only ones wise; and being wise ain't made me proud, so to speak. Now, Hindy's finally pickled himself in caraway. The papers tell how he cashed in up at his country estate on the Hudson, so I guess it's up to me as the only survivor to dish him out his R. I. P. and epitaph. They's a million bugs waiting to hear it too.

Hindy was the one and only guy I ever knew of who cracked down a fortune outa baseball, and he done it in one season too. Sure, I was one of the goats—but so was everybody else. Even I ain't accusing him of being partial. If he had 'a' been I'd 'a' owed him more dough by the time October come round than all them flossy actorines owes their dressmakers at the end of the year. No, he just naturally glommed onto the yellow backs wherever they was hiding, on the notion that an eagle don't care who makes it scream, I guess.

The Rats had prospects that spring about four joss sticks more aromatic than rotten. In February and March we gave up playing even sempros and took on all the high schools down in Texas, so as the scores wouldn't look so bad. The pitchers we carried was the kind you take to an old man's home for the winter, fearing they'd get so tied up with rheumatiz from the frost they couldn't hobble onto the field in the spring.

All of them had been good—once. None of them ever would be real good again. That's how we come to have them. Charley-horse Steinberg, who held the stock of the Rats that year, give me just about as much money for new players as a Scotchman wishes on his caddy. I had two rookie outfielders trying for a place on their own and one old war horse of a utility infielder. Besides the three catchers and the regulars, though, that was all. We was ready for our usual place heading the second division—facing backward—always providing we could keep nine men on the field at once. If any of the old guys broke their legs or anything I was figuring on putting Looie, the bat boy, in right field and filling in at shortstop myself. That's just how hard up I was.

One morning just about a week before the season opened I was sitting there in the dugout watching batting practice. By the way all those old boys creaked when they swung at a ball I knew it'd take a million gallons of horse liniment to keep 'em moving their joints all season. As I was chewing away and cussing Steinberg somebody comes up behind me and touches me on the shoulder.

Because I thought I was alone, I swung right round. There, standing in front of me with his foot up on the bench, was one of the oddest-looking ducks you ever flashed a glass eye on! He was a squatty, bald-headed harp and he was holding a corncob in the crookedest teeth I ever seen on a human being. But you fellows know what Hindy Corrigan looked like. He was a sort of cross between a gorilla and a gargoyle, with the ape a little bit ahead because of having more hair everywhere but on its head. When I seen him I thought right away of the Bronx Zoo and of those funny faces they carve on the handles of senior canes up at Dartmouth. I never once thought about baseball. Even when he was going his best, nobody ever accused Hindy of looking like a ball player. Maybe that's part of the reason he got away with it.

After about a second I got my eyes past his face and then I really got interested. The funny-looking guy was holding a fifty-dollar bill right up under my nose!

"You're Seth Haskell, the manager, ain't you?" he asked, and I wondered where the deuce that big voice could come from in him.

"Ye-ah," I admitted, keeping my glims on that fifty. "What've I got that's worth that much to you?"

"That's a bet!" he returned, waving the fifty. "I want to put it on myself!" He waited—expectantlike.

"This is a ball field, not a bricklayers' picnic. You got in on the wrong ticket," I growled, because I was kinda disappointed that the guy wasn't somebody who'd owed me money and wanted to pay up; or a lawyer with a legacy from a rich uncle or something.

"Not me!" he says, chewing on the corncob like he meant it. "Maybe I ain't much on looks, but I'm a ball player too. I'm a pitcher!"

I stand up gravely and jump on one foot like a swimmer does when he gets water in his ear. I was sure I didn't get him right.

"Pitcher!" I echoes. "Water or quoits or what?"

"Well," he says, cocking the pipe up snappy, "I ain't cracked like them relics you got in your china set anyway. Here's fifty that says I can start the game for you next Saturday and win it!"

Right there I whistle a little tune I learnt a long while back. It's something about Little Willie and a stick of dynamite. The guy that looks like he oughta been carrying a hod couldn't 'a' bit me squarer if he'd aimed with an eight gauge. Course he was foolish—nutty as the ducks in Matteawan who aren't there because they have good lawyers. For a second I listen, though.

"Come on! Are ye game—or just broke?" he says, waving the money insultinglike. "I know they don't pay you guys enough so as you can afford to gamble much, but I thought maybe the manager ——"

"Shut up, you poor fish!" I answered crossly. "When you says you were a pitcher you gave me a start, 'cause I was just kinda dreaming away and hoping that Clarke Griffith would call me up on long distance and tell me Walter Johnson wanted to be traded to the Rats. I'm short on good pitchers, as everybody knows, but I ain't that hard up!"

"Don't want to make fifty, easy money, eh?" he says kinda to himself.

"That ain't it. I got to work like sin to have a chance with that Pink Sox bunch in the first game. I can't afford to throw it, even for fifty bucks. Who in hell are you, anyway? Where'd you learn to pitch?"

"Never mind about that. Maybe I'm Slim Sallee or Grover Alexander or Babe Ruth in disguise."

"Ye-ah, and maybe you ain't."

I gave him one last look and felt sore at myself for even wasting words on him. He mighta been a good man once in the Shamrock League, but he wasn't cut out even for the bushes now. I just jerks my thumb toward the gate. That kinda acts like sticking him with a pin.

"Not a chance!" he yells, and slaps the fifty right into my hand. "Here!" he goes on. "That's to pay for an hour of your valuable time. Come on! I want to show you something!"

Boys, that was one of the crucial times of my young life and I weakened. I looked straight into those funny blue eyes of his and then at the fifty in my hand, and I just couldn't resist. He grabbed me by the arm and led me out on the field.

"So long as the boys are batting," says Corrigan, "I'll go up there and let you see me swipe at a few balls. Tell that lanky lummox who's heaving them to put all the stuff on 'em he's got!"

I was willing by then. It looked like an easy way to make him look foolish. I walked up to Lem Wilson, who is the best bet we've got, and slips him the dope.

"This here guy," I says, "wants to show us how to hit a few home runs. Will you lob 'em over for him?"

Lem kinda grins and nods. Corrigan picks up a bat and sidles awkward up toward the pan. There he takes his coat off, spits on his hands, hists his suspenders and monkeys round about half a minute. It looks a little as though he's fussed, and if it wasn't for the fifty in my jeans maybe I'd 'a' been sorry for him a little. Most of the time he's just staring out at Lem, who stands like Patience on a monument waiting for him to walk into the box.

Then Corrigan steps up. Lem slips him a bean ball right away, so as to scare him. Corrigan drops flat in the dust, but before Walters, the catcher, gets the pill back to Lem, Corrigan is up again, glaring savage like he was going to bite somebody.

Lem shoots what's meant to be a drop. Like the boom of a sailboat Corrigan swings round. By accident, like sometimes happens, he busts the leather right on the nose. Smack! Away it sails, high and far. With something like a feeling of respect, I see it clear the score board in center field. It takes a husky wallop to do that. None of my guys even had hit the board on the fly for two full seasons

"Ye'll never find that ball!" barks Corrigan. "Try another one."

Lem looks kinda sheepish, but he picks up another ball and hunches up his shoulders the way he does when he's sore. I see him wind up like a windmill and shoot his spitter across like a meteor. Corrigan never offers at that, though it cuts the outside of the pan, but stands like a wooden Indian, staring at Lem like he was going to eat him up. Well, the next ball ain't so good. It hits the dirt and Corrigan has to back away from the bounce.

Continued on Page 53

SAVAGE

the rifle you asked for

HERE is the rifle that you have been waiting for so long. And we have made it your way—from muzzle to butt-plate.

It is the result of years of experimental work, guided and checked by the ablest military and civilian experts.

It is the most serious instrument of precision that has ever been manufactured to shoot .22 rim-fire ammunition. Designed especially to fill the exacting requirements of National Rifle Association small bore match shooting.

The .22 Savage N. R. A. is a genuine miniature military rifle. It is a bolt-action, five-shot repeater, with full length military pistol-grip stock and swivels for sling. It can be used in every position, with every time-limit and for every kind of fire that the .30 Service rifle can. The only match condition that need be changed is length of range. And it will beat the Service rifle at 100 yards.

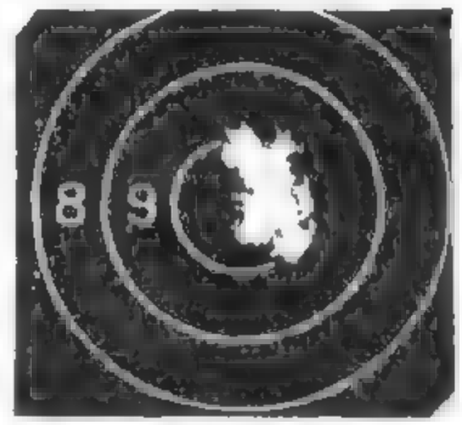
A new rifling system makes the barrel more accurate than other .22 calibre models previously used in this work—and Savage reputation for accuracy made the experts select us to build this rifle.

A new firing-mechanism—lightened moving parts with less than half-inch travel, long, husky mainspring and two-point firing-pin—make ignition instantaneous.

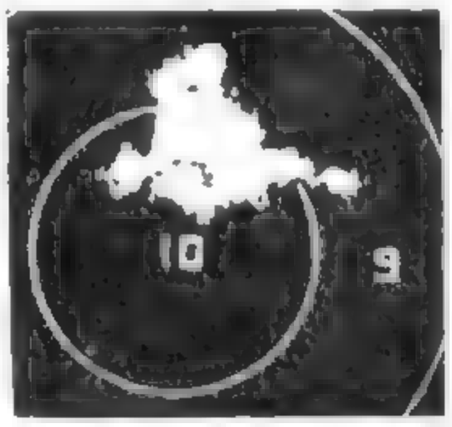
The Marine Corps type front sight defines clearly in any light, and the simple, strong aperture rear sight has click adjustment for elevation and windage—one click moves shot one-quarter inch on target at 25 yards.

25 inch round barrel, full military stock, oil finish, pistol grip, sling swivels, Marine Corps type front, and wind-gauge aperture rear sights, 5-shot detachable box magazine. Chambered for .22 Long Rifle cartridge only. Supplied in .22 Short on special order only. And remember it's as good for small game shooting as for target work.

See it at your dealer's or write us for particulars.



25 Yards—10 Shots, ¼ inch bull by Marine Gunner J. L. Kenny, U. S. M. C.



50 Yards—9 Shots, 1-inch bull, by Marine Gunner J. L. Kenny, U. S. M. C.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

UTICA, N. Y.

Sharon, Pa. Detroit, Mich. Philadelphia, Pa.

Executive Offices, 50 Church St., N. Y.

The New .22 Savage N. R. A. Rifle Model 1919

50 Yards—10 Shots, 1-inch bull by Marine Gunner John J. Andrews, U. S. M. C.

G. P. STEPHENSON
A. A. A. Technical Representative

STANLEY S. TURNER
Winning Driver of the Franklin Car

FOSTER CURRY, Donator of the Camp Curry Trophy
STANDISH MITCHELL, Sec. Auto. Club of So. California

HARRY S. MASON
A. A. A. Road Representative

The Franklin Car Sets Fuel Economy Record in Yosemite Run and Wins All Three First Prizes

This Los Angeles-Camp Curry event, designed to test fuel economy of all cars from every possible angle, was conducted by the Automobile Club of Southern California under official A. A. A. supervision.

The Franklin Car won:

1. FIRST PRIZE, Sweepstakes cup, for best all-'round showing of any car at any price. It covered the 374.5 miles on 13 gallons of gasoline, an average of 28.8 miles to the gallon.
2. FIRST PRIZE. All classes, most ton-miles per gallon of gasoline. This rating was devised to remove all handicaps of weight. It puts all scores on an equal basis of comparison. The Franklin, with 49.9 ton-miles, beat lighter and heavier cars.
3. FIRST PRIZE, own price class, for most ton-miles per gallon.

The Franklin established a new record, being the first car of any make to win the three first prizes in the history of the event.

This triple victory for the principles of light weight and flexible construction and direct air cooling (no water to boil or freeze) is important.

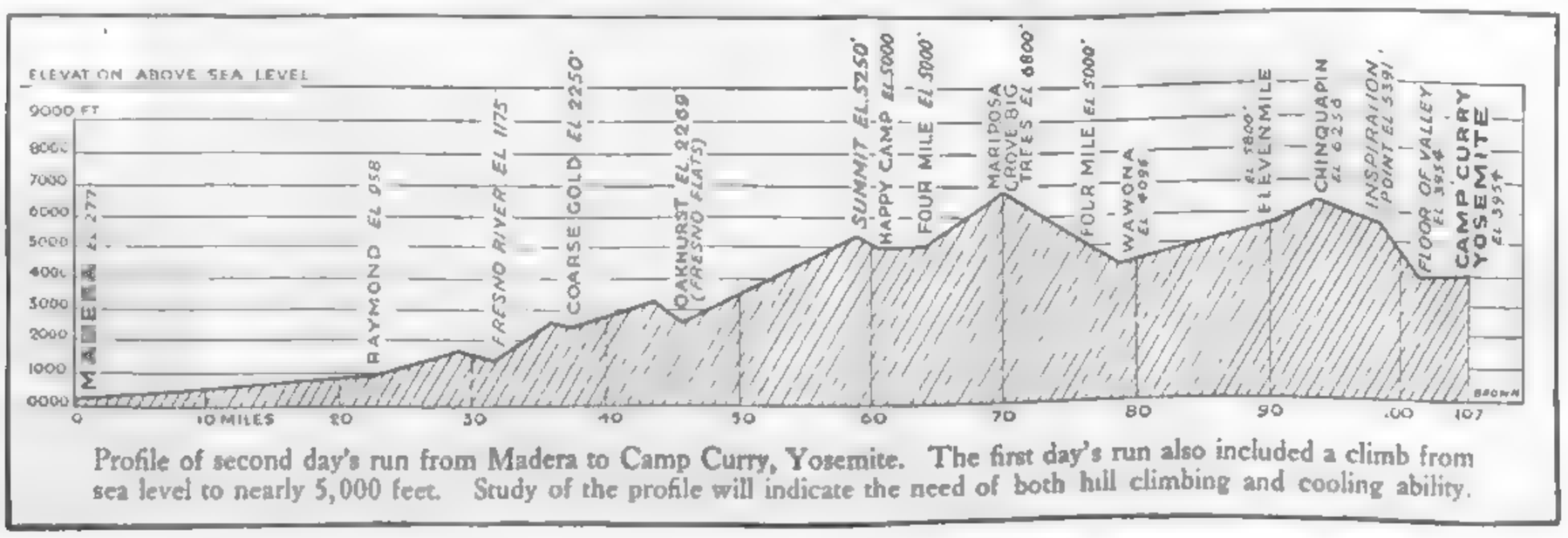
It indicates to motorists the freedom from trouble, the fuel economy, and the assurance of motoring satisfaction open to them with the Franklin Car.

These advantages have long been summed up in the conservative statement of Franklin performance.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

Practically without exception, the Franklin Car has established the economy records of all the official events held in seventeen years.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Profile of second day's run from Madera to Camp Curry, Yosemite. The first day's run also included a climb from sea level to nearly 5,000 feet. Study of the profile will indicate the need of both hill climbing and cooling ability.

(Continued from Page 50)

"I ain't no submarine!" he yells. "Stick her over the plate!"

Well, this is just what Lem did on the next one and again Hindy swung. This time the pill sailed toward right field, long and low like the way some of these candy golfers drive a golf ball. It didn't go high enough for a home run, but it went plunk into the wire netting in front of the seats, as pretty a three-baser as you ever want to see!

"Didn't get that one up enough!" growled Corrigan. I stopped with my mouth open, just about to say something. The darned rookie was beefing because he hadn't put it in the stands! That was too much for me. I motions Lem to slip him a couple of out curves, thinking this would be something else again.

Lem obeys, but I can see the sweat coming to his forehead from where I stand in the coacher's box. He's worried for fear his arm is going bad—that's plain.

The first one Hindy fouls off and the second one he lets go by.

"Strike two!" I yells, just to encourage Lem a bit. Hindy don't pay no attention though. He just glares at Lem and waits.

The next ball is a slow one, a teaser that's easy to hit but darned hard to knock fair. It's pie for the Clark Street Bridge though. Up goes a high fly that don't come down until it's way past the bleacher ticket office over on Higg's Alley.

"Now, am I Babe Ruth in disguise or ain't I?" yells Corrigan, grinning.

I don't say nothing, but chases Lem Wilson to the showers—and he's glad to go at that. Baldy White, who's been watching all the performance, is the next victim. He's a port-wheeler and I figure he'll show the darned upstart that all major-league pitching ain't as bad as Wilson's.

It seems like Baldy's rattled or cold or something. For a couple of minutes he don't get one any nearer the pan than the Battery is to the Polo Grounds. Hindy just stands and glares. When the first fast one comes in reach of his hat he pastes it straight in the direction of the Atlantic Ocean. I ain't claiming that it made one of these nonstop flights to Ireland, or nothing like that, but I'll bet the geezers in the Azores wondered where that new shooting star come from. Last I seen of that ball it was up in the nimbuses and still going.

Baldy kinda gaped, but he was game. Three more home runs went kiting away, with a pair of fouls mixed in for good measure with one clean strike—the first ball Hindy had swung at without hitting. I called it off. There wasn't any use in wasting the whole of that fifty in lost balls. I had seen enough to show me that the harp in suspenders knew something more about batting than I did.

"You don't have to do no more, young feller," I says, stepping up to him. "Here's your fifty back, and if you come into the clubhouse now I'll get a unie and a rookie contract for you."

I wasn't sure how I could make Steinberg see it, but I needed a guy in my line-up who could hit one like that and I knew it.

Hindy shook his head.

"You ain't seen me pitch," he barked. "I'm a pitcher, I am. And I don't want no rookie contract neither."

This kinda stalls me for a second, and while I'm figuring he walks out and picks up Baldy's glove and one of the balls.

"Now send up some good batters and you go back there and empire," he says, pointing at the plate.

I nods. He's giving the party; and though he's got his fifty bucks back I'm willing to let him go on. All the time I'm wondering whether I can teach him how to catch a fly ball, so as I can make a place for him out in the field.

To keep him going, I send Sliver Chitney, our third baseman, up to bat. Sliver has a record of hitting an average of .237 for about eleventeen years or so and he ain't exactly what you'd call a greenhorn at the bat.

Before Hindy throws one at all I sees him glaring down at us; and, believe me, them eyes of his kinda made me uneasylike without knowing exactly why. Sliver feels it, and Walters, the catcher. I know, because I hear 'em say something about his looking at 'em like a cat looks at you in the dark.

Then he started a ball our way. I say that advisable, because, as you guys know, Hindy never did use no wind-up to speak of. One second he was standing still, glaring at you. The next the ball was coming and you hardly saw how he done it.

There wasn't nothing on that ball at all. It just floated over like a toy balloon. Sliver dodged like it was aimed at his bean!

"Got to call that a strike," I says. "Why didn't you hit it, Sliver?"

He mumbled something about a corkscrew that I didn't get, and came back to the plate. This time he swung, and though I could see that Hindy didn't have much more than a glove and a prayer, Sliver missed the pill by ten inches.

"One more like that and you go to Sioux City for a long rest!" I yells. The guy was making us all look more like a monkey than he was himself.

Sliver didn't have no comeback. He just dusts his hands and tries twice more. Each time he misses so far you could 'a' druv a flivver through the hole.

"Let me have the stick!" I says finally in disgust. "You couldn't hit an elephant with a feather duster."

Sliver throws down the hickory, mad as a hornet, but he didn't say nothing, just looking at me kinda queer.

Well, I ain't going to be the hero of the yarn. When I got up there Hindy struck me out three times running without me even knocking a tick foul! Right then, though, I seen better what had been the matter with Sliver. That guy Corrigan had a bunch of curves that never was in the book at all! Unless you was batting it was hard to see 'em for some reason or other, but up there you didn't have no difficulty, believe me! He had a spiral twister that came toward the plate like a corkscrew cutting into a cork. Also a scallop curve that had four separate jumps in it. Them ballistic experts proved on paper that them things couldn't be true, but I seen 'em time and time again and I know what I'm talking about.

Before long I had the whole gang hooting at me when I whiffed, but I got so I didn't care. The old gorilla out there throwing them things at me was a born major-league star—if I ever saw one. I was just itching to get his John Henry on the dotted line of one of our contracts before somebody else saw him. When I'd had enough of fanning, I yanked him right off the field and into the office. Without consulting Steinberg or nobody I fixed him up a contract calling for eighteen hundred and uncapped my own fountain pen to make it easy for him to sign.

Without even reading it he shoved the contract back.

"Nothing doing!" he says. "I don't want no contract that way at all."

I tried to reason with him, telling him every player in the major leagues was tied up that way, but he wouldn't listen. When I asked him what he did want, he wouldn't even tell me either.

"You just let me pitch that opening game for you free of charge," he says, "and after that I'll tell you the kind of arrangement that will suit," he says.

Don't let 'em tell you that I didn't fight for a contract right then. I even raised the ante to two thousand and then to twenty-five hundred, because I had a regular poker hunch that I'd get stuck big if I didn't nail him down. Well, I just couldn't convince him. When I threatened to kick him out and not even let him try to play, he just grinned.

"They's other guys what ain't so proud," he says. "If you'd rather have me hunt up Muggsy McGraw ——"

That was just what I didn't want, though I didn't tell him. The Giants wasn't what you'd call rivals of us—them being fighting the Cubs for first place while we trailed the whole outfit during the season that had just gone into history, as the orator says—but still I believe always in fixing up the old proverb to read, "To him what ain't oughta be given a chance, anyway." And doping out how the Rats could get a chance to finish as high as seventh place was an equation in indifferent calculus or some such kind of math that ain't taught on the diamond.

While I was trying to hedge and save face and so on, he reaches for his hip, naturallike. In the movies this always means a gun fight starting, but among ball spielers it's something else again. It listens more like a booze fight starting. Sure as cucumbers and dyspepsia, out comes a flask—one of these fancy, leather-covered ones with four thimble-sized cups slung in the bottom.

"Redeye?" I demands, starting my managerial scowl. With ordinary guys hard liquor and ball playing get along about as well as molasses taffy and the mumps, and I know it only too well, me losing Butcher Hardy, the best left fielder in the game—but this ain't got nothing to do with Butch.

"No," he answers, casual. "Kümmel.

Before I gets a chance to say nothing more he jerks out two of the thimbles, fills 'em up from the flask and passes one to me. The flooid ain't highly colored, but innocent and pure-looking—like gin. The stink from them two little cups fills the office right away though, like asafedity in a schoolroom when the steam pipes are red-hot in winter.

I ain't never tasted kümmel, but when I sees him toss his thimbleful and reach for more I think it can't be as bad as it smells, and shoots mine. Well, all of a sudden I want to make a face, just like a kid does when he bites into a fresh lime. The dope proves up more like poison than anything I tasted since the day I nibbled a rat biscuit, thinking it was an after-dinner mint.

I keep a tight rein on my seventh cranial nerve, though, 'cause a notion just popped.

"Had much of the stuff to-day?" I asks unconcernedlike.

"Just one pint," he answers, regretful. "Y'see it's kinda early yet!"

I didn't say nothing, trying to look boredlike as if anything short of a gallon before breakfast was a teetotal day for me. Without much persuading he pours again.

Well, there ain't no use trying to camouflage it. Even with a pint handicap, Hindy wasn't bothered by the contents of the flask—and I was. By the time I had half under my belt I thought he was a good fellah and had promised him he could pitch Saturday. This was all he wanted, and with the last drop of the pint flask under his belt he beat it for the hotel where he had his duds.

During the next four days I put the Rats in the hands of Casso Thorpe, the coacher, and I spent my mornings and afternoons with Walters and Corrigan. We'd go off in a corner of the lot by ourselves and work like troopers. We had to fix up a whole new line of signals for Hindy, 'cause of his new curves. When this was finished I batted him grounders and taught him some about fielding his position.

He wasn't nearly the ignoramus he looked though. Spite of the fact that he wouldn't tell us nothing about his previous jobs, you could see he had played some baseball. It might 'a' been years before or it might 'a' been in a hick league somewhere, but he had the general idea good enough. Little points like covering first base and fielding bunts were new, but I put them across quick. I could see that Hindy's fielding percentage never was going much higher than his batting, but that wasn't worrying me a lot. Any guy that could hit the stuff he passed out was good enough to get on base anyway, the way I doped it.

Saturday came round and about eight hundred fans turns out for our grand opening with the Cubs. Y'see, the papers have it all figured out how we couldn't even play six, seven, eight in the Three Eyes League, so only the real rabid guys came out. Even the band I hired for the doings seemed to get tired by a quarter to three, there was so few ears to play to.

Well, I feel kinda sick, 'cause I know what's going to happen to the Rats—and my job—if we can't draw better than that. Charley Steinberg is up in the box and from the way he's looking round I can see he's got every nickel of the gate figured. Unhappy? Well, I didn't really mind if he was, only for the bum prospect.

Without doing any explaining to nobody, I warmed up Corrigan and sent him to the box. In his unie he didn't look quite so bad—kinda like a cross between Rube Marquard and Benz, with all the outstanding features of each and then some, but not so bad as I thought.

Max Flack led off for them. When the first ball come he jumped, surprisedlike, and Rigler called it a strike. Then he took two more, like as not instructed to wait out Corrigan. The first one was a ball and then another strike. From where I was I couldn't see no kind of a curve on the ball at all, but Flack was acting queer. He said something to Walters and the empire, and then walked back and swung. He missed that ball clean, took off his cap and scratched his noodle and then walked back to the coop, puzzled looking. I saw him tell something to Hollocher when he came up.

Whatever it was, it didn't do Holly no good. After taking two balls and two strikes, the Cub shortstop called for a look at the ball Hindy was using. Him and Rigler couldn't find nothing the matter with it though, and I grinned to myself. I didn't blame them a darned bit for suspecting emery or shine or something. I never did see anything like the curves Hindy used right along—and I don't s'pose I ever will again, now he's dead.

Holly whiffed, same as Flack, and up came Pick, their keystoner. He got the count to two and three, and then dumped a little grounder in the direction of Sliver Chitney. It's the first fielding chance of the season, and—true to form—Sliver messes it up. By the time he's got hold of the ball Pick is standing on first and Paskert is batting. I kinda groaned to myself, 'cause I don't know what this will do to Hindy's nerve.

It don't bother him a bit, even when Pick steals second. He gives Paskert just three balls, at which the Dodo swings three times. The side is out and I sighs a big breath of relief.

Just then I catch Steinberg's eye, looking anxious at me. I walks over to him.

"The kid looks good," he says, bending forward. "Where'd you get him?"

"Kid nothing!" I comes back. "He's costing you enough so he better be good. He's going to win the flag for us this year!"

Steinberg starts to frown incredulously, but I don't waste no more parlez vous on him. Our side is up.

Hippo Vaughan is hurling for them and he sets down Karl Luesch and Sliver Chitney without no trouble. Banning, batting third, drops a Texas leaguer back of second base and the eight hundred bugs give a faint cheer. It's the first hit of the season.

That cheer was lost in a buzz the second Hindy ambled out from the dugout. A pitcher batting in the clean-up position! Some lone bug in the bleachers remembered just then the three strike-outs in the first half inning and gives him a hand. Maybe a dozen more join in, but the applause dies quick.

Hindy doesn't offer at two balls buzz by. Both of 'em are wide. The next comes straight as a die for the pan and I see the old jib boom come swinging round. The noise Hindy's bat made in meeting that ball brought everybody in the stands up to his feet. Like the ones he hit in practice, this ball sailed out into the bleachers clean as a whistle. A thin cheer from the eight hundred greets this and keeps

up while Banning and he trot in with two runs. It's the first real sign of life the Rats have shown for nigh onto two years, and the eight hundred is glad they come.

Well, there ain't any use detailing that game. You can find it in the papers of April fourteenth for that year. Hindy held 'em. They got five hits in all, four of which Killefer, their red-headed catcher, pickled away. We beat 'em seven to nothing, Hindy getting another homer and a double. The last two times he batted Vaughan passed him, which same was some compliment to a rookie pitcher.

Right after the game Hindy makes me his proposition. I had sorta prepared Steinberg for a jolt, 'cause I figured Corrigan would strike for five thousand or something like that—the same being nothing for a regular player but a whole lot more than any rookie ever got from us.

Over the kummel flask, though, Hindy pulls the funniest one I ever heard.

"The only contract I get is one that you give me," he says. "I don't sign nothing."

Which being exactly the way flats ain't rented and baseball teams ain't run.

After a lot of beefing I got his proposition. He wants to play for us on a commission basis, so to speak. He says he'll pitch any time I want him to, and pinch hit if I need him in other games. Every time he pitches and wins he is to get five hundred dollars; every time he loses he pays us back two hundred and fifty bucks. He figures the first game as nothing in his pocket, only if he loses two games he'll owe us nothing either.

Of course I fight like a wildcat and tell him how absurd his notion is. He explains, calm as anything, that any ordinary pitcher who was paid that way would make about enough to feed a white rat—if he was lucky. Also he points out that I don't need to pitch him if I don't want to, and when he don't pitch he don't earn no money. While I'm thinking how grand it would be just to have him for a pincher, without paying him nothing, the same hunch hits him too. He says that when he goes up to pinch hit he'll pay us twenty-five bucks if he don't get on base. If he does get on by a hit we pay him a hundred. If it's a pass, or anything like that, nobody pays nobody.

"That's an edge you can have!" he concludes.

For two whole days I scraps with him before I even put it up to Charley Steinberg. Then I only do it 'cause Hindy has his grip packed ready to hunt another club. Incidentally, Wilson and Baldy lose two games to the Cubs in these two days which we could 'a' won with Hindy either pinch-hitting or pitching. Steinberg took a day to figuring it all out on paper and then agreed that Hindy's proposition was fair enough. He didn't see how Corrigan could crack down more than two or three thousand that way, even if he was good. I gave his signed agreement to Corrigan. It wasn't my funeral, and I needed Hindy.

Well, there ain't no use telling you guys much about that season. Hindy proved up to be an iron man. I started pitching him once in five days and he won every start. The trouble was that the rest of the Rats were so badly shot that we had a hell of a time winning any of the other games. I got Hindy down to pitching every fourth day and sometimes finishing a game that looked like a possible victory. He pinch-hit in every game, except during one week when his ankle went bum.

It wasn't till the middle of July that Hindy lost a game. We was then in second place, with the Giants a game and a half ahead of us and the Cubs about that much behind. Things had got so that when Hindy was scheduled to pitch we could count on from fifteen to twenty-five thousand fans and on the days in between about four thousand—coming just to see him bat once! Charley Steinberg kicked at first when he had to pay, but he wasn't no fool. Even with what Hindy was cracking down, the Rats were making real money for the first time in years.

Hindy ran up against Dick Rudolph. Rudy was hurling one of those days when he could go ninety-nine innings without letting a guy get as far as second. It was in the fourteenth that Hindy blew up. They made eight runs off him in that one inning. I never believed but what he just got tired of working that hard and throwed the game, knowing he had two loses coming that wouldn't cost him nothing. He was drinking that danged kümmel all the time, you know.

You remember, I told you all of us were his goats? Well, Hindy didn't stick to the one graft he was putting over on Steinberg. He sat in at the boys' poker games and got them to raise the limit from two bits to four dollars. Then he got 'em going on seven-card piquet instead of draw—the seven-card game being something like stud, only faster—and collected all the salaries of the bunch in addition to his own. Even I got bit bad. It seemed like you couldn't keep outa a game with him, even when you didn't want to play.

It wasn't that he was much luckier than us, either, or that he was crooked. It was just an edge he had 'cause of his being able to bluff better'n anyone I ever seen playing. Knowing what I know now, I kinda wonder that Hindy let us in on any pots at all but he did. I don't s'pose he won more'n two out of five pots when seven of us was playing, which goes to show he wasn't really what you'd call mercenary—only he didn't never lose. For a long time every hand he'd bluff he'd lay face up on the table, saying quietlike, "It pays to advertise, the guy tells me!"

Then naturally we'd call him every time he bet for a while—and he'd have 'em. He bluffed so frequent, though, and we was so poor at telling when that we just got to calling always. Y'know what that means. Winning at poker is a combo of betting right and calling only when the percentage demands. After we started that Hindy couldn't 'a' lost if he'd tried, him knowing cards better'n most of us knew our fingers.

'Long about August the bunch began giving I O U's. Hindy dropped out then and didn't play any more. He didn't really need to, 'cause I doped it out he got at least half of all the coin every one of us had drawn to date. Anyway, he was branching out in his deals in a way that made four-dollar limit look like pitching pennies. Understand, I didn't butt wise at the time, I was busy figuring how the Rats was good for about six pennants in a row, having Hindy. If I'd knowed I'd—oh, well, I didn't anyway.

We went ahead of the Giants on August eighth by trimming them three straight on their home field. In the first Hindy held 'em to two hits, we winning three to nix. The second was put on ice by him pinching for Roger Brett in the sixth and pounding out a four-carat swipe with the bags populated. The last of the series we actually won without Hindy, him having too much kümmel aboard even to put on a unie that day. I hunted him out and stuck him in a Turkish bath, lecturing him on the evils of turpentine and other strong drink in general and kummel in particular, but you might as well try to argue a pelican outa eating fish. He ended up by persuading me to drink a thimbleful of the cussed stuff! You can't fight too hard with a pitcher who wins darned near all his games, likewise leads the league in batting with an average of .527. Maybe you could, but I couldn't. When I got Hindy's cold-blue glims sparkling at me I was player and he was manager—and I don't feel so bad about admitting it now.

The minute the Rats got in the lead hell broke loose generally. The fans of our town, never daring before to think that a pennant might possibly be coming their way, smelled blood. No matter what day it was, we got a capacity crowd. They was just a bunch of vegetarian lions that got an appetizer of antelope gore. Crazy? Well, I knew those Tessie fans of Boston in the old days of Speaker, Hooper and Duffy Lewis, and all I can say is, the Rats' rooters had 'em backed off the map.

Our bad luck started simultaneous, though. Chitney breaks his ankle. Baldy gets trouble with his arm. Walters splits a finger. With the small bunch we're carrying, these things put us in a hole, particular as Shenner, the second-string catcher, ain't never been able to hold Hindy any too well.

Our winning percentage drops. The two-game lead we have over the Giants fades. They come even and then go ahead. We spurt for a few days and pass them again. It's just about all square at the home stretch, the lead going back and forth and the bugs as crazy as locoed steers. Every paper in town was carrying a double-pink sheet and most of the space was articles about the great mystery, Hindy Corrigan. With all their sleuthing and butting in, the scribes never got past speculating where I dug him up and wondering what it was gave him his pitching ability and batting eye.

Well, the end came all too sudden. New York obliges by losing the last game to Philly. That leaves us just a little bunch of ten-thousandths of a per cent behind, with one game to play with the Cubs in Chicago. If we win we get into the world's series. If we lose—but I ain't counting on that none, 'cause I've got Hindy to pitch and the Cubs ain't any too peppy now on account of being out of it.

Well, they pitches Tyler and I starts Corrigan. Five innings blow by in which they get one hit—that red-headed Killefer again—and make no errors and no runs. We make four hits and three errors and score once when Hindy's double against the fence sends in Brett.

Then the trouble begins. With Tyler batting to start the last of the sixth, Shenner blows a third strike, letting Tyler get to first. Flack gets hit by Hindy on purpose, but the empire don't see it. Then La Farge messes a grounder on first and there's three Cubs roosting on the bags.

Right then I am some nervous and get Shenner to stall a little over his shoe string. In the meantime Hollocher goes up to bat, but for some reason or other Mitchell dopes it out to change. He calls Holly and sends a lanky recruit up to bat.

The guy's name is Burfee, or something like that, as clear as I can get from the megaphone, but he is a new one with the meanest-looking face I ever seen on a ball player. He's got a long thin nose and eyes set closer together, and a mouth that slants down at the corners.

I'm nervous, but I got lots of confidence in Hindy, providing the other guys back him up. And then suddenlike I see Hindy shoot the pill across.

That is, it starts toward the plate and then changes its mind and goes out and away with a noise that breaks my heart. The mean guy knocked it clean to Wilmette! Four runs, putting them three ahead!

Hindy and I fought all the way to the ninth, but that inning was the end. We got two runs and they got one—and the Giants won the pennant. I didn't dare go back to Ratville for six months, the fans were so mad.

When I saw Hindy he had on cit's clothes again and was soaking up kümmel.

"Why did you give that guy Burfee that kind of a ball?" I growls, sidlin' up to him ready for a scrap or anything.

"I don't want to tell you now," he says, "'cause maybe I wanta play next year. I can't tell yet."

"D'you mean you throwed it?" I yelled, jumping up.

He shook his head and kinda grinned, looking for his corncob.

"Nope," he said. "That's something that ain't in my line. I just made a hell of a mistake."

"What was it?" I asked quick. He wouldn't tell me then—said it would give away his system. I had to let it go at that.

Well, before the next winter was up you all heard about Hindy's deals on the Street. He took the thirty thou he got from ball playing and poker with us and ran it into a million on margins. Then two millions and then ten—and he wouldn't play no more baseball naturally.

One time we was in New York, playing the Giants, he came round to see me. Came in a big limo with all the trimmings. After I chewed at him for giving us the slip and talked over the past season, I just happened to think.

"Can you tell me now what went wrong down there in Chicago? I been waiting to hear."

He looked at me kinda funny for about a minute. Then he nodded and reached in his pocket for the flask.

"You have been a good fellah, even if you was manager," he says, "and you boys' money gave me my start. I guess I've got plenty now anyway, but I don't want to spill the news just yet. If I tell you can you keep your trap shut?"

I promised, 'cause I was as curious as all get-out.

"Well," he says, grinning, "you know them scallops, curves and spirals and so on you seen me throw?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I didn't never throw them at all! Them things was impossible!"

Guess my eyes must 'a' popped, but I didn't say anything. I couldn't.

"Before I tell you about them," he went on, "you gotta know something about me. For ten year before I butted into the big league I was known as Kellini, the hypnotist. Well, I wasn't a fake, but my graft went dead. The public got tired of seeing my kind of show. So I doped out a plan how I could make real money. I took a couple of weeks off and learned how to throw a straight ball and how to hit one when it came over just right. Then I went to the Rats."

"And—and you ——" I gasped.

"Hypnotized 'em!" he laughed "Sure! When a batter came up I got him under control and made him see curves that wasn't there. Walters saw 'em sometimes and sometimes he didn't. The empires never. The reason Shenner couldn't catch me was 'cause he was too weak. He'd see 'em awful.

"It was the same way when I went up to bat. I'd hypnotize the pitcher so he'd toss me straight balls and not too fast. Then I'd bust 'em over the fence!"

"Good night!" I says. "Then you didn't have no curves at all?"

"Nope—just thought curves. I made a bunch of them newspaper men see 'em so I could get away with it, but it was all bunk from start to finish. Like the poker games. Some of you guys was easy subjects."

"Easy marks!" I retorts. Then I see I gotta swallow the medicine anyway, so I grins. "But how about that guy Burfee, who busted us in that last game?"

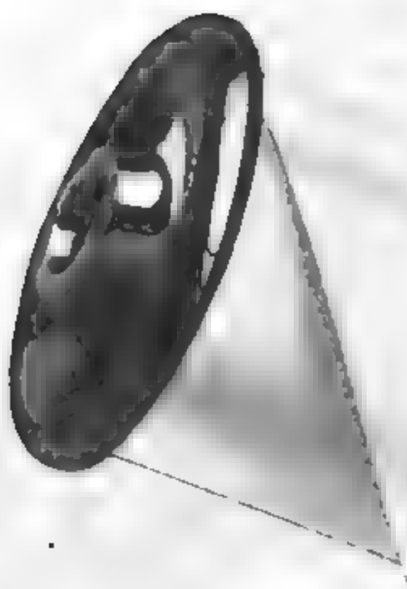
Hindy kinda shrugs his shoulders.

"Some guys I could hypnotize and some I couldn't," he says. "That guy Killefer of the Cubs was beyond me. Remember how he used to hit? Well, when this guy Burfee strolls up I can't catch his eye at all. I try hard, but somehow or other it won't take. Then I happen to notice him standing in the box. He ain't looking at me at all! He's watching something over in the first-base stands! So I tries to slip over a strike on him, and you know what happens.

"It ain't till after the game that I find out that guy Burfee is cross-eyed! When he's waiting for a ball, batting right-handed his left eye is pointed out at Addison Avenue somewhere! Being that way probably makes him harder to hypnotize too. Anyway, that's how he came to hit that homer."

I was quiet for quite a while and helped myself to some of his kümmel. "And I s'pose that's how you're making your dough now?" I says finally.

"Yeah!" he admits, "but don't tell the world—leastwise not quite yet."



If you don't own a Player Piano, you are denying yourself the most wholesome enjoyment in the world."

Q·R·S PLAYER ROLLS

How To Get Better Music From Your Player Piano—

Q·R·S Player Rolls are made from "master patterns" which are recorded from the hand playing of great pianists.

Expense is not spared in making Q·R·S "masters." No pianist is too prominent—no fee too large to pay for the sake of getting out a Q·R·S Roll that is up to our quality standard.

The initial expense is spread over so great a volume of reproductions that it amounts to only a few pennies extra on the single rolls you purchase.

And Every Q·R·S Player Roll is guaranteed to be identical with the "master pattern" from which it is made. Results in your home make your player piano faithfully reproduce the hand playing of the artist who played the original "master."

Test Q·R·S quality. Try a Q·R·S Player Roll in comparison with the same composition in the make of roll you now use. You will be happy at having the difference.

Q·R·S Player Rolls are sold by the best music dealers all over the world. Ask your dealer for Q·R·S Catalogues and Monthly Bulletins—they are worth having.

THE Q·R·S COMPANY

Executive Offices, 26 E. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

The Phonograph of Marvelous Tone

Exclusive Vitanola Features
Famous Duplex Tone Arm
Octagonal Reproducer
Perfected Sound Amplifier
Improved Tone Modifier

THE throat of the Thrush, as he sings his songs of life, scarcely surpasses in musical mastery, the VITANOLA—the marvelously toned Phonograph that has awakened the love of music and brought joy and sunshine into thousands of American homes.

The VITANOLA plays ALL records—plays them with a conception no less rare than distinctive. The soul-thrilling tones of noted stars of grand opera are faithfully reproduced by the VITANOLA. The martial music of famous bands, and the softer strains of stringed instruments, find delightful expression through the medium of this marvelous phonograph.

The VITANOLA is a vital force in Harmony-Land, and is now being nationally advertised for the first time, in order that its "natural as life" qualities may be universally enjoyed. Ask any VITANOLA dealer to play your favorite record for you, and learn why the VITANOLA is called the phonograph of marvelous tone.

Illustrated VITANOLA booklet free upon request.

Vitanola Talking Machine Co.
Chicago, U. S. A

TO DEALERS We [illegible] the co-operation of live dealers everywhere, in [illegible] the demand for VITANOLA [illegible] to dealers. Also [illegible] Phonograph Department [illegible] business building help.

VITANOLA
Plays ALL Records - Natural as Life

Revolutionizing Aëronautics

By GLENN H. CURTISS

IF IN 1835 a locomotive of the 1919 type had left New York for Philadelphia on modern rails with passenger coaches of a 1919 variety it would have gone practically empty. At that time, twenty years after the début of the first steam engine, travel by rail was considered a perilous adventure!

And yet we are to-day facing such a situation as this supposition presents. It is not eleven years since the first publicly announced flights by aëroplane were watched by Americans, but machines are now standing waiting, ready for and capable of a safe and unbelievably speedy transportation of passengers, express or freight. Their activity hangs upon the decision of a public which, bewildered by the development of an entire industry in less than a dozen years, manifests great interest but insufficient confidence. The problem of aeronautics is no longer flight. It is education!

To many this will seem exaggeration; to some, absurdity.

"Come, come!" I hear it exclaimed. "We can remember when flyers were piling up every other day. Flying was just a good gamble. Has a revolution occurred overnight?"

That is precisely what has happened. Aëronautical history of the last few years has been a demonstration of how the leopard can change his spots. The machine of yesterday is as different from that of to-day as no aëroplane at all from the original Wright biplane that made its first timid but glorious flights in 1903.

This View of an Assembly Room at One of the Largest Plants in America Gives an Idea of the Magnitude of the Aeroplane Industry

The Fate of Icarus

THE public does not quite realize this. It recognizes great improvements, but not the change from black to white.

"Wonderful!" my friends have exclaimed to me, after having seen proofs of aëronautical triumph over every weather condition and marvelous endurance tests. Yet the next moment they were asking: "But tell me, will the things actually be practical?"

In other words, they cannot realize that the aëroplane is to-day more highly developed scientifically than the automobile; and is, by every test that science can give, as reliable. Their failure to comprehend is natural. The change which the aëroplane has undergone has been a mechanical change. It has not been advertised as have the battle exploits which have been one of its results. The flyer feels, but even he does not understand it. Only the man who has shaped the steel and spruce of the modern aircraft, who knows the laws under which each wire has been strung and each drop of varnish applied, can realize what has occurred. And from him the public has not yet heard. He cannot give the history of the revolution he has witnessed; it is composed of a thousand romances. However, for one who has followed aëronautical construction from the start to explain the aëroplane of to-day as he knows it, in relation to the aëroplane of the past, may give to men from the farm and desk some idea of the sharp industrial change which has carried aircraft into the realm of practical things. Like an hour's talk on the war by one who has seen it, such a picture may suggest what it cannot actually present in full.

One day in April eleven years ago, at Hammondsport, near Lake Keuka, New York, five of us experimenters with aircraft were gathered about a white-winged machine, registering perplexity. We had been running it up and down the track in an effort to make it fly. We were the Aërial Experiment Association, a small group of workers including Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. This was our second machine—the White Wing. The first, the Red Wing, had flown 318 feet 11 inches, and we couldn't understand why the second job, profiting by our experience with the earlier model, could not do so well.

Suddenly an explanation dawned on one of us.

"We've substituted cotton for silk," he pointed out. "The stuff is porous, and the wind goes right through it!"

It was true.

"We'll get something to fill the holes," came a suggestion.

For the first time in my knowledge the necessity for the dope with which modern aëroplane wings are covered became apparent. We produced a filler, and the White Wing flew.

But the success was brief. Our filler was essentially a combination of paraffin and gasoline, the latter evaporating and depositing the paraffin on the fabric. Unfortunately we had forgotten to consider all the facts involved. The sun came out and melted the paraffin, which dripped ingloriously off the wings, leaving them as ineffective as ever. Icarus, whose mythological fall was attributed to the melting of the wax which held together the feathers of his pinions, had nothing on us!

Nothing could better typify the aëronautical situation of only a few years ago.

The air was charged with mysteries and surprises. No one could predict what a day's testing would evolve. No one but actual flyers was making aëroplane materials because no one knew with surety what was wanted. Even had this been known the problem would not have been greatly simplified, for when builders knew what they wanted in order to meet conditions they found it necessary in many instances to create. What they wanted did not exist.

Take such a simple thing as a screw or bit of wire. Surely one would think that this might have been satisfactorily purchased in 1909 or 1910 as well as now.

Not so. Screws and wires of special strength were required. An ordinary hardware store might sell a satisfactory sample; it might, on the other hand, sell the aëronaut his death.

Charlie Walsh once neglected, in traveling from one exhibition point to another, to pack the steel hinges and pins which joined the wings to the fuselage. As he discovered the omission in the morning and had contracted to fly in the afternoon he went to a stove store and had fittings made of ordinary stove iron. These gave way while Walsh was doing a stunt, the only case I know of one of our early machines breaking in the air. The incident comments sufficiently on the necessity of making special aëroplane materials.

Not a Siren, But a View of the Great Wind Tunnel of an Aeroplane Company Which Has Done Much Successful Experimental Work

Doctor Langley Vindicated

NOW it was up to aëronautical constructors from the start to find out what was needed in the way of quality and to try to supply it. There was naturally a deal of pure trying it on the dog. Even such a scientist as Doctor Langley determined to a large extent whether an element was strong or serviceable by trying it out. But we saw early that this was no business; that aëronautics demanded peculiar accuracy. A man might make a weak automobile part and get actual profit from its breaking. In aëronautics it was like suspending yourself on a doubtful cable over a chasm. If the cable broke there was not the least profit in it for you! Playing safe was at a premium. What wonder if aëronautics drew from the start scientific minds, and laid out for itself tasks involving an incredible accuracy?

Unquestionably the father of aviation was the gas engine. The Wright Brothers would not have flown at Kitty Hawk in 1903 had it not been for the light sixteen-horse-power engine which propelled their aëroplane. And the great dream of all the 1908 pioneers—a dream to provoke the laughter of these four-hundred-horse-power days—was a light motor developing fifty or sixty horse power and running for as long as an hour!

In the spring of 1914 I undertook a task which impressed vividly on my mind the meaning of the engine in flying. At the request of the Smithsonian Institution I fitted the Langley aërodrome with pontoons, and flew it over Lake Keuka to show that Dr. S. P. Langley, ridiculed to his death by his apparent failure in 1903, had actually constructed a machine capable of flight, even if his inadequate facilities for launching it had resulted in wrecks both times flying had been tried.

The engine in the Langley was a fifty horse power and the aëroplane was constructed so as not to overload it. Riding that machine was like balancing on the fine outer branches of a tree. Everything was delicately made. The

Since the Early Days of Marine Flying There Has Been Great Progress Toward Structural Simplicity. This is a Hydroaeroplane of 1919

wires were like toy wires. The turnbuckles were tiny things such as a one-third flying size model of to-day might employ. The wing ribs were fragile, the struts slender—the whole affair suggested spider tracery. When we installed a stronger motor and got sufficient altitude to negotiate turns, no skater alarmed by the mutter of the ice beneath him ever went forward with a greater feeling of being in solution than the pilot of that resuscitated model that might have flown in 1903!

Differences

THE total weight of the Langley machine with pilot was 830 pounds; the JN-4 of to-day weighs 2170 pounds. Imagine the progress in solidity of structure which the difference in weights suggests! It is only one advantage attending a progress from fifty to ninety horse power. The June Bug, in which the first American public flight of a mile was made, in 1908, had the same wing spread as the JN-4D, the present army-training machine. It weighed about 700 pounds! More firmly built than the Langley model, it offers a remarkable contrast to a modern machine. No beams as solid as house timbers were possible for it! Though chargeable with no death or serious injury it was a vehicle fit only for calm weather, to be flown in the hush of dawn or sunset, when the air was peculiarly quiet. Unusual atmospheric conditions sent it bobbing like a cork on the surf!

It would be fascinating to tell the story of motor development, showing how power, lightness in proportion to weight, and reliability under continuous use have led the development of flying as a whole, and made it possible to put a four-hundred-horse-power engine into a space little larger than that occupied by a traveling trunk! To follow the cooling system alone would take one through an adventure story. There was a time when our air-cooled forty-horse-power motor could work efficiently for only a minute or two. I remember how we packed it with wet waste and thought we had conquered the world when it ran for seven minutes! From that day, only ten years ago, to the day when a motor runs for fifty hours in the test shed, and an aviator stakes his life on its ability to carry him above the sea for twenty hours without faltering, is indeed as big a jump in achievement as it is scant in time.

Only a few weeks ago, when the 27th Division paraded in New York, a flyer startled the millions of spectators massed to cheer the returning fighters by skimming in his MF flying boat scarcely a hundred feet above the paraders. He had trust in his motor—too much trust, perhaps; but the fact is that he was able to dare the city cañons, motor trouble meaning a certain crash, and emerge from the self-imposed test in safety. This was daring in 1919; in 1909 it would have been madness.

What is essential in motor history to the knowing of the modern aëroplane, however, may be summed up in this: The motor has permitted a strong aëroplane, a fast aëroplane, and an aëroplane independent of air conditions.

Strength? With the four-hundred-horse-power motor which can be installed in a small machine to-day an all-metal machine can be constructed if desired. This is of course a result of speed—speed which has now passed the 160-miles-an-hour mark, and shows no limit reached. Speed—and speed is motor progress—has allowed the aëroplane to approximate bridge construction in strength as well as in type. But above all it has robbed the air of its early terrors. Bumps, holes, dead air, gusts, convexity currents—all that marvelous mythology of the early flyer—not mythology to him, of course—has been made the stuff of dreams by the 1919 motor. When the aëroplane was a feather, a cork on the air current, aërial variations were important. Now its heavier construction makes it practically impervious to them. The aërial mail chugs out of Belmont Park in a fog or a drizzle or a gale; go out from New York some inclement day at eleven-forty-five A. M. and see for yourself. Night flying has been practiced for several years.

To-morrow! Transportation Will Know Some Surprises in the Next Few Years!

And the solidity made possible by the motor is a fortification against the failure of the engine itself.

"No flying for me," says the sagacious barber. "Get up a thousand feet and have your motor quit! No, sir!"

This amusing belief that the machine will fall when the engine stops is far too current. What happens is that a downward glide—and a steep glide is not necessary—takes the place of the engine power. There is no danger, for the motor is always shut off to make a landing anyway! Speed is all that is essential, and the motor or the glide can furnish this. Glide from a height of twenty thousand feet if you wish—the danger is no greater than from a height of two hundred, and the solid build of the machine of to-day will keep your ship stable.

In our Hammondsport, New York, office of 1908 a strange thing would occasionally happen. Office work would be progressing as usual when the entire building would suddenly shudder convulsively: the voice of the executive dictating would be drowned in a thunderous rattle; the keys of the typewriter would dance about, to the confusion of the typist; and in a moment the entire force would suspend activities and file out of the room! Such was the effect of our first wind tunnel.

A wind tunnel is a structure developed by aëronautic experimenters to determine the action of the air on shapes and surfaces passing through it. The Aërial Experiment Association's tunnel of 1908 was a square flue of wood and galvanized iron through which air was forced by an electrically motivated fan. There were windows in the tunnel and we suspended models of wings, shapes of wood, and toy aëroplanes in the flue to see what behavior could be expected from different elements with regard to equilibrium, lifting capacity or resistance. We were trying to adapt the aëroplane to its medium, the air.

Smoke Tests

WE KNEW very little then about how to use the tunnel. We found it hard to tell what was happening, and if we found that out we had a night's debate as to its significance. We used to tie fine colored threads to the body tested and try to trace the action of the air by observing the threads. In the case of a strut, for instance, the course of the air would indicate whether the shape used was causing eddies and retarding vacuums or was accommodating itself to the stream of air; in other words, whether it was a stream-line shape.

The threads bothered us, and we got the idea of using smoke—a practice in good repute at present. The first attempt was certainly distinctive. Genung, the factory manager, was the only one of the crowd who smoked.

(Continued on Page 60)

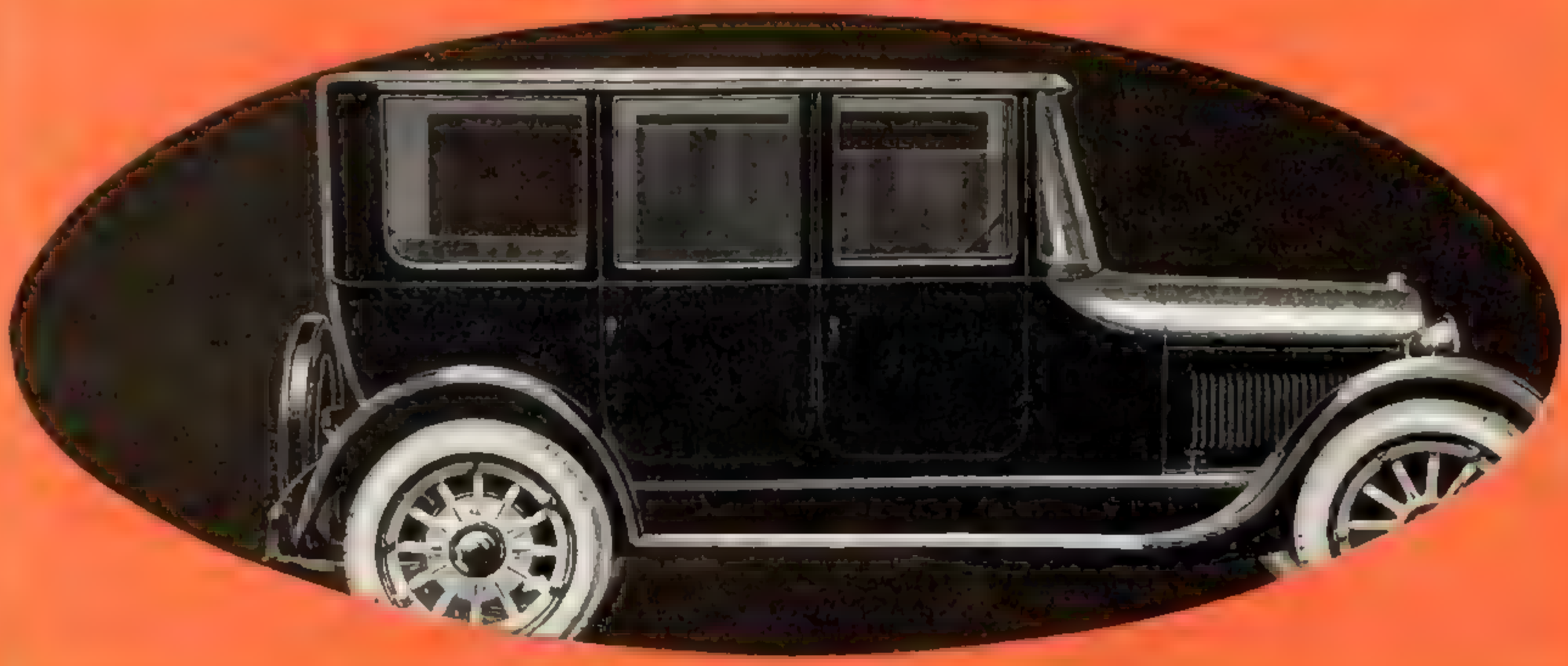
A Modern Flying Boat, Showing the Clean Lines of Present-Day Seaplanes

REO

The New Reo Six—Coupe and Sedan

¶ Stability of construction and beauty of design are the prime requisites in an enclosed motor car. ¶ Nothing is so aggravating as a squeaky body. ¶ And logically so, for the noises indicate fragile construction and warn of early dissolution. ¶ In designing these new Reos, we have had in mind that beauty of appearance which is demanded by the select Reo clientele—and that degree of stability that is in keeping with the well known sturdiness of the Reo Six chassis upon which they are mounted. ¶ We think you will agree that we have succeeded in combining those two qualities in admirable degree in both models—the 4-passenger Coupe and the 5-passenger Sedan. ¶ Also we hope to be able to more nearly supply the demand this season than ever before. ¶ You will recall that the last two years the output has been hopelessly insufficient to supply all who desired enclosed motor cars and who insisted on Reo quality. ¶ Deliveries are starting earlier this year and those who order at once are sure of delivery of a Reo in good season. ¶ But don't delay—there never have been enough Reos to go 'round.

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan



(Continued from Page 58

He was drafted to stand at the end of the tunnel with a fat cigar and produce atmospheric visibility. Doctor Zahm and the rest of us meanwhile watched the window in the tunnel for results.

It was all Genung could do to fill his job.

"More smoke, please," Zahm would call pleasantly, and Genung could be seen puffing heroically at his cigar in a furious effort to meet demands. He puffed so steadily and so fast that not long after we had stopped the tunnel he began to turn pale. Soon he hastily left the room. In the future other methods of coloring the atmosphere had to be devised. If our wind tunnel was not the first or the best, I think its record in acting as an antitobacco propagandist is at least unique!

Attempts such as this were eventually to develop a type of aëronautical experiment which must be considered with the motor as one of the great factors in the production of the scientific aëroplane of to-day. The engine made possible strength, speed and independence of weather conditions on the part of aircraft. It did not and could not direct the type of structure to be employed, making it safe and efficient. This the wind tunnel was to aid materially in doing, though the larger responsibility so far as safety was concerned rested with mathematics.

If there is one idea you have concerning aëronautics, Mister Any Reader, I will wager odds at your choice that I can guess it. It is this: You believe the aëroplane is safer, but you don't believe it is safe. You probably believe it will never be quite that!

And if there is one idea I have about aeronautics, it is that you are wrong. Let us allow these two ideas to go to the mat and see which one can get a fall. Let me link up the wind tunnel with this struggle of conceptions.

Safety First the Builder's Motto

YOU know that every mechanically constructed unit is built to answer the demands of certain natural laws. This is true of a bridge, a tunnel, a skyscraper, an automobile, an aëroplane. In the case of a bridge or a tunnel safety under stress is the thing to be attained. If it is not attained absolutely the structure is a failure. With an automobile there is a different aim. Safety under stress is secondary. The overcoming of resistance of earth and air, the acquisition of speed, is primary. For even if something breaks in a motor car no one is apt to be hurt. Now the aëroplane shares the attributes of both bridge and automobile. It must be safe under stress and it must overcome resistance. But—and this is what has generally been overlooked—it is more like the bridge than the automobile. Its safety is of primary importance.

Think of the aëroplane again with this in mind and you will see that if you say it is not safe you must say that though we can measure mathematically the stresses and strains on a bridge we cannot measure them for an aëroplane. The Subway will not cave in on you. Why? Because engineers have solved it as a problem—it is mathematics in concrete form. Are you certain that the aëroplane is not the same thing?

Let me tell you about the wind tunnel as it has been developed from the early model which made the factory manager sick. A smoke box has taken the place of Genung's cigar, and aëronautical investigators have found the best shape for struts, for wires, for wings. To-day they place their model on a pedestal. The wind rushing by it causes it to act on a scale mechanically connected with the pedestal, which records resistance, or, in the case of a wing, lifting capacity—which is developed together with resistance—thrust forward, and so on, in pounds of force. It does more than this. It makes possible accurate tests with regard to the equilibrium of various aëroplane designs; it assists in showing whether a machine will be safe at all angles. Some wing shapes, or wing curves, for instance, will lift well at a certain angle, but will give no lift at all at another. This fact explains why certain types of machine have been constructed which could not be brought out of a steep glide, but plunged on until they crashed. The wind tunnel has made accidents from such causes unnecessary.

The Power Plant of the Flying Boat NC-3. Four Liberty Engines are Mounted in Three Nacelles—Two Motors in the Central One

The builder knows what efficiency his wings have at all angles.

As the wind tunnel reproduces every condition of the air, both aërodynamic and static, it would be possible with the aid of fine instruments to test the strains on different portions of the machine during flight. But these can be figured mathematically, just as the strains on bridge elements can be figured. It is a fact that this is actually done to-day. The work every inch of the aëroplane must do is known accurately.

An interesting evidence of this knowledge is the general disposition of members in the modern aeroplane as compared to the machine of seven or ten years ago. We found by count that the braces of the pontoons, or floats, supporting the first hydroaëroplane comprised eighteen members! The HA hydroaëroplane, a 1918 model which is the fastest over-the-water machine flying, employs only six braces. The cause of the difference is patent enough. In 1911 stresses had not been reduced to a science. We were still working a little by looks and feel instead of by mathematics. We were still kin to the New England carpenter who started to brace the roof of a barn and filled the whole loft with a nest of timbers no one of which actually attained the result he sought! In a similar way the number of struts and wires used are fewer to-day because every element can be put in exactly the proper place. There is no waste in bracing members.

When it is realized that the exact requirements in equilibrium, the exact stress or strain to be met by every bit of cotton and wire can be and are scientifically computed, the fact that aëronautics is a problem like bridge or Subway building becomes apparent, and the only question is "Can the requirements be met?"

Let me put the answer in the form of an incident.

In April, 1917, the United States joined the forces fighting Germany. Our army and navy authorities at once began to talk of aëroplanes by the thousands. One of the difficulties in the way of the huge program contemplated was the scarcity of linen for wing covering. Europe used almost all she could produce; we produced none. And if we could get no linen how could we make the 100,000 aëroplanes dreamed of?

One day an engineer belonging to our organization met a government official in Buffalo.

"We've solved the linen question," he remarked with a smile.

"How?"

"Cotton!"

The government official smiled in turn.

"You know," he remarked, "that cotton is hopelessly unfitted to stand the strain of flying."

"Was," corrected the other; "or was thought to be unfitted. We now know that a grade of cotton can be made which will probably give better service than any linen on the market. It is simply a question of length of fibers and quality of weaving. Many grades of cotton tear easily, but not all. And by strengthening the material by use of long staple or Sea Island we can get all the strength required. I know, because I have already doped samples and have got satisfactory results from certain brands. Our own manufacturers can meet the problem."

The Missourian Answered

AND they did. Thousands of American planes spread cotton sails to the wind. This indicates the method by which materials adequate to bear a strain eight times greater than any which could conceivably be produced have been supplied to every part of the aeroplane. High specialization now marks the industry which was once practically controlled by the flyer alone. In 1908 the experimenter made everything himself. To-day the aëronautical producer can call on firms preparing for his special use steel, lumber, metal castings, fabric, wheels, shock absorbers, paint, varnish, wires, clinometers, altimeters, compasses, propellers, dope, turnbuckles, wing fittings, tanks and other products. Like the cotton cloth, all these are subjected to severe tests. Wire, spruce, steel, varnish—all receive their tryout. A breaking-point test is applied to one element of the type to be used; the others receive a certain minimum trial before going into the machine. In the case of a part of the machine made up of various elements—a wing or fuselage—sand load and live load tests are applied. Chemical examination is made of metal parts; they are also subjected to tensile and compression forces. The result is a machine that is scientifically sound from wheels to upper wing. No other transportation unit is so thoroughly adapted to the medium in which it moves as the aëroplane.

"But suppose," says the Missourian in our midst, "that the strains and stress have been figured properly, and have been met satisfactorily—even then isn't there a chance of a nut working loose or a wire wearing through and spoiling the entire party?"

Again you are thinking of your automobile. Think of the bridge instead. It is cowardly to parry one question with another, but—why not keep off the bridge? May not something have been forgotten or messed? Why hazard a trip through the Subway? May there not be a defect in one of these arches which will deposit all Broadway, earth and traffic, on your ears? In other words, and seriously, is it conceivable that, in figuring the aëroplane as a job in which safety is the primary factor, such an obvious inlet for accident would have been left?

Look at an aëroplane carefully and you will get your answer. Every turnbuckle is safe-tied. You can see the wire that binds it in place. Nothing can jar that turnbuckle loose. It will not move till the mechanic undoes the safe-tying. Look at a nut. It is held

(Concluded on Page 63)

Sandbags on Aëroplane Wings to Test the Strength of Frame and Fabric

THE GRUEN IDEA THAT MADE AN ACCURATE THIN WATCH POSSIBLE

FIFTEEN years ago men were saying, "Watches cannot be made thinner, more beautiful, without sacrificing accuracy and durability." The wheel train illustration above shows how Gruen did it.

A very simple idea—you wonder why no one thought of it before. Just a rearrangement of the wheels that saved half the movement space without cutting down the size or strength of parts. So the Gruen Verithin—America's first accurate thin watch—was made possible.

Cased in the specially designed, hand-wrought cases of the Gruen Guild, this watch quickly set a new standard for Precision accuracy in a pocket timepiece of beautiful form.

When you compare it with other watches, open the back of the case and note that even the inside dust protection cap is not sacrificed to gain its thinness. (See illustration.)

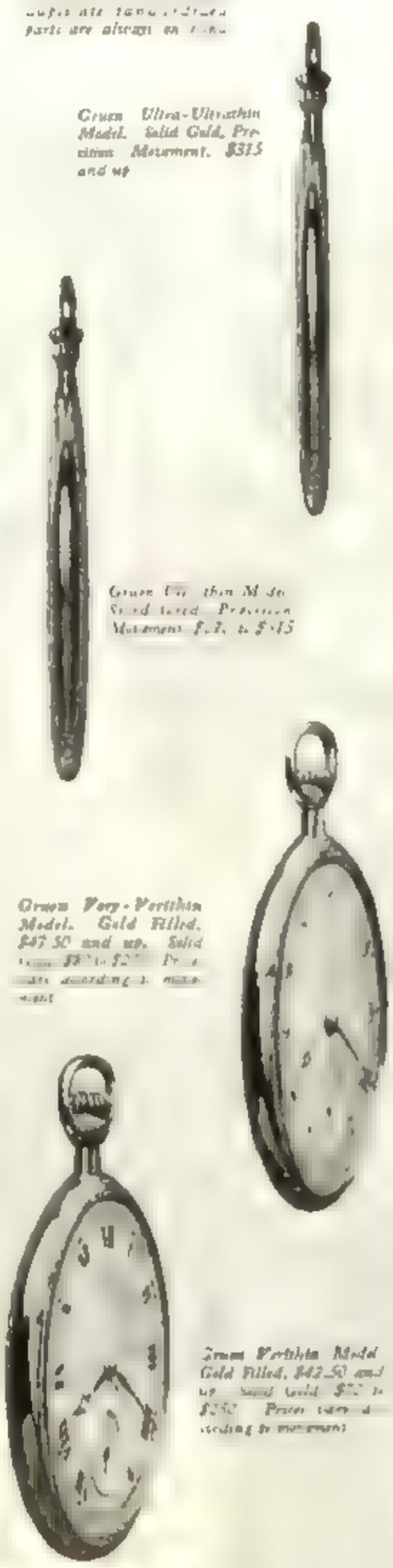
Since the production of the Gruen-Verithin, further achievements of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild have resulted in the production of the Very-Verithin, the Ultrathin and the Ultra-Ultrathin.

For many years the demand from jewelers for these fine watches has so far exceeded the supply that we have been obliged to confine their sale to about 1200 jeweler agencies—the best in each locality. The one nearest you will be glad to show you these famous products.

Write for the Gruen Guild exhibit

A book of etchings and photographic plates showing Gruen Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Bennington and Iowa Sts., Cincinnati, O.
Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874
Canadian branch, Toronto, Canada



Gruen Ultra-Ultrathin Model. Solid Gold. Precision Movement. $315 and up

Gruen Very-Verithin Model. Gold Filled. $47.50 and up. Solid Gold $85 to $250. Prices vary according to movement

Gruen Verithin Model. Gold Filled, $42.50 and up. Solid Gold $75 to $250. Prices vary according to movement

GRUEN
Verithin and Wrist
WATCHES

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

THE ocean for your boat, Clicquot for your throat. Afloat or ashore, there's nothing to equal this cooling, quenching ginger drink. Made from purest juices of lemons and limes, purest Jamaica ginger and cane sugar, and crystal-clear spring water. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist, and serve cold on every thirsty occasion.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 60)

by a cotter pin. The control wires—the only ones subject to friction—are visible at each point of contact with a pulley. They consist of nine strands, each strand containing nine wires. When one-eighty-first of that control cable breaks, the hand of the mechanician will detect it as he feels of the cable before sending out the ship. For the remainder of the machine the same tests apply as for a bridge or a skyscraper. The preparation has been too scientific to permit of breakage.

Several hundred thousand men and women are directly or indirectly employed to-day in making and giving professional care to the aëroplane. Mail is being carried daily in Europe and America. Flights totaling eight thousand miles have been made; a nonstop flight of 2170 miles may already have been finished before this sentence is printed. Pianos, dogs, men, dry goods, food—all have been successfully transported by the air route, some in cases of need, some as experiments. Lives have been saved by carrying a patient to a hospital or a doctor to a patient by aëroplane. And a war has just been won in the air as well as on land and sea.

What is the significance of this?

Certainly this much: The aëroplane has a more varied future than any other transportational unit. Land or sea, passenger or freight, war or peace—whatever the service is, the new type seems ready to respond. We are duplicating in the skies our motor cars, our taxis, our trains, our steamships, our forts and our battleships.

The day of the aëroplane is dawning. It does not wait on safety; the work of the past few years has established that. It does not wait on efficiency, though its efficiency, which has improved so marvelously in ten years, has inconceivably numerous channels of future improvement. It waits little on economy, for even now the initial cost of smaller aëroplanes is less than that of some motor cars, and the 10.26 miles which a JN-4D can go on a gallon of gas compares favorably with automobile fuel costs. No! It waits most upon two things—public realization and public organization.

The new thing always receives slow acceptance. It was fifty years before the railroad got its adequate hearing, and the automobile, born in 1893, was not so well off in 1903 as the aëroplane is to-day. And yet the aëroplane occupies that fortunate-unfortunate position of being developed in advance of its recognition. It trembles on the verge of public acceptance—not acceptance for public purposes; it already has that—but acceptance by the public for private purposes, for individual needs.

When the psychological shift occurs that will make the man of business everywhere realize—as some have already—the advantage of halving distance and doubling speed, the spread of aërial commerce will be incredibly swift. Our asphalt roads of to-day are the result of the fact that ten years ago thousands of automobiles stood ready to go, and lacked only the paths of travel. The creation of aërial roads will be play beside the construction of those asphalt and macadam highways which we built so swiftly. For an aërial road means only a series of fields large and level enough for landing, with oil and gasoline supplies. Marine flying does not even require that. Is it not safe to say, then, that if the past of aëronautics has come like the wind the future will come like light? Flying has done in ten years what the railroad did in fifty. Prediction about such an activity leads one past imagination.

CARRINGTON BLOOD

(Concluded from Page 49)

Mary Lou's mouth imitated a smile.

"Oh, no! Not mad now, Helm. Just beginning to be sane again."

"Let me kill him for you!" begged Peter.

But Cary's quiet "Black Carrington, Pete! How about *him?*" brought Peter up, quivering. "Under the circumstances, Wakewood," continued Cary, "you'll prefer to stay here. I'll send the nearest garage man for you."

The others apparently forgot him as completely as if a great sponge had wiped him from the slates of their memory. The twins' talk was all of Peter III. Cary had nothing to contribute to the conversation.

It was as if Mary Lou had wakened from a long hypnotic trance. As if Helm's dominion over her being broken, she came back to life with twice her former spirit.

When Cary went in to interview the sleepy garage man the twins jumped out of the racer and crossed the stretch of common to the station. Direct to the telegraph operator they ran, panting their request. They wanted the latest dispatch concerning one Black Carrington, reported arrested on the Florida coast.

The operator drew one smudgy finger across his perspiring upper lip before he replied. It seemed to the twins that the gesture took an age. Why, he didn't know but he had got something or other like that. Let's see now—no, the feller wasn't arrested. He was dead. He'd jumped off a cliff into the sea.

Cary came to get them, apprehension in his eyes, and found them hanging over the operator while he called up and down the line for confirmation. News picked up in passing was common property to him.

At first Cary did not understand. He tried to say something about a mistake, half guiltily, but they were not attending. Three times the message came back that the Black Carrington, long pursued, had ended his existence by a leap from a cliff into the sea.

Morning brought the news in the papers, the same except for the addition of an unheaded note found in the Black Carrington's room. It read simply: "It wasn't worth while."

Even in their first paralyzing grief there was an undercurrent of relief. The impatient, critical, lonely man stood no longer in the shadow of barred windows and bolted doors, of stone walls and so many feet of rope.

Peter once remarked upon the oddity of that first message about the arrest. He put it down to a mix-up on the wires and did not note that Cary made no comment. That gentleman had never ceased to marvel on the coincidence of his bluff and the actuality.

It was Cousin Arabelle who suggested a renewal of their rides. Occasionally Betty Allenby accompanied them. Her presence brought a certain gayety to the trips.

Sugar snow had powdered the sides of the roads as they neared their haven one January evening. Ahead, beyond a grove of pines, the sky blazed with crimson and gold. The world seemed very still. A ray of light struck a slender spire and leaped to a glistening roof. A bell in a church tower tolled. Mary Lou found herself looking to Cary for appreciation and not looking in vain.

Behind them Betty and Peter were laughing softly. Then: "Did I tell you Helm is rushing Sybil Hargreaves' sister?" too clearly from Betty.

Cary cast a swift glance at Mary Lou, but she had not lost her happy smile. Helm was a closed chapter. She felt that he was further back in her life than the old days in the cabin on the mountain, and mattered less.

She drew up before the inviting entrance to an inn.

It was Cousin Arabelle who found the right thing to say.

"Now, you po' chillen, we three will run in and let you take the cah to the garage. What a nuisance othah people are to lovahs!"

They did as she suggested. This time neither laughed her words away.

The garage was deserted except for a grimy man in overalls, who took prompt charge of the car. Mary Lou and Cary stood together on the sloppy floor beside the gasoline pump, a kit of tools open at their feet, an oil can cuddled close, a length of tubing dangling overhead.

Quite without meaning to, Cary was saying: "Ma Belle's not so far wrong, is she?" And Mary Lou was repeating the last statement of Cousin Arabelle: "What a nuisance other people are to lovers!"

The garage man, returning, took them for a bride and groom. Perhaps that was not strange.

Mary Lou slipped out of the embrace she had been enjoying and beamed at the man in overalls. Her fingers still clung to Cary's.

"Oh!" she cried to the gaping third party, "aren't garages the loveliest, smelliest things!"

Yes, Mother

It is easy to get clothes that you will be proud to put on your boy.

It is just a matter of asking for them by the name that stands for class and wearing quality.

And here is the name:

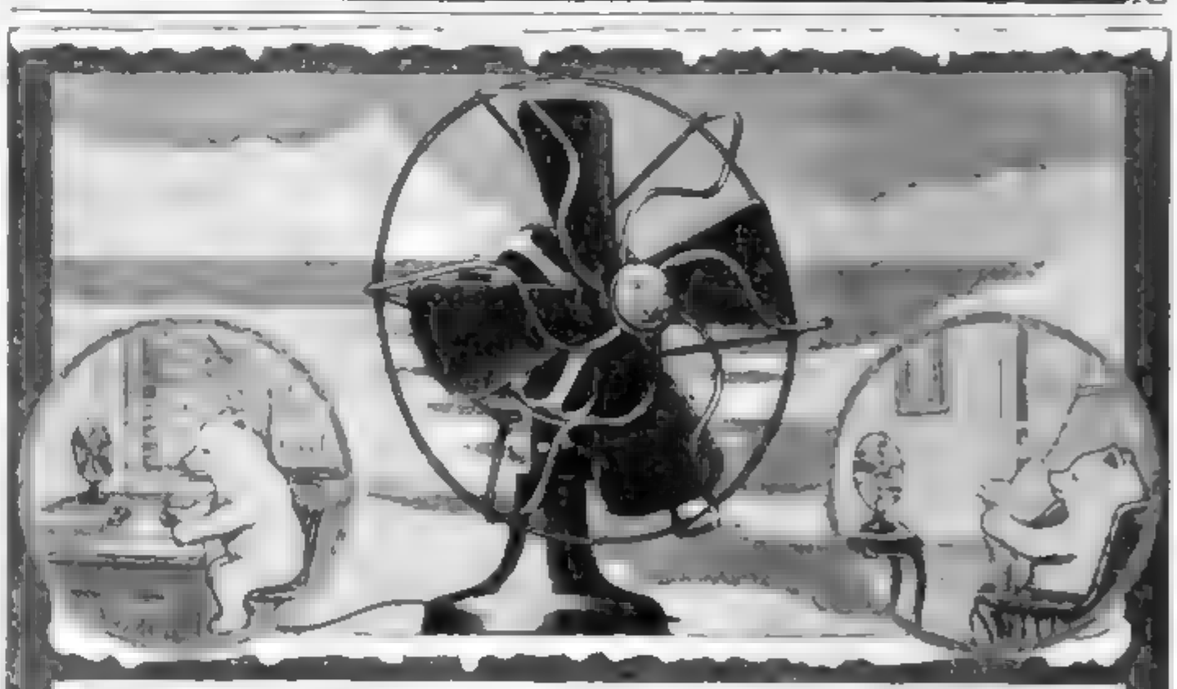
STEEL FIBER KK SUITS

Read it and remember it. Say it to your dealer the next time you buy.

This is the secret: Seat, knees and between the knees are reinforced by an extra thickness by patent interweaving stitches. Easy to see they are stronger than the ordinary kind. One trial proves they give twice the wear. Ask at your store.

Made by SHEAHAN, KOHN & CO., *Chicago*

Also Makers of "Young American" Boys' Long Pants Suits



Banish Heat in Home and Office

Don't wait until the thermometer is in the nineties and you're ready to drop with exhaustion and misery on account of the baking, scorching, withering heat.

Get a Polar Cub and laugh at the heat when it comes. He will keep you cool in your office and in your home. He will enable you to enjoy refreshing sleep on the hottest night.

This powerful little fan uses but one cent's worth of power in six hours. Two speeds—giving you a light or strong breeze. Handsome nickel-plated motor, adjustable to any angle. Equipped with 8-foot cord and plug, only $5.85 (Canada, $8.50).

Go to your hardware or electrical dealer today and get Polar Cub. Get one for your office and one for your home. If your dealer hasn't it write us and we'll tell you where to get it.

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY, 320 Blatchley Ave., NEW HAVEN, CONN.
In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto

Polar Cub Electric Fan $5.85

STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car

THE attractive lines of the beautiful new Standard Eight Touring Car will be apparent to you at a glance. Its improved appointments will satisfy your ideas of convenience and practicability, but the sturdiness and power which it has, are features of distinctiveness that you can realize to the full only by a demonstration with yourself at the wheel.

To be conscious that there is no hill you need to avoid, no motor-way where your car cannot, without effort, hold its place on the road, is to realize the top joy of automobiling.

Some say that this happiness which lies in the sense of power is just plain vanity. Call it whatever you will, every car owner likes the sensation which comes from the control of power. The eighty-three horsepower of the Standard Eight levels hills.

Standard Steel Car Company, *Automotive Department,* **Pittsburg, Pa.**

MAKING SIDE LINES PAY

By J. R. SPRAGUE

TWO young men opened a clothing store in a small Eastern city. Both were well known to the buying public of the town, good salesmen, hard working, and it was not long before they had a very profitable business. During their third year their sales totaled more than a hundred thousand dollars.

One morning the young clothing merchants woke to a realization that their stock was all paid for; no bank held their note; no credit man anywhere was wondering whether he had better make draft on them at once or let the bill run a couple of weeks longer; even their bank book showed a cash balance. Clearly something ought to be done about it, for it is not natural that retail storekeepers should have debts all paid and money in the bank.

One of the partners had a thought. "There is no use trying to enlarge our clothing business," he said, "because we are already selling as much clothing as the town can absorb. Of course we might increase our sales a little by putting in some extravagant merchandise like twenty-dollar silk shirts and two-hundred-dollar overcoats, but that wouldn't be profitable, because there aren't enough people in a town like this who can afford to pay those prices. What we want to do is to put in some side line that goes well with clothing; and, as I see it, the logical thing is a line of shoes. As it is now, we sell a man everything he needs as far down as his feet, but there we stop.

"And the beauty of putting in such a side line," he continued, "is that it will cost us hardly anything to operate it. Our back room isn't used for anything except to store a lot of junk, along with the porter's mops and the errand boy's bicycle, and we can just knock out the partition and have a dandy space for the shoe department."

All is Not Russet That Glitters

The partners figured it all out. At first they would have to employ only a couple of shoe salesmen at about twenty-five dollars a week apiece. It seemed reasonable to suppose that the shoe sales would be half as much as the clothing sales; fifty thousand dollars' worth of business at an average margin of thirty per cent would mean fifteen thousand dollars of profit. Allowing five thousand for expenses, there would be a net gain of ten thousand dollars a year in the shoe department. By all rules of arithmetic it was a sure winner.

The clothing merchants opened up their shoe department; within two years they closed it up again, selling the stock to an auction house for sixty cents on the dollar. The venture cost them about ten thousand dollars in real money.

The question of side lines is an interesting one to merchants everywhere. It would seem to be logical, when a man is doing business under a certain fixed expense, that the more merchandise he has in his store to offer customers the more money he ought to make.

But it doesn't work out that way. Merely having a lot of merchandise in a storeroom on Main Street does not necessarily mean that the merchandise is going to sell at a profit. In the case of the clothing men who opened the shoe department their trouble was that they went into the venture without adequate preparation. They supposed that by having shoes in their store enough of their customers would be attracted to that department to make it profitable, even though they gained no new patrons. So they merely installed thirty thousand dollars' worth of shoes, employed a couple of salesmen and let Nature take its course.

The main business of the store was selling clothing. The theory was that a man would buy a suit of clothes and then walk back to the shoe department to finish up his shopping with the purchase of nifty low quarters, not too pointed at the toes. But instead of doing that he would usually walk a couple of blocks down the street to an exclusive shoe store and probably pay a higher price. There was no shoe atmosphere in the place. Neither of the proprietors understood the shoe business or gave personal attention to the line. It was just a clothing store with a stock of footwear at one end where a man might buy a pair of shoes if he wanted to.

In one of the more important Southern cities lives a man who has built up a large clientele as a business adviser. He is a lawyer by profession and never sold a dollar's worth of merchandise behind a counter in all his life; but he has made a success of telling merchants how to run their affairs. Recently the writer asked this business adviser what he knew about making money out of side lines.

"A side line is all right," he replied, "if you can make it a really active part of your business. A great many merchants have an idea that if they put a line of merchandise in their stores where people can see it it will sell itself without much expense. But selling costs are bound to average up. To do a big business in any line you have got to spend money pushing it. If you try to get along cheap, then the line doesn't move and you have a lot of dead merchandise on your hands.

"The average merchant thinks that his rent and clerk hire constitute the greater part of his running expenses. But there is one expense that is greater than all others put together, and that is accumulation of old stock. I have known merchants who worried at the number of postage stamps they had to buy, used the backs of canceled envelopes for scratch pads and scolded if a clerk turned on the electric lights before it was absolutely necessary; but when it came to allowing the accumulation of dead stock they acted like sons of the idle rich. If such a merchant should lose a twenty-dollar bill out of his pocket some day he would hunt for it for hours and remember the loss for years afterward; but on the same day he might buy a thousand dollars' worth of merchandise, one half of it going dead on his hands, and he would hardly worry at all.

"The taking on of side lines is a prosperous man's game. We have been taught to believe that the forties is a dangerous period in the life of a business man; so many go broke during their forties it has come to be the belief that a man loses his pep by that time and lets his younger competitors go past him. I believe this is exactly the reverse of the truth. Men go broke between forty and fifty not because they have lost their pep, but because they have got too much of it.

"Forty is the age when thousands of business men get their feet solidly on the ground for the first time. Before that they have been doing business on credit, owing money which they paid when business was good, and renewing their notes if business was poor. They have been through times when they half expected each person who came in their front door to be a court officer bringing notice of a lawsuit begun by some impatient creditor; when they have stood scared in front of the cashier's window at the bank, peering fearfully into the man's face to see whether he was going to say yes or no; when the three day's grace on a note seemed like an invention of heaven itself."

That Precarious Place—Side Lines

"But then forty comes and they have reached Easy Street. All the notes are paid up; no merchandise account is past due; wholesale houses write cordial little notes which they inclose in their monthly statements instead of the familiar rubber-stamped notice of other days, 'Past Due, Please Remit'; the banker drops in occasionally for a friendly chat and says smilingly that the bank cannot make any money unless good people come round and borrow once in a while.

"To a man who has fought his way up it is easy prosperity does not seem natural, there is no excitement about it. He feels that he ought to branch out some way; so he does that very dangerous thing of taking on some side lines of which he knows nothing, and pretty soon he is in trouble.

"I have a client who is a pretty good example of what I am trying to explain. He is close to fifty years old and has been in the retail furniture business for nearly twenty years. Starting with practically nothing he has built up a business where he is selling more than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of furniture a year. For a long while he had a pretty hard time, but for several years past he has been discounting his bills and making money.

"A year ago he came to me and said he was going to put in a side line of talking machines. 'It's this way,' he told me. 'I am selling just as much furniture as I can ever hope to sell in this town. The only way I can increase my sales is to add something that people want besides furniture. I have the capital to do it with, and I hate to see my sales remain stationary as they have in the past three or four years. There is a world of talking machines being sold round here; you can hardly go past any house of an evening without hearing The Marseillaise or The Livery Stable Blues. And it is a line that goes well with furniture. A great many of the machines are sold on credit, but my present collectors can attend the new accounts without much extra expense. I have plenty of room for the line, so there will be no rent to pay; the same thing applies to light, heat and other incidental expenses. Even the advertising will not amount to much, because I use a good deal of newspaper space anyhow, and I can mention talking machines in all my ads.

"'Practically all the expense I will be under to handle the line will be one good salesman. My selling expense will not be more than ten per cent; while it costs the man up the street who handles talking machines exclusively at least thirty per cent to do business. Looking at it from every angle I can't see anything but easy money.'

"It did look like an opportunity to make some money and so I advised him to go ahead and put in the line if he was able to finance it without weakening his regular business. Within a year he came into my office and said he was going to give up the talking machines.

"'What is the matter?' I asked him. 'Isn't there any money to be made in the line?'

"'Yes, there is,' he replied. 'The man up the street who handles talking machines exclusively made twenty thousand dollars last year. I could make some money too if I were prepared to go after the business right. But my idea of putting in a stock of goods and having one salesman in the store to sell the machines won't work. I thought I could sell the machines at a small percentage of expense, because I already had a store organization. But as a matter of fact I sold so few machines that even the salary of my one salesman amounted to a good percentage of the receipts.

"'I learned that to do business I would have to build up a regular organization entirely separate from my furniture business. In the first place I have got to have a man at the head of the department who is just as good as I am; I have got to have solicitors and outside salesmen; even the collectors should work on talking-machine accounts exclusively and not mix up their duties with collecting my furniture accounts, as I had planned. If I run the side line as aggressively as I run my regular business it will pay; not otherwise. I am not prepared to do that, and so I am going to quit the line before getting in any deeper.'"

The head of a large department store recently expressed himself to the writer. "We started as a specialty shop," said this executive, "and grew by degrees into a department store. And when you come to figure it out a department store is merely an aggregation of successfully conducted side lines.

"In our own case we have gone very slowly in opening new departments; in

fact, we have never opened some at all. When we consider taking on a new line we first consider whether we are able to finance it properly. It sometimes takes two years to get a line on a paying basis, and until it is we have got to put in more money continually. And it is no use to try to start any line with a small stock of merchandise, because if you do your customers will get the idea that the department does not amount to anything. Getting a customer started is the hard job; you have got to open any new department with such a complete assortment that the customer is surely going to find what he wants on his first visit. There is this to be remembered: Opening a new department is just the same as opening a new store; every customer you get has to be pulled away from his regular habits.

"I have known merchants who thought they could make salesmanship take the place of merchandise, but it doesn't work out. Suppose I open a silverware department and think I will go easy on tying up capital until I see whether or not it is going to pay. A lady comes in and says she wants to look at a cold-meat fork, Aspasia pattern. The salesman sets out the article asked for and inquires if it shall be sent home or if the lady will take it with her. She looks at it in a pleased manner and almost says she will take it, when her eyes wander down into the show case and see that there aren't any more cold-meat forks there. At once she is dissatisfied.

"The salesman tries to make up for the shortage by telling her how handsome the Aspasia pattern really is, and that his wife has a cold-meat fork just like that at home; but the handicap is too great to be overcome. The customer finally says she was just looking, but probably will call again, and walks out of the store. And while the salesman is telling his fellow workers that the people in this town certainly are a fine lot of near-buyers the lady is in the store three doors up the street handing out a five-dollar bill for a cold-meat fork in the Aspasia pattern, simply because there they showed her half a dozen other cold-meat forks which she might buy if she felt like it.

"The same thing applies to all retail selling, whether it be wardrobe trunks, men's clothing, fireless cookers or bracelet watches. If you had the only store in a town forty miles off the railroad people would probably buy whether you showed them good assortments or not; but they won't do it in a town where someone else is showing a better selection. And even in such a remote place it wouldn't be long before your customers would be sending away for mail-order catalogues."

Wherein Facts Belie Figures

One of the largest department stores in an important Middle West city had its beginning as a retail shoe store. Recently the owner told the writer how he managed to do it.

"I guess I would not have done it at all if I had known what a job it was going to be," he replied. "As I look back I can see that it was vanity pure and simple that made me try it. I had the largest exclusive shoe business in town, worked up from a small beginning and against competition of older establishments which had far more capital than I. As I gradually developed my business and passed my rivals I got the idea that I must be a wonderful business man and it occurred to me that I ought to expand into a department store and show people what a wizard I really was.

"I had never heard of an exclusive shoe business which had developed into a department store, but there seemed to be no reason why it might not be done. Very few department stores have their beginning as such; they have usually started with two or three lines and gradually added others. As I figured it out it was merely a case of adding on side lines and making them pay.

"From my own experience I want to say that adding on a side line and making it pay is not so easy as it appears when sitting down to figure it out on paper. In the first place it always takes a great deal more capital than one figures. It is easy to calculate that you will stock up a new department with twenty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise; your credit is perfectly good and you will get three months' time on your purchases, so that a large proportion of the goods will be sold before you have to pay for them. This means that you will be working on the manufacturer's capital to a great extent and will not need to invest more than about ten thousand dollars in the line to carry twenty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise.

"Maybe things have worked out that way for some people but they never did for me. I found by hard experience that if I opened a new department with a twenty-thousand-dollar stock of merchandise I ought to have exactly twenty thousand dollars in cash to do it with. And more than that, I learned that I must run a new department at an actual loss for a year at least, and usually for two or three years.

"This doesn't seem reasonable, but it is a fact. The first new department I added was hosiery, and it did not look as if I could be taking a chance. I was selling more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of shoes a month and I figured that it would be easy to steer a fair proportion of the shoe customers over to the stocking counter. To boost the hosiery sales I had my salesmen give each shoe purchaser a coupon which was good for a discount on any purchase of hosiery, and to make sure that the shoe salesmen should give out these coupons I gave a commission every time a shoe customer bought anything in the hosiery department."

Stocking Counter Gathered Dust

"But it was two years before the hosiery department got on a self-sustaining basis. In spite of discounts and personal solicitation our customers would buy their shoes and calmly walk past the stocking counter and down the street to buy stockings to match at a regular department store. For retail buying is more a matter of habit than almost anything else, as many a new merchant has found out. There are thousands of stores in the country to-day that are doing a good business in spite of the fact that all snap and push have gone from their management, simply because they have been established a long time in the same place.

"When I was a boy on a farm our fat driving horse hitched to the two-seated surrey would jog comfortably to town and steer himself accurately to the hitching post in front of the Enterprise Hardware Store without encouragement or coercion. But that was for weekdays only. On Sundays he turned resolutely up to the horse block in front of the First Presbyterian Church. Many a time the family might have gone to some special service over at the Methodists' or Baptists' except for the disgraceful scene that would have to be enacted to get Old Charley past the First Presbyterian. I often thought of Old Charley when I was trying to get the public to see the reasonableness of buying its stockings at a shoe store.

"Another place where the side-line proposition gets you is in the matter of help. I don't mean salesmen, because you can always get people who can sell goods if you are willing to pay enough salary. No matter how small a side line you intend to put in you have got to have someone behind it who is more than a salesman if it is going to succeed. Just putting in a stock of goods and hiring some people to sell it does not make a store. There has got to be a personality behind it or it won't go far.

"And where in the world are you going to look for your personality? Just because a man is a good salesman it does not at all follow that he will make a good manager. Years ago I had a shoe salesman who was a wonder. He knew everyone in town, had the pleasantest manners, and was very fast in his work. Even in those days when five dollars was a big price for a pair of shoes his personal sales would average three to four hundred dollars a day. He saved up some money and left me to open up a store of his own. In a year his capital was used up and he came back to me.

"After a while one of the big national concerns wanted to open a branch store in the city and he took the job as manager; he lasted six months. Then after another spell with me he went to a department store as manager of the shoe department, and failed to make good.

"About the only way to get successful department managers, I have found, is to develop them yourself. I continually study my salespeople, hoping to find something that will indicate that they may be trained into executives. And when I find a man of promise about the most important thing I have to do is to curb his salesmanship tendencies.

"I have a man now at the head of my ladies' ready-to-wear department who illustrates pretty well what I mean. He is about thirty years old and has been with me since a boy. He is a born salesman, and long before he became head of the department was one of the high-priced men of the house. It is the ambition of every retail salesman to have a clientele of call customers, meaning customers who will come into the store to ask for the salesman by name and if he is busy wait until he is at leisure so he may wait on them. To have a good line of call customers is both flattering to a salesman's vanity and profitable to his pocketbook.

"When I put this young man at the head of the ladies' ready-to-wear department I made his salary one hundred and fifty dollars a week, which was a little high for the job, but I thought he had possibilities and I wanted to make sure that no other concern would take him away from me. I talked with him about his responsibilities and laid special stress on the fact that from then on he was being paid for managing and not for personal selling.

"When a man is first put into a position of responsibility he can go wrong in two different ways: The first is to get so swelled up that he won't do any actual work at all, but spend his time impressing his subordinates with his importance; the second way is for the man to be so anxious to make good that he tries to do too much. He is so afraid something will go wrong that he runs round and does his own work and most of the work of all those under him. That was the trouble with my young man of the ladies' ready-to-wear department. He simply could not get over his habits of salesmanship. He would get nervous when his department filled up with customers and almost before he knew it he would be behind the counter selling goods. I caught him at it several times, and each time explained to him that his time was worth too much to the house for him to spend it waiting on customers. Always he replied that he realized the truth of what I said and would do better.

"I really thought he had conquered his besetting sin until one day I happened into the department and heard a customer ask for Mr. Newton. I stuck round to see what would happen, because I knew this would be a test of Newton's strength of character. Would he be able to resist the flattery of a call customer? I found he would not. He was in the office looking over some samples preparatory to placing an order with an Eastern manufacturer, but when word was sent in that someone wanted to be waited on by Mr. Newton in person he dropped everything and came out. I have forgotten just what it was that the lady wanted to see, but have a dim recollection that it was a Georgette waist.

"The big fact was that Newton had left his work of selecting twenty thousand dollars' worth of fall merchandise to come out on the floor and spend fifteen minutes selling something for four or five dollars, on which the profit could not possibly be more than a dollar and a half."

The Boss Acts Brutally

"I made a quick decision, and walked up to where Mr. Newton and the customer were standing. 'I am very sorry,' I said to the lady, 'but Mr. Newton won't be able to wait on you this morning. I will call one of the salespeople to attend you.'

"'Oh, but I want Mr. Newton especially,' she answered. 'I have been buying from him for ten years and he always knows exactly what I want.'

"The next came a little hard, but it had to be done. 'I am paying Mr. Newton altogether too high a salary to allow him to wait on individual customers any more,' I said. 'If you will consent to be waited on by another person I will call someone, but Mr. Newton has to go back to the office, where he has some very important work on hand.'

"The lady gave me a look intended to make me feel that I was a brute and no gentleman, and flounced out. I felt exactly as she intended me to feel. Besides acting brutally I had deliberately taken a chance on Newton's quitting his job; and there was no one in the whole establishment whom I would miss more than Newton.

"He was hurt and mad, but he didn't quit. He looked after the lady regretfully, and then after a moment said he guessed he had better send the waist out to her as he knew exactly what she wanted.

"'No, Newton,' I told him, 'you can't send anything out. You know that I like you personally and as an employee; but I deliberately insulted you before a customer so as to impress on you that as a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week man you must not do the work of a thirty-dollar-a-week one.'

"But no matter how efficient his help or complete his stocks, when a man starts to spread out and put in numbers of lines he has got to realize that his original line is going to suffer to a certain extent. It is impossible to do as much business with a given line in a department store as in an establishment devoted exclusively to selling one line of merchandise only.

"Before I commenced to departmentize I had by a good margin the largest shoe business in the city. But since becoming a department store two exclusive shoe concerns have passed my shoe department in volume of sales. Maybe this is because people think it a little more exclusive to buy things in a specialty store, but I believe the reason is deeper than that. A department store cannot focus intensively on any one line. In my own establishment we play up the shoe department because that was the nucleus round which all the rest grew up; it occupies a prominent position on the ground floor and the fittings are as elaborate as those of any exclusive shoe store in town.

"But a certain psychological effect is lacking. We cannot maintain an intensive shoe atmosphere the way a specialty store can. When a customer comes into our shoe department he is surrounded by a hundred thousand dollars' worth of shoes and waited on by high-priced salesmen; but from where he sits he can see in the distance other hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of toilet goods, of men's clothing, of books and stationery, of silver and chinaware. We can't focus his attention right down on shoes to the exclusion of everything else."

Selling Goods, Not Weather

"During last December we engaged two young traveling men who were through with their trips for the season to help out in our leather-goods department. One day the manager of that department told me that it would be worth my while to drop down and watch the salesmanship methods of those two men. One of them was a pleasant, good-looking young fellow who knew a great many of our customers by name and took all sorts of pains to show them round and make them thoroughly at home. The other was a silent sort of chap, pleasant enough, but had no conversation about anything except the article he was trying to sell.

"The department manager asked me which one of the new salesmen I thought would sell the most goods. 'Why, it seems to me that the snappy pleasant one ought to do more business,' I replied. 'He takes all kinds of pains and doesn't seem to be afraid to show everything a customer suggests. If I were coming in here as a customer I believe I would rather buy from him than the other one.'

"'Maybe you would,' said the department manager, 'but the other one is taking in just about twice as much money.'

"I watched the salesman alluded to while a customer came up and asked to see a suitcase, mentioning the price he wanted to pay. The salesman got down several suitcases and set them out on the counter. He did not tell the customer that it was certainly raining hard outside or that Christmas was only a week off. He just looked at the suitcases and talked about them with such a concentration of interest that it seemed as if there could not be anything in the world more important than to own a good suitcase. In five minutes he had sold the highest-priced one in the lot.

"'I guess I have had a lesson in the psychology of storekeeping,' I said to the department manager. 'You know it has worried me to think that a big establishment like this must be beat in practically every department by some specialty store. But those two salesmen of yours have taught me the reason. The department store has got to scatter its energy pleasantly, the way your agreeable salesman does.

"'But the specialty store concentrates. It stands for just one thing. And after a while it makes the one thing appear so important that the public patronizes that store as a matter of serious duty.'"

Safe!

It's a good old word, all right, all right: It sounds good to Eddie Collins when he makes one of his famous sliding steals—and to the expectant ears of the rooters in the grandstand. But even Eddie—as clever as he is—is sometimes caught off base.

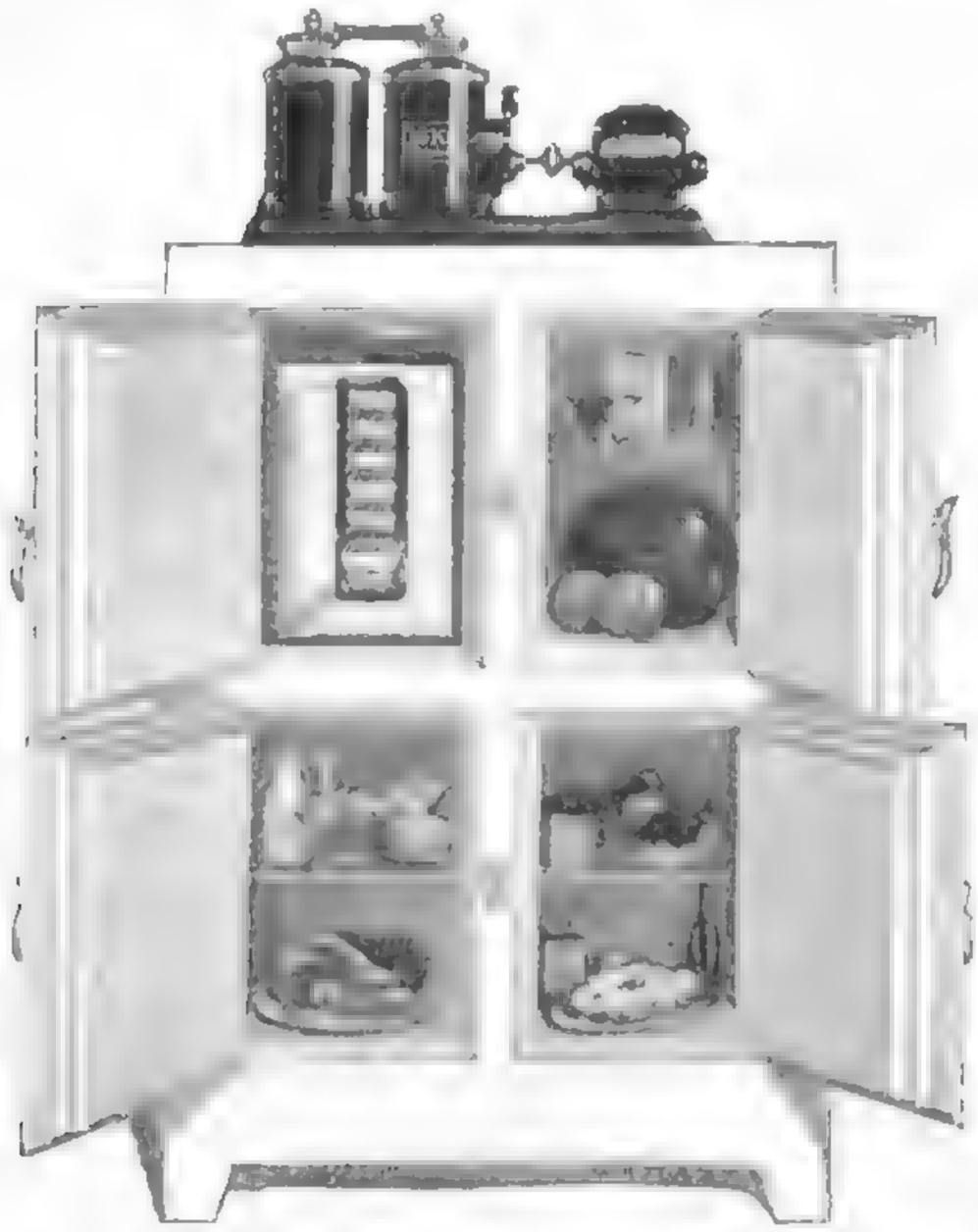
Not so Cinco! Cinco is always safe. Safe for the smoker because he always gets a cigar of uniformly good quality—the product of 69 years of the most conscientious manufacture. Safe for the dealer because he always knows that the customer will be not only pleased but satisfied. Safe for the smoker because he knows that he will always get a little more than his money's worth.

And safe again for the dealer because experience has shown him that in the long run—and that's the only test that counts—Cinco trade is by far the most desirable. Yes, there's a world of real, sensible meaning in the old slogan—

STICK TO Cinco - IT'S SAFE

Registered U. S. Patent Office

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., INCORPORATED PHILADELPHIA Established 1850



And its dry, dry Cold costs less than Ice

Electricity, the invisible servant of man, has wrought a new wonder, Isko the cold maker.

This quiet little machine attached to your ice box supplants the damp, unhealthful vapors of melting ice with a keen, dry cold that chills food and drink, keeping them fresh and pure.

Isko has only two moving parts and they revolve in oil.

A thermostat regulates the cold. Once it is adjusted, Isko operates automatically. It starts itself. It stops itself, absolutely independent of human care.

And the cold Isko makes is dry, dry, dry. Germs cannot live in it. Vegetables stay crisp in it. Milk and cream keep sweet in it for days. For it is hygienic, scientific cold.

What ice you need for the table Isko supplies in convenient cubes.

Isko brings no danger into the home. The refrigerant is harmless. It cannot explode. It is not ammonia. It is permanently sealed in the machine.

Isko is economical, too. Its dry, dry cold costs less than ice.

Isko in larger sizes is made for use in clubs, restaurants, hospitals, meat markets and other commercial establishments.

THE ISKO COMPANY, *111 W. Washington St.*, CHICAGO, ILL.

ISKO

Fits Any Ice Box

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 14

race course: "Why, Mr. President, all that turf publicity relates to a horse named after me, not to me," it being true that the horse of the day had been so called; and General Grant's reply: "Nevertheless, it would be well, Tom, for you to look in upon Texas once in a while"—in short, of his many sayings and exploits while a member of Congress from the Galveston district; among the rest that having brought in a resolution tendering the sympathy of the Government to the German Empire on the death of Herr Laska, the most advanced and distinguished of Radical Socialists, which became for the moment a *cause célèbre*, and Tom's remark, "Not that I care a damn about it, except the prominence it gives to Bismarck."

He lived when in Washington at Chamberlin's. He and John Chamberlin were close friends. Once when he was breakfasting with John a mutual friend came in. He was in doubt what to order. Tom suggested beefsteak and onions.

"But," objected the newcomer, "I am about to call on some ladies, and the smell of onions on my breath, you know!"

"Don't let that trouble you," said Tom. "You have the steak and onions and when you get your bill that will take your breath away!"

Under an unpromising exterior—a stocky build and fiery red head—there glowed a brave, generous and tender spirit. The man was a *preux chevalier*. He was a knight-errant. All women—especially all good and discerning women who knew him and who could intuitively read beneath that clumsy personality his fine sense of respect, even of adoration—loved Tom Ochiltree.

The equivocal celebrity he enjoyed was largely fostered by himself, his stories mostly at his own expense.

His education had been but casual. But he had a great deal of it and a varied assortment. He knew everybody on both sides of the Atlantic, his friends ranging from the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, Gladstone and Disraeli, Gambetta and Thiers, to the bucks of the jockey clubs. There were two of Tom—Tom the noisy on exhibition, and Tom the courtier in society.

How he lived when out of office was the subject of unflattering conjecture. Many thought him the stipendiary of Mr. Mackay, the multimillionaire, with whom he was intimate, who told me he could never induce Tom to take money except for service rendered. Among his intimates was Colonel North, the English money magnate, who said the same thing. He had a widowed sister in Texas to whom he regularly sent an income sufficient for herself and family. And when he died, to the surprise of everyone, he left to this sister quite an accumulation. He had never been wholly a spendthrift. Though he lived well at Chamberlin's in Washington and the Waldorf in New York he was careful of his credit and his money.

I dare say he was not unfortunate in the stock market. He never married and when he died, still a youngish man as modern ages go, all sorts of stories were told of him, and the space writers, having a congenial subject, disported themselves voluminously. Inevitably most of their stories were apocryphal.

I wonder shall we ever get any real truth out of what is called history. There are so many sides to it and such a confusing din of opinions. How much does old Sam Johnson owe of the fine figure he cuts to Boswell, and, minus Boswell, how much would be left of him? For nearly a century the Empress Josephine was pictured as the effigy of the faithful and suffering wife sacrificed upon the altar of unprincipled and selfish ambition—lovelorn, deserted, heartbroken. It was Napoleon, not Josephine, except in her pride, who suffered. On his return from Elba, though his very moments were numbered, he found time to go down to Malmaison, where, during his absence, Josephine had died. Hortense showed him into the death chamber. He passed an hour there and came out, his eyes wet with tears. Who shall tell us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about Hamilton; about Burr; about Cæsar, Caligula and Cleopatra? Did Washington, when he was angry, swear like a trooper? What was the matter with Nero?

V

ONE evening Edward King and I were dining in the Champs Elysées when he said: "There is a new coon—a literary coon come to town. He is a Scotchman and his name is Robert Louis Stevenson." Then he told me of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. At that moment the subject of our talk was in a kind of self-imposed penury not half a mile away.

Had we known this we could have ended the poor fellow's struggle with his pride and ambition then and there; have put him in the way of sure work and plenty of it; perhaps have lengthened, certainly have sweetened, his days, unless it be true that he was one of the impossibles, as he may easily be conceived to have been from reading his wayward biography and voluminous correspondence.

To a young Kentuckian, one of "my boys," was given the opportunity to see the last of him and to bury him in far-away Samoa, whither he had taken himself for the final adventure and where he died, having attained some measure of the dreams he had cherished, and, let us hope, happy in the consciousness of the achievement.

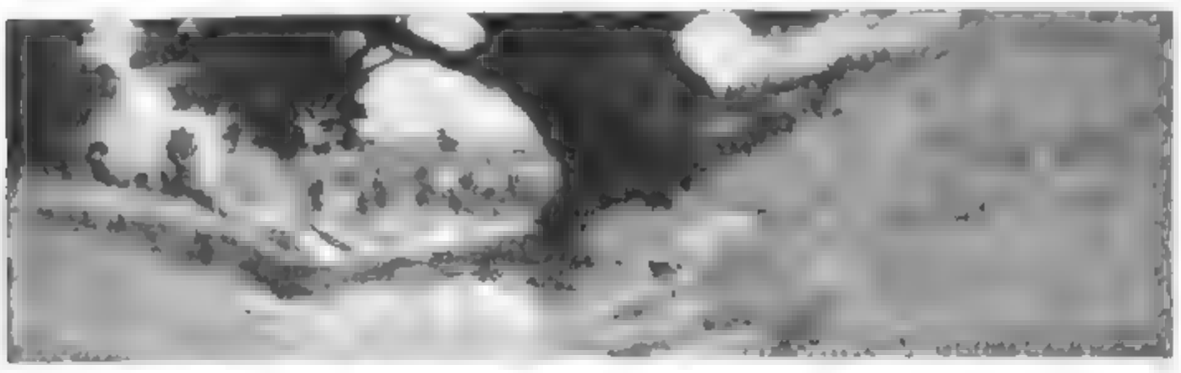
I rather think Stevenson should be placed at the head of the latter-day fictionists. But fashions in literature as in dress are ever changing. Washington Irving was the first of our men of letters to obtain a foreign recognition. While the fires of hate between Great Britain and America were still burning he wrote kindly and elegantly of England and the English, and was accepted on both sides of the ocean. Taking his style from Addison and Goldsmith he emulated their charity and humor; he went to Spain and in the same deft way he pictured the then unknown byways of the land of dreams; and coming home again he peopled the region of the Hudson with the beings of legend and fancy which are dear to us.

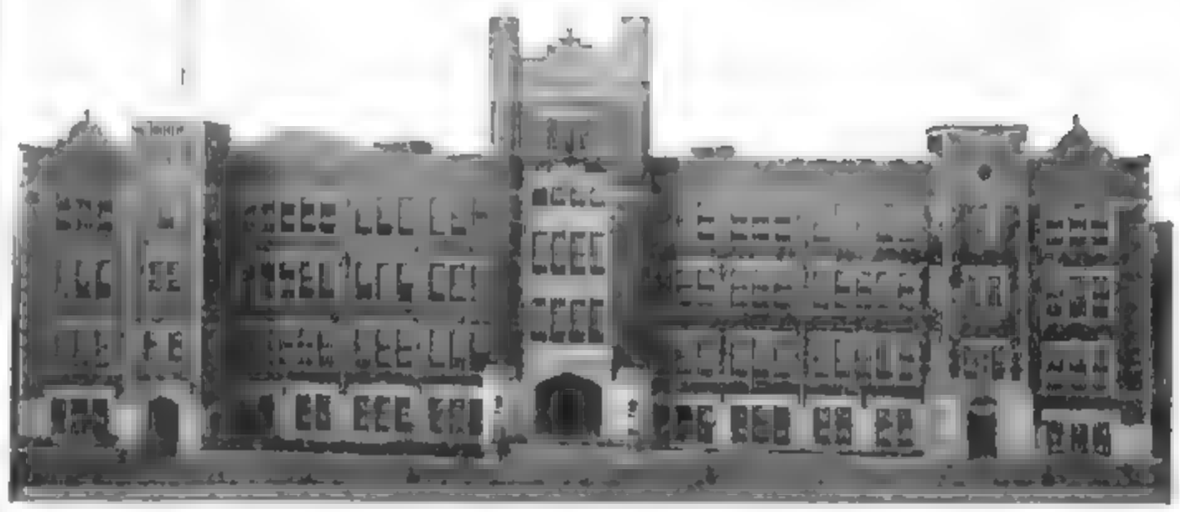
He became our national man of letters. He stood quite at the head of our literature, giving the lie to the scornful query, "Who reads an American book?" As a pioneer he will always be considered; as a simple and vivid writer of things familiar and entertaining he will probably always be read; but as an originator we should hardly place him very high. There Bret Harte surely led him. The Tales of the Argonauts as works of creative fancy lead the Sketches of Washington Irving alike in wealth of color and humor, in pathos and dramatic action.

Some writers make an exception of the famous Sleepy Hollow story. But they have in mind the Rip Van Winkle of Jefferson and Boucicault, not the rather attenuated story of Irving, which—as far as the twenty years of sleep went—was borrowed from an old German legend.

Mark Twain and Bret Harte, however, will always be bracketed with Washington Irving. Of the three I incline to the opinion that Mark Twain did the broadest and strongest work. His imagination had wider reach than Irving's. There is nowhere, as there is in Harte, the suspicion either of insincerity or of artificiality. Irving's humor was the humor of Sir Roger de Coverley and the Vicar of Wakefield. It is old English. Mark Twain's is his own—American through and through to the bone!

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-second of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.





Why Dayton Chose U. S. Structural Service

Stivers High School, Dayton, Ohio

There are no finer schools and public buildings in the world than those of modern progressive Dayton.

That is why she called for U. S. Structural Service. She knew that we could and would furnish, not merely the materials but the talent and skill necessary to carry out every detail in the most modern progressive way.

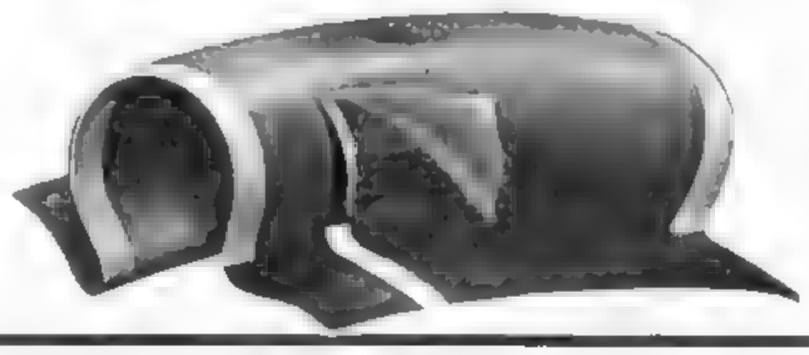
U. S. Structural Service is equal to any demand. Every member of our staff is a trained specialist. Our workers are a permanent part of our organization and keenly interested in their work. Our long experience in every kind of construction work means quicker and better results at lower cost.

THE U.S. STRUCTURAL CO.
DAYTON, OHIO NEW YORK CITY

Booklet showing types of construction will be sent upon request to the U. S. Structural Company, Main Street, Dayton, Ohio.

AJAX
H.Q.
HIGH QUALITY
TIRE ACCESSORIES

This is the Ajax H Q Inside Blow-out Patch, one of the complete line of Ajax H Q Tire Accessories Note the construction features.



Quick and Serviceable

AJAX H. Q. (High Quality) Inside Blow-out Patch gives perfect protection when that dreaded blow-out comes. Makes a quick, serviceable, emergency repair. It's well worth while to carry two or three under the seat.

More Length; More Strength

The patch is of superfine construction. Each of the multiple plies extends from bead to bead, while the extra length of the patch itself, gives the needed strength to meet any blow-out or "rim-cut" emergency. These soft rubber tips prevent tube chafing.

Best dealers carry the complete line of Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories—everything you need for temporary or permanent repairs.

Made by the makers of AJAX TIRES

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
Factories: Trenton, N. J. Branches in Leading Cities

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Kennett Harris *An Autobiography*

THE story of my life? God bless you, sir! Of course I have one to tell. What knife grinder or fiction grinder hasn't? It occurs to me that few men or women are so poor in experience or set in so dull an environment but they might, if they could or would, tell a story that would hold the world breathless in the reading of it! But they would have to tell all without any decent deletions or reservations, and they wouldn't do that if they could and couldn't if they would, so there you are. In the relation following I shall try to confine myself to what I consider more or less pertinent to my vocation.

I was born 54 years ago at Walthamstow, England—"it's not so far from London"—and I began young. I may have caught the habit from an old Irish nurse who had been my mother's nurse and was rich in tales of the "ould" ancient days. At all events, after "Meary" left us I became the story teller of the nursery. Then my father had a goodish library and let me have the run of it. I suppose I read everything in it from Bunyan to Boccaccio and with the keenest delight.

Of the old school in the shadow of a venerable abbey in Sussex I retain none but pleasant recollections. All the disagreeables, including most of the curriculum, are lapsed in mere oblivion. Cricket I unaccountably hated, but took delight in football, swimming in the Farthing and the regular gymnastics. I had learned to ride at home and I was a good oarsman. The pillow fights, singsongs and surreptitious feasts in the dormitories are sweet in retrospect, as are the boxes from home that furnished forth the feasts. Yes, them was the happy days.

Then came the time to decide on my future career. We were an easy-going family and the matter was left largely to me. I had an inner conviction that I was born to be a great

(Concluded on Page 73)

Mrs. J. Willis Martin and Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton

THOUGH clothes may not make a man, concededly they make a favorable impression if the neatly groomed man be, let us say, an applicant for employment. Such minute details as properly outfitting its unemployed charges before embarking them upon interviews with prospective employers have contributed in the aggregate toward making the Emergency Aid Committee of Pennsylvania a successful philanthropic organization—the kind of organization which charitable workers have traveled from other states to study. It was a little group of women who gave being to the Emergency Aid at Philadelphia in October, 1914. Philadelphia society forthwith forsook tea carts for packing cases, and such social leaders as Mrs. J. Willis Martin—in the oval above—and Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton—at the left—two of eight founders, set themselves the ambitious task of furnishing supplies for relief ships tostricken Belgium.

The organization branched out into numerous subcommittees, concerned now with relief at home as well as abroad, until to-day the Emergency Aid has become a fixture.

The aftermath of war necessitates its permanence. Only to mention the name of its Americanization committee, in this day of bomb carriers, is to suggest a field for that committee's operations. The overseas committee coöperates with government agencies in giving the disabled soldier a job; the home relief division averts destitution from families whose breadwinner lacks work. Victims of the after effects of infantile paralysis and of influenza have a genuine benefactor in the organization; the foreign committees, with relief depots in Armenia, France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Siberia, are not unmindful that Martian heel-prints are not obliterated quickly. These are a few of the Aid's activities.

Lewis R. Freeman *An Autobiography*

I WAS once informed—through the usual channels—that an old friend of mine was in the habit of epitomistically summing me up to strangers as a first-class tramp, a second-class tennis player, a third-class farmer and a fourth-class hack writer. When I sought him out and taxed him with indulging in loose generalities he admitted that he had not attempted any hard and fast classification.

"I grant you," he said, "that you can't be pinned down and charted so evenly as that; but though you don't plot out in just that one-two-three-four order I still maintain that the balance I've struck is an

(Continued on Page 73)

Candy without cooking!

At a cost of less than twenty cents a pound

Truly the most delicious candy you ever ate—chocolates, creamy fudge, bonbons—better than the most expensive candy you can buy!

And the wonderful thing about it is that anybody can make it—in ten minutes' time—*without cooking!*

The only magic needed is Libby's Evaporated Milk.

Just mix a quarter of a cupful of Libby's Evaporated Milk with two cupfuls of *powdered* sugar, flavor to taste, and drop from a spoon on oiled paper.

That's the foundation formula from which an endless variety of candies can be made—and they are all described in the new Libby Milk Booklet we are waiting to send you.

The whole thing is so simple there's no chance of failure—not much like the old-fashioned cooked candy.

Get your can of Libby's Evaporated Milk today and give your family—and yourself—a real candy treat, one that you'll want to repeat frequently.

And let the kiddies make their own candy—they'll have the time of their lives. Besides, the creamy richness of Libby's Milk—which alone makes possible these wonderful candies—furnishes just the wholesome food value in the candy you want your children to have. In fact, it's a mighty fine food for the whole family.

But don't stop at using Libby's Milk in candy—that's only one of the many miracles you can perform with it.

Essential in cooking—ice cream, in coffee and cocoa.

Just try the recipes in the Milk Booklet and watch the saving on your butter bills, for Libby's is the milk—"so rich you need no butter." The Libby Milk Booklet will be sent to you free—write for your copy today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 508 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

"Oh yes, I can go—BlueBird has done my washing."

She who has a BlueBird is never "tied down" on washday. Her washing is "on the line by nine"—she is not only *free* to go but she is untired, for BlueBird does the work. And *my*, how *much* longer clothes wear when washed the BlueBird way—*five times* as long as when washed on a rub-board. The finest, daintiest garments are washed by BlueBird without *any* wear or tear. The saving in laundry expense alone pays the whole cost of BlueBird in one year.

And think how delightful it would be to simply *revel* in clean linen and clean clothes without having to hesitate on account of the "washing."

BlueBird is the clothes washer developed to the highest degree. It washes quicker, better than any other method—a tubful of clothes *clean* in ten minutes—average washing done in about an hour—at a cost of only about 2c for current.

A small payment puts BlueBird into your home. Let the BlueBird dealer in your town demonstrate BlueBird in your home free. See him today. Write us for The BlueBird Book.

See these BlueBird superiorities:

Handsome white enameled cabinet [illegible]

Heavy copper extra large [illegible]

Washes by perfect rock-a-bye action, quickest, most thorough way.

Built for a life time of service; extra strong, rigid frame, simple, dependable mechanism.

Large [illegible] swings to any position, [illegible] especially for light or bulky things.

Highest grade guaranteed motor—powerful, dependable.

BlueBird Appliance Co., 2204 Washington Ave., St. Louis, U. S. A.

BlueBird

ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 70)

Kennett Harris

painter and began the study of art. South Kensington, however, insisted on a preliminary knowledge of drawing and the drudgery of that bored my impatient genius. I considered the sea. My grandfather had been one of Marryat's midshipmites in 1812 and the sea was in my blood. That fell through though. Eventually I became a junior clerk in Charles Knight's publishing house, and so got to know Fleet Street up and down and the bookstalls of Paternoster Row and Ave Maria Lane. Life gave me much there. I have pleasant memories of old nooks and corners round St. Paul's, of old city churches, of picture galleries, of the theaters; but I don't remember much of Knight's, beyond the fact that I didn't like junior clerking. That was important, too, because it brought me to America.

America was a compromise. I wanted to go to the West Indies—the Spanish Main, to be more exact. I reasoned that there would always be the chance of pirate treasure there, failing a fortune made in spices or guava jelly. My father, who had a hard practical streak in him, opposed the idea as remote and even risky. We compromised on America because our old nursery governess had emigrated thither and had written us glorious accounts of its riches. I think that she went to Brooklyn. I meant to go to Missouri, which we judged to be rather in the backwoods from Brooklyn; but at all events there were Indians there and buffaloes and border ruffians, and gold in the mountains. I had that all on the unimpeachable authority of a fascinating book written by one of my own countrymen. So it was Missouri. I was to go there, be careful not to step on the border ruffians, kill a few Indians and buffaloes, pick up what gold I needed and return in four or five years to restore the fortunes of my family and marry the lady who fully intended to wait for me.

Missouri was a great disappointment in many respects. There had been some changes there since my authority wrote about it. The only gold for me appeared to be in the drug business, but that was better than any gold mine. The man—an experienced man—who wanted me to go in with him and start a store, assured me of that. We started our drug store and I became an experienced man—boy, rather, for I was nineteen years of age when my partner disappeared with our available capital and I found myself busted and in a very, very strange land.

Here art came to my rescue. I had brought along my palette and a box of paints and I put some beautiful cobalt and vermilion into a sign for a local grocery store. I got three dollars for it and some other orders. I may say that I painted that town. I then hied me to St. Joe, where I engaged in various occupations, including shoveling wheat from cars, running a stationary engine, clerking in the Burlington freight office—which was far beyond me, as to this day I am assured of my inability to count past ten with any degree of accuracy—and, finally, I had my first experience of journalism as assistant to a cub reporter on the Evening News. That was not remunerative and I was considering my next shift when I met a country storekeeper who was in town on a buying trip. He was foolish enough to offer me a job. I was to keep his books and clerk a little in the store when there was a rush. I liked my new friend and I saw no good reason why I should not take that job and become a wealthy merchant within my five years' limit.

Just here I rather remind myself of a certain shoe manufacturer relating the vicissitudes of his boyhood; but what I wish to make clear is that life was giving me a great deal at that time. It was making me acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men.

I enjoyed my country-store experience. It was really no great task, the bookkeeping, and the general stock was fascinating, there was such a number of things in it, and most of them strange and foreign. Then the store was a sort of club round whose big box stove the leisure class of the town and townfaring farmers gathered to smoke and "swap lies." Among the latter was an old California forty-niner who for some years had been dissatisfied with his comfortable brick farmhouse and fat and fruitful acres. It was getting too thickly settled for him in the Tarkio country. He was now selling out his Missouri farm and putting everything into cattle which he intended to drive out to the Black Hills of Dakota the coming spring. "Yes, there was gold in the hills, you bet! Any God's quantity, and bears, and Injuns, and buffalo and mountain sheep and deer and all sech. Like to come along?"

It was hard waiting until spring, but the sweet season came at last, and off we set on the western trail. What a journey that was! In the saddle at peep o' day and jogging along behind the plodding cattle, with occasional spurts to head off the more enterprising of the bunch! The long noonings when we sated our ravenous appetites with bacon, beans and biscuit browned in the Dutch oven! The starlit nights and the vigils about the sleeping herd that we lulled to slumber with our more or less melodious song, the prairies ablaze with red and yellow cactus blooms, the swollen rivers that we forded, the seemingly interminable distances that we traversed before the blue-black contours of the Hills appeared on the horizon!

But it was all true. It was all and more than my fancy had painted. There was gold in the Hills, and bear and deer and mountain sheep—and sech; there were buffalo on the northern ranges still, and in the fourteen-odd years of my life in that God's country Injuns more than once gave me that sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach. On the other hand, they have more than once filled my stomach with stews of buffalo berries and venison—and dog, for aught I know. I mined, I punched cows, I ranched on my own, I cut cord wood in the pines, I broke sod in the valleys. Naturally the country grew during that fourteen years, and in time we began to take an interest in politics. I joined the minority and became a Democrat and on that ticket was elected to office. For a term and a half I was Register of Deeds and ex-officio County Clerk of our county, and then I started my paper, in partnership with my brother-in-law. It was a four-column, eight-page weekly and we kicked it off on a Gordon jobber in the basement of our first stone building.

It was a success. In the two or three years that it ran we realized about a million and a half dollars' worth of fun, and until the last few months of its existence we made a living out of it. Our town grew and boomed, but the boom suddenly collapsed and the paper with it. Soon after that I found myself able to revisit my people in England. They found me "so very American" and I guess I was—even then. Every succeeding visit, and there have been several, has convinced me of my complete naturalization. On my return to the Hills I did something that I had been aching to do for years. I started a magazine. That also was a success and it kept me very busy for another year—very busy indeed, as I had to write most of the articles, fiction and verse myself under different pen-names. Moreover, I did a great deal of the illustrating, by etching on zinc, which I procured from the tin shop and mounted on blocks type high. But the time came—in the middle of an eleventh-century romance that I have never completed—when the printer became obdurate and I had to let go. Hope crooked her rosy finger and beckoned once more; this time from Chicago.

Well, that chapter of life seems to have given me something: The last of the picturesque West and its types of men and women, a people I loved and still love, feeling one of them, happily certain that they reckoned me one of themselves. I knew mining camps not many removes from Bret Harte's, and towns that closely proximated Lewis' Red Dog. I knew the hoary and hopeful prospector, the joyous cowboy, the gambler and the bad man, at first hand. I knew what hard work was—manual labor, with axe and pick and sledge and plow and hoe—and how good it was. What would you give me for all that?

I found the Chicago newspapers cold and unreceptive to the last degree, and I had a dickens of a time breaking in; but on the other hand I had a fine experience of the seamy side of Chicago life, and finally I got my first assignment on the Chicago Record, and after an unusually trying cubhood, got the hang of the thing and went ahead.

Something over a year's active service as a reporter, with the best and cleverest set of men ever gathered together in a newspaper office, under the finest and most capable editors, city and managing.

So I came into contact with both the dregs and the scum of city life, and I met many of the great ones of the earth, whereby my bump of reverence subsided to a marked depression. Then I was taken out of the city room and sent to San Antonio where the Rough Riders were organizing, and I trailed along with that immortal aggregation as correspondent, to Tampa and then to Cuba, where I saw the campaign through. On the island I was detached from my special assignment to Colonel Roosevelt's command and instructed to spread myself over the army, so I had my hands full; but I wiggled through fairly well, barring a little inflammatory rheumatism at the windup. That war experience was one worth having and with it I gained some friends worth having—and lost some.

On my return I was set to writing "Stories of the Streets and of the Town," succeeding George Ade in that task, and I continued to write them until the Record's incorporation with the Herald. Then much about the same thing, with an added feature of verse, for the Daily News, and about that time my first magazine stories, first for Leslie's Monthly and, soon after, the beginning of a long line for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I continued newspaper work for a long while, but, excepting one term of dramatic criticism for the Examiner, it was feature stuff exclusively. It was during that period that it became highly necessary for me to hump myself in an extraordinary manner. I humped as a man will with the bradawl of necessity behind him. I sat in my room all day in a haze of tobacco smoke and wrote stories and verse until it was time for my night work at the theater. I juggled two newspapers, a syndicate and an occasional magazine at one and the same time in that stuffy den of mine, cutting myself down to a minimum allowance of sleep. Well, you can't do that sort of thing indefinitely, and as a result my health suffered rather seriously.

That was about twelve years ago; for three of the twelve I continued under an existing contract to write for my papers—in a recumbent position a good deal of the time—and since then I have devoted myself to magazine fiction exclusively.

I look back on those twelve years of semi-invalidism with the feeling that they have given me more, perhaps, than any other period of life. If it had not been for that illness, I would not have conceived the idea of taking a little forty-foot motor boat from Chicago to the Gulf and across to the west coast of Florida. I would have missed my winters in Louisiana and my wanderings through the Southern States generally. I would never have had the notion that the South of France might be a good place in which to live and grow well—and tried it, and the cote d'azur would never have gladdened my eyes from medieval Grasse. I would never have heard the bugles of the stocky, sturdy little Chasseurs d'Alpin in their nearby barracks or met them on the Roman roads, singing as they marched, and little foreseeing the war less than a year in futurity. I wouldn't have seen Naples, perhaps, or the Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece where burning Sappho, and so forth. Above all I would have had an imperfect idea at best of the kindness and sympathy of my fellow man. Wherever I have been, without exception, I have found warm-hearted and helpful friends, chief among them, a rock of strength, a wellspring of kindness, a sun of cheer, fine-natured and generous Charlie Van Loan to whose memory I wish I could pay fitting tribute. God rest him! I would like to say what these friends have been to me, but at this point words fail me utterly so I go back to my personal activities and record getting about with a growing strength that encourages me to look forward to further and ampler activities.

This is getting to be a mighty interesting period, I find, and I am curious about the New Order, dawn-flashes of whose glory already seem to pierce the tragic gloom that overcasts the world. I may be over-optimistic, but I feel sure that out of all this war-born misery and grief, this devilishness and devastation, an undreamed-of measure of good and of happiness is to come to humanity.

Lewis R. Freeman

eminently fair one. I've underrated your tramping and tennis no more than I've underrated your farming and writing."

I still think he did an injustice to my farming.

Like any other nomad, I was born that way, but my true nature was hampered in its development through the fact that my parents were themselves quite normal and respectable. Where they made their mistake was in sending me to college and allowing me to pass out of that happy-home atmosphere which—with creeping paralysis—is the only known deterrent to the rise of the wanderlust fever. My recollections of Stanford are a blurred composite of athletic fields and faculty meetings—the one fragrant with a reek of sweat and red dust that is still no less embalmed in my memory than in the old football and baseball jerseys I still keep—as more soulful folk keep lavender and dead roses—for what they will conjure up; the other gloomy and inquisitorial as this or that team manager strove to keep me in college because I was strong of arm and quick of foot, while a committee of professors sought to cast me forth because I was weak of intellect and slow of head. The former, though without a moral leg to stand on, always managed to win out on a technicality. Every time danger signals began to flutter to indicate that I was skidding for a flunk in my major subject—the one in which I had elected to take my degree—they pulled concealed wires which switched me off onto another one. I started out with Law and after that came Geology, Biology and Education. There was something of delicate irony in that last named, as there also was in Domestic Science, which I seem to recall as the subject I was striving for a degree in when the end came. How hopeless I was as a student may be judged from the fact that I failed to pass an examination to remove a condition in English, even after Will Irwin—with whom I roomed for a few colorful months of my freshman year—had written most of the paper for me!

The only thing I displayed real talent for at this juncture—or at any time since, for that matter—was throwing a baseball. Without any special warming up or training I often used to lob the horsehide well over three hundred and fifty feet. Somehow I had a feeling that this little trick—though the rest of my baseball was indifferent—ought to make a big-league berth easy picking after graduation. It was a staggering shock then, when—after dislocating my shoulder in the Thanksgiving football game with California—I was told that my throwing wing was finished for good. With nothing left to live for, or so I fancied for long enough to take the great decision, I took the first boat out of San Francisco for Alaska, off to join the Klondike rush with the other down-and-outers.

The fat was in the fire. In the course of the next year I carried my first pack, mushed my first dog team, ran my first rapids, shot my first moose and bear and mountain sheep, gaffed my first salmon, chummed up with my first Indians—in short began really to live. In the score of years which have passed since then the picture has changed in color and detail rather than in character. The Yang-tse, Irawadi, Tigris, Zambesi, Orinoco, Parana and diverse odds and ends of streams have supplied the boatable swift water which I first came to know on the Alsek and Takin; Kanakas, Negritos, Masai, Afridi, Dyaks, Arabs and a hundred other variants of the black, yellow and copper races furnished trail mates and camp companions in succession to Chilcat and Stick; and so on with shooting and fishing and all the rest. I always preferred big-game shooting to small, because—being a somewhat indifferent shot—I soon found that I could hit the former a good deal oftener.

A couple of years after my return from the North severe temptation thrown across my path was responsible for a sporadic attempt to follow my first love and break into baseball. I had been through the Yellowstone Park on ski the preceding winter and in endeavoring to rush off the story of my feat to a so-called sportsman's magazine—the editor of which had offered me five annual subscriptions in payment—I stopped for a few days in a town in Montana, where it chanced that the state bush league

ARROW
form-fit
COLLARS

STARCHED OR SOFT, THE ARROW MARK IS A DEPENDABLE INDICATOR OF A SMART SATISFACTORY COLLAR

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc. TROY, N. Y.

BAKER-VAWTER

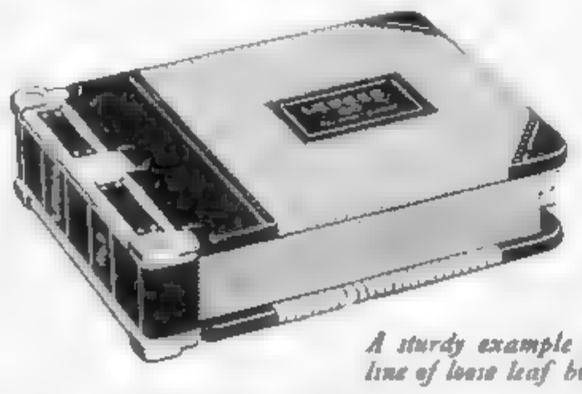
No matter how small or how large your business is, your acquaintance with Baker-Vawter will be a profitable one. For thirty-one years this company has specialized in originating and manufacturing the various accessories and aids to business efficiency.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators & Manufacturers Loose Leaf & Steel Filing Equipment

FACTORIES
BENTON HARBOR, MICH. HOLYOKE, MASS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Canadian Distributors—Copeland-Chatterson, Limited, Brampton, Ontario



A sturdy example of our line of loose leaf binders.

was just budding into life with the cottonwoods along the river. A fearful and wonderful collection of ball players it was, numbering on its roster about as many names that had once been famous as it did those that were destined to become so. Of the team three or four of us were known to the police and at least two of us came into town on the brake beams. One of us was trying to forget the dope habit and another—our catcher and, when right, greatest player—was just graduated from a rum-curing institute.

Having my amateur standing to protect—I was holding two or three tennis challenge cups on the coast at the time—I signed on under my middle name of Ransome. They tried me out at center in the opening game against Billings and after the second—at Bozeman—I became a permanency at first base, my old corner and a place at which my broken pinion handicapped me the least. Besides holding down the initial sack, I was told off for the unofficial duty of guarding the only partially rum-cured catcher—seeing that he was kept from even inhaling the fumes of the seductive redeye, a single séance with which meant his inevitable downfall for the season.

I played fairly promising ball right through that season, and but for the final disaster which overtook me in my unofficial capacity as Miley's keeper might have gone right on to the fulfillment of my life ambition. Right up to the final and deciding series with Butte I kept my bibulous ward under an unrelaxing rein with the result that he played the greatest baseball of his career. Then a gang of the Copper City sports, who had been betting heavily on the series, contrived to lure Miley away for a quarter of an hour while I was taking a bath. He was in the clouds by the time I located him and rapidly going out of control into a spinning nose dive. He crashed soon after and when I left him as the dawn was breaking through the red smoke above the smelters he was as busy chasing pink mice and purple cockroaches as the substitute we put in his place that afternoon was with passed balls. To cap the climax—in trying to extend a bunt into a two-bagger, or some equally futile stunt—I strained an old Charley Horse and went out of the game in the second inning. We lost the game, series and championship; and I—with my future again blasted—sought solace in a hunting trip in the wilds of the Colorado Delta and northern Sonora. That, so far as I can recall, was about the extent of my preliminary literary training.

Returning home to Pasadena from Mexico, I found some friends putting off with an empty cabin in their yacht for a cruise in the South Pacific. Naturally a thing of that kind couldn't be overlooked. I sailed with them for Hawaii, the Marquesas, Tahiti, Samoa and Fiji, only deserting the Lurline when on her return to Honolulu it suddenly dawned upon me that nothing but a few inconsiderable miles of salt water separated me from the Russo-Japanese War. I cabled to the editor of a Los Angeles paper—the only editor I knew for many years—for war-correspondent credentials and boarded the next steamer for Yokohama.

The credentials arrived in due course. They bound that editor to accept anything I might write which seemed suitable for his columns and warned all and sundry that I was not authorized by the foregoing to contract debts against his paper. All in all, I have always felt I did very well—considering that was the only piece of paper I had to go on—in getting an invitation to the emperor's garden party at Akasaku Palace and in finally spending a week with Nogi's army outside Port Arthur. I rushed off by post three dispatches during my six months on or near the Russo-Japanese Front. I shall not reveal my balance sheet.

Having now become a war correspondent, the next thing to do of course was to go on a lecturing tour. Chancing to read in an English paper something about the defenselessness of Australia against an attack from Japan I resolved to move on the exposed flank of the antipodes from that direction. That lecture tour I might best describe as less of a financial than an artistic success. The principal things that I remember about it are that I had my picture on the same page of the Sydney Mail with Annette Kellermann and that I got away with the singles and doubles tennis championships of Tasmania.

My instability of purpose—the extent to which I was and always will be swayed by trifles—is well illustrated by an incident which occurred in connection with my departure from Australia. Fancying myself really in a rush to get to England in time to do the round of the summer tennis tournaments, I had planned to sail by the P. & O. on the direct route by Suez. Just as I was about to purchase my ticket I found on the sidewalk a card case containing nothing but a couple of Cape Colony stamps. That settled it. Those stamps had to be used. I booked via South Africa. In Capetown, buying post cards to affix my stamps to, I saw a photograph of Victoria Falls with the result that what had been expected to be a six-hour lay-over was lengthened to one of six months. That, with a subsequent African visit six or seven years later, gave me my first forerunning education in what Kultur as applied to tropical colonies meant to the black races unfortunate enough to have been caught basking in Germany's places in the sun.

Missing the tennis season in England by a month as a consequence of my South African wanderings, I resolved to sail direct from London to New York on my way to California—for the sunshine for which the Thames fogs have always set me longing—for a little while. That resolve lasted all the way to the Cunard office, where on the counter I chanced upon an R. M. S. P. folder with a picture of Rio harbor on the cover. Forthwith I marched round to Moorgate Street and booked passage in the Aragon for Brazil via Spain and Madeira. Two years went by before I reached New York and the way led through every country in South America except French Guiana and all of the West Indian islands except Martinique.

Now and then I did a little writing, not because I didn't grudge the time it robbed me of that I might otherwise have spent in seeing or doing things but because I could not help being thrown every now and then with normal and respectable folk who seemed less shocked when I claimed to be a traveling correspondent than when I confessed the shameful truth. Editors, though they complained regularly of my spelling and punctuation, often accepted the stuff and occasionally paid for it—just as they do now. One or two even went so far as to praise the "picturesqueness of expression," whatever that was. But mental laziness and an inherent distaste for assuming anything between a standing and a reclining posture—most writing seems to be done with the base of the spine resting on one hard piece of board and the back arched above another—interposed an effectual bar against my becoming literary at this juncture, just as they do still.

The years that followed my brief return to America were too full to make more than a mention of a few of the high lights possible here. In 1910 I went to China with a party officially designated as the Honorary Commission Representing the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific Coast. This was just before Sun Yat Sen upset the Manchu dynasty, and between tottering royalists and budding revolutionists we were subjected to such a series of entertainments as has never been rivaled in the history of the East. At the end of six weeks of banquetings I found myself with two cases of gifts—everything from bolts of silk and samples of cement to *sang-du-bœuf* vases, sandalwood fans and carved ivory to the good, and one case of smallpox to the bad.

At the end of six weeks in the Shanghai Isolation Hospital with the latter, I faced the world with a tomato-catchup complexion and too little strength in the legs to carry out a long-cherished plan of crossing on foot from the headwaters of the Yang-tse to those of the Irawadi and floating down that stream to Bhamo, Mandalay and Rangoon. Nine months later I gained some consolation in doing most of this journey in reverse, starting from the Burmese end.

A few weeks in the Philippines put me right physically again, and the next three or four months I spent in seeing as much as I could at first-hand of the miracle of progress a decade of American occupation had wrought in that archipelago. Faring on by Jolo, British North Borneo, Brunei and Sarawak, I came to Singapore with the well-matured plan of studying the British colonial methods in the Straits Settlements and Federated Malay States. It was a photograph of Amboynese girls harvesting nutmegs that was my undoing here. I bought a roving ticket which entitled me to ride for two months on all steamers of the Royal Dutch Mail line plying through

(Continued on Page 77)

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

"There Is a Distinct Need of and a Wide Field for More Good Motor Truck Merchants"

You Can Establish a Profitable Motor Truck Business

The J. C. Wilson Company desires to enlist the interest of clean-cut business men as exclusive territory dealers in the sale of Wilson motor trucks. There is a distinct need of and a wide field for more GOOD motor truck merchants

ONE of the most significant phases of the great truck industry lies in the already large number of substantial men who, attracted by the clean nature of the business and its wonderful sales possibilities, have deserted other fields of activity to become motor truck distributors.

You need not have been previously engaged in any department of the automotive industry to successfully sell motor trucks. Some of the very best Wilson merchants on our list secured their first truck experience as Wilson dealers.

Marketing motor trucks is a plain *business* proposition. You talk plain *business* to business men. There is no magic about it.

I know a former college professor in Illinois who has increased his net income ten times by selling motor trucks. I know a storage and transfer man in Georgia who is making a wonderful record in the retail truck field.

I know a former book-keeper in Michigan who, during the first twelve days of July, this year, made more than $12,000 selling motor trucks—*$1,000 a day*.

I could tell you of many others—a lawyer in Ohio, a grocer in Louisiana, a dry-goods merchant in West Virginia, an implement dealer in Arkansas, and so on through a long list—who are realizing more money as motor truck dealers than they ever earned in their former lines of business.

The truck represents the greatest and most practical industry that has been developed in recent years. It is the sixteen-inch gun of today's commerce. Every line of commercial endeavor needs and uses trucks, and the demand grows constantly.

Without the motor truck the world would face an era of even higher commodity prices than now prevail, and a shortage of materials that would practically paralyze industrial activity.

Statistics show that, aside from the farms, there are millions of prospective truck sales in the United States.

And the farmers of this country—6,000,000 of them—present a field whose possibilities are unlimited. For to the farmer especially the truck is an *economic necessity*.

Figures taken from careful Government reports indicate that millions upon millions of dollars will be earned as profits by motor truck dealers during the next twelve months. The business is growing by leaps and bounds.

You, regardless of your present business, can share in this profit.

And you can make more money for the same amount of capital invested than in any other business with which I am familiar.

Wilson trucks are making money for Wilson dealers. We build them in 1, 2, 3½ and 5-ton capacities—a size for every business. They are among the best built trucks in America, and are sold at prices below the average for similar high-class construction and design.

They have been on the market for *seven years* and have established a splendid reputation. They are in the service of the U. S. Government, the Standard Oil Company, the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, and many other great corporations whose requirements are most exacting.

Let me give you the details of Wilson trucks and the whole truck selling proposition. It is a dignified and profitable occupation.

If you are a business man, write me. If you can sell goods, write me. I will regard your letter as confidential, and will show you the inside facts of the most remarkable sales opportunity that has been offered to American business men in the last quarter of a century.

STANLEY C. WILSON
General Manager

Send For Our Free Book
"Money in Motor Trucks"

J. C. WILSON COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

London — *Export Office:* 100 Broad Street, New York — Paris

36th Year

COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS

Velie

First Authoritative Example

of the new style tendency
A Harmony of Symmetrical Planes

Showing symmetry and grace of new body — exceptional room — deep plaited upholstery
Attractive new design radiator and hood — high cowl lines — bonnet fenders — octagonal lamps.
Enlarged gasoline tank — new type — carries big plate window

VIEWED by thousands at the Velie salesrooms in every center, the new Velie car has won the instant approval of motoring America. The reception accorded this beautiful creation is the headline record of the year in automobile history. If YOU, your family, or friends have not seen this car we invite you to call on the nearest Velie dealer. Here is the triumph—the first authoritative realization—of the style tendency to which the creators of Automobile Art are working.

New Comforts With New Beauty

Seen from every angle the new Velie is strikingly attractive. Its straight-line, high cowl body and tapering hood, give the eye a long, unbroken unit of beauty from front to rear. And it includes comforts that match its art—deep plaited leather upholstery—more room—wide doors—more storage space—new ideas everywhere.

Its new Velie-Continental motor is as far in advance of the ordinary as the car's design. Everyone who has tried it marvels at its power and speed—no vibration—silent—sure—at home on any hill or road. *And all this wonderful performance on low-grade fuel.*

An Amazing Motor Low Fuel Cost

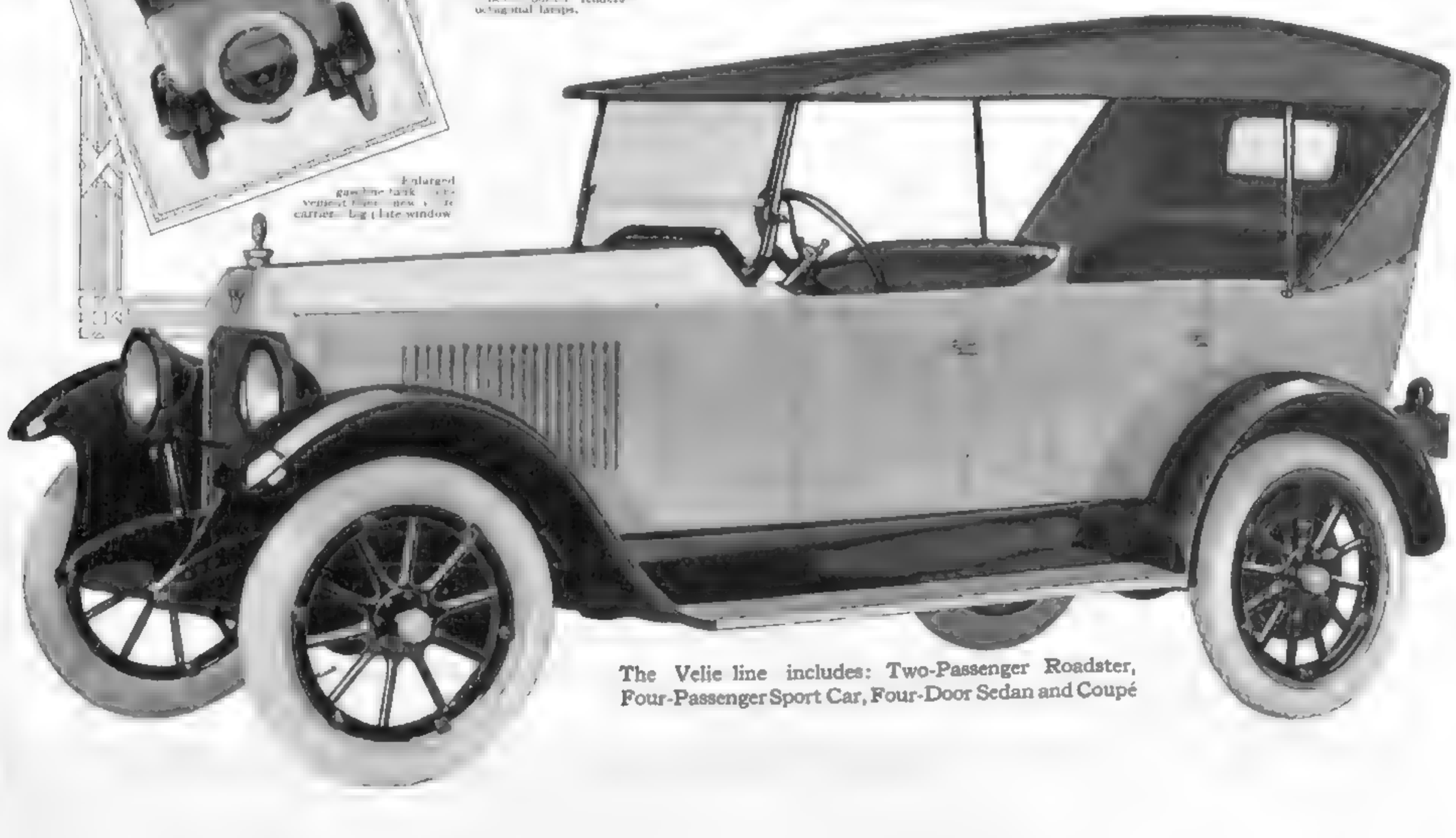
You cannot know what engineering science has done until you see and try the new Velie motor. Internally heated vaporizer, vastly increasing miles per gallon.. Unusually large crankshaft, perfectly aligned for a lifetime by *four* bearings. Durable, bronze-backed bearings everywhere.

All other mechanical features are the kind that ought to go with a car like this. Improved Timken axles and bearings; Borg & Beck clutch; Bijur starting and lighting; long underslung springs—everything.

The new Velie car is on your Velie dealer's salesroom floor now, in standard colors of blue and green. See it. Try it out. Then place your order for delivery as soon as one can be obtained.

Catalog for the asking.

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, MOLINE, ILLINOIS
Builders of Automobiles, Trucks and Tractors



The Velie line includes: Two-Passenger Roadster, Four-Passenger Sport Car, Four-Door Sedan and Coupé

(Continued from Page 74)

the archipelago of the East Indies. When that was run out I took another, and before I found myself back in Singapore again the only point in Insulinde I had not at least touched at was the Portuguese half of Timor, which I had visited some years before while on a voyage from Japan to Australia. By taking passage from Manokeri in a Chinese bird-of-paradise-buyer's schooner, I managed to reach and spend a few days in German New Guinea, almost the only one of the ex-kaiser's colonies with which I had not already some acquaintance.

Returning to Singapore, I worked up through or along the Malay Peninsula by train or coastal steamer to Siam and Burma and finally round the head of the Gulf of Bengal to Calcutta. A few days at Darjiling cleaned out of my system the dengue germs I had accumulated in the Salwin jungles and left me in prime fettle for some weeks of light mountaineering in Bhutan and Sikhim, through which I followed the Teesta right up to the barrier which fenced off Tibet.

Frederick William, as crown prince of Germany, had landed in Bombay by the time I was back in Calcutta. Having been a sort of hanger-on of polo for a good many years, I turned literary again and managed to procure a commission from the Asian, India's leading sporting paper, to write up the games in which his imperial highness was scheduled to play. It was the latter's desire to hear the late news from Tsingtau and New Guinea that led him to send for me several times to tell him about them and incidentally to do not a little talking himself. By the time I had had my last yarn with Frederick William I was fairly well prepared for Louvain, the sinking of the Lusitania and the other things which came in the nature of surprises to those who had not themselves seen what had been going on in the German colonies for more than a decade.

Two weeks at the Delhi Durbar at the end of 1911 led to some very interesting little informal visits to the capitals of some of the native chiefs I had encountered there. One of the best of these culminated in a week of cheetah hunting and panther shooting in the preserves of the Maharajah of Kashmir and Jammu, and finally to an extended tour through Ladak and down round the great bend of the Upper Indus, where I touched what is pretty nearly the last point to which the game of polo can definitely be back-tracked to its source in Central Asia. A run down along the northwestern frontier to Baluchistan brought me to Karachi within an hour or two of the time a B. & I. coaster was getting away for Muscat and the Persian Gulf. It was not until I was aboard her and well out to sea that I recalled the fact that about nine-tenths of my baggage was in my two trunks in Calcutta. Six months went by—in which I had pushed about with an arabanah or a camel or two pretty well all over Mesopotamia, Northern Arabia and Syria and out to the Mediterranean at Beirut—before I saw them again at Port Said. Several months of travel in Upper Egypt and British and German East Africa brought me back to the Mediterranean in time to see something of the Turkish campaign against the Italians in Tripoli before pushing on to London and New York. Enver Bey—later Pasha—whom I had an opportunity to meet at this time, made no attempt to conceal the fact that he was personally committed to throwing his country's lot in with Germany in the event of a general European war.

I went to Europe just long enough after the outbreak of the war to escape the restrictions which were placed upon correspondents at the outset, with the result that I had little difficulty in getting to any of the fronts I wanted to visit. My first two years were pretty well divided between the British, French and Italian armies in the west, and the Balkans. Always scouting for leakings of news from the navy, I met and came to know Commodore—now Rear Admiral—Sir Douglas Brownrigg, chief censor of the Admiralty, one of the bluffest, squarest and most likable men I have ever met. In the fall of 1917 Sir Douglas sent for me to say that Admiral Beatty had finally agreed to the presence of one regular eyewitness correspondent with the Grand Fleet and that he had decided to offer me first chance at it.

"I won't need to tell you," he said in his blunt way, "that the British naval officer detests publicity and that anyone who tries to make him talk for publication is not going to find himself on a bed of roses. You will be given a commission and appointed to one of the battleships, and while you last—which probably won't be very long—everything that goes on will be open to you. There probably won't be much that I can pass for publication, but if they don't ditch you at once there will be a lot you can store up for future use. Let me know what you'll do about it at this time to-morrow."

Seriously tempted by the illimitable possibilities for seeing things that the appointment opened up, it needed only that little suggestion about not much being passable for publication and hence little writing to do—to decide me. The intimation that the commission could be made an honorary one, not involving my taking an oath of allegiance to the British Government or more than the temporary lapsing of my American citizenship, removed the last objection. I got away by the naval train for Scapa the day that Mr. Gieve had my uniforms ready.

"Sit tight for a month and try not to get kicked out," was the chief censor's parting injunction.

I joined H. M. S. Erin on December twenty-fourth, just in time to get in on the time-honored Christmas-eve festivities, which consisted of the wardroom officers entertaining the midshipmen of the gun room at dinner and indulging in a free-for-all fight with them afterward. It was that free-for-all—so like an old college roughhouse—that gave me my first shred of hope that I was going to make the riffle. The next day I felt sufficiently sure of myself to risk sitting down and writing an account of it.

It was a very anxious night for me when the mail brought back the copy of Land and Water containing my screed. I skulked in my cabin for a while and, when on venturing into the wardroom the commander called me over by the fire, rang for drinks and asked how they should go about ordering fifty extra copies, I knew how a condemned man feels when his belated reprieve arrives.

From bluejacket to the commander in chief, everyone I was thrown in contact with from the first seemed to have made a point of giving me a sporting show, and I in turn did my best to let them down as easy as I could. I never asked for an interview with anyone on any pretext either before or after the armistice, and where I managed to get an officer or man to tell me the story of some historic action he had figured in, it was always on the understanding that he should see the proof before publication. I was often asked to make changes—generally of a character calculated to conceal the identity of the narrator—but never to hold up a complete article. When I heard of a man who was known to have some unusually interesting story locked up in his breast, I would ask to be appointed to the ship in which he chanced to be serving at the time. Then, through comparing notes with him on similar stories I already had bagged, his own would generally percolate out. Sketching this in a form which I thought would be least objectionable to him, I would show him some similar ones I already had in print and in the end he usually came through with the desired permission.

Perhaps the most amusing series of yarns I ran down in this way was the record of a number of historic destroyer and Q-boat actions which the Admiralty asked me to write. Digging through several hundred of the original reports of such actions in the Admiralty files I laid out what struck me as the score or so most striking from the human standpoint and requested that I be appointed—as I was ready—to ships in which one or more surviving men or officers of each action were then serving. In one way or another I dragged most of the stories out, usually by standing watch with some lonesome officer or bluejacket in the course of a North Sea patrol. One I heard in the stokehold of a destroyer, another in the foretop of a light cruiser, another in the dismantled cabin of a converted yacht and another in my bunk in a little wooden motor launch. A Jutland story, which I simply had to have from a man whose destroyer was in quarantine with flu, I finally extracted by talking to him over the rail of another destroyer tied up alongside his in the pen at Rosyth.

The only time, so far as I know, that I was dangerously near the wind as regards being ditched was when an inspecting admiral—mistaking me for the electrical

Shelltex-Rimmed

Shur-on

EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

Get the "Z" style Shur-on for children. Rocking pads prevent hurting the nose and permit it to grow naturally. Shelltex rims protect lenses, are much lighter and look better, and Shelltex tipped bows are comfortable on the ears.

Get your glasses where you can get Shur-ons. Quality Beyond Question

E. Kirstein Sons Co.

Established 1864 Rochester, N. Y.

Look for Shur-on in the bridge

"Beaumont"
A New Regal Design

Regal Caps

In the club car a hat is rarely seen. Experienced travelers know the greater comfort and utility of a cap—especially a "Regal" Cap.

It keeps the hair clean, shades the eyes perfectly, doesn't bind the head; soft and comfortable to sleep or lounge in, takes up no room in a grip—and doesn't get musty. Regal Caps are decidedly the smartest and best built caps in America—worth asking for by name. On sale at more than 15,000 good stores throughout the U. S. ($1.50 to $4.00.) Your dealer probably has them, or will gladly get them for you.

THE REGAL HAT CO. 643 to 651 S. Wells St. CHICAGO

Largest Cloth Headwear House in the World 182

officer, who was also an R. N. V. R.—asked me what my duties were. Somewhat piqued at not being recognized after having lunched at the great man's table but a day or two previously, I blurted out the first thing that came into my head without reflecting on the possible consequences.

"Flooding the magazines, sir," I said with a grin. "I saw some of the results of it on your cabin table yesterday."

Luckily for me, Vice Admiral Sir John de Robeck has a sense of humor as Irish as his name is French, and his hearty laugh gave instant reassurance.

There was no privilege I enjoyed with the Grand Fleet that I appreciated more than that which allowed me to extend my observations to its Sixth Battle Squadron, composed of the American ships under the command of Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman. It was no less a source of pride to me to see the admirable way in which the Sixth Battle Squadron in maintaining its own naval traditions also lived up to the best of those of the British, as it was a comfort every now and then to go aboard the New York or Texas or Delaware to talk real American again and set my teeth in good Yankee candy and a stack o' hots.

First and last, I had an incomparable opportunity to hear what the men and officers of every class of ships in the British Navy from drifters and submarines to battleships thought of the men and ships we sent across to work with them, and I know of no better place than this to affirm that it was one of unqualified admiration and affection. The Briton is not much of a glass-clinker and the sound of his own voice raised in a cheer is a thing he dreads above all others, yet the muttered "I'm jolly sorry to see them go" that I heard on a hundred lips the day the last of the bird-cage masts of the good old Sixth Battle Squadron had dissolved in the seaward fog bank off the Firth of Forth meant more than one of our Latin allies could have put in a storm of "Vivas!"

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

responsibility but which had left me in the highly embarrassing and equivocal position of an agent practically disavowed by his government.

This was evidently the reason why I was sent on a temporary mission to Mexico, in order to elucidate the question whether in view of possible contingencies it would be desirable to establish permanent diplomatic relations with that country, and I was privately given to understand that in the eventuality of an exchange of diplomatic represenatives between the two governments being determined upon I would be appointed as the first minister from Russia to the United States of Mexico.

But thereby hangs still another tale, not devoid of interest, as showing what a considerable part in human affairs purely personal questions are apt to play in determining decisions in matters concerning public interests sometimes even of a most important nature.

It so happened that at the time of which I am now writing the post of Mexican Minister to Belgium was occupied by a distinguished diplomat, the father, if I am not mistaken, of two charming young daughters, for whom he wished to procure the interesting experience of a few years' residence in the brilliant Northern capital near what was then the most magnificent court in Europe.

With this object in view he very skillfully made up to one of our officials at Brussels, casually mentioning to him that there existed on the very extended Pacific coast line of the United States of Mexico a number of safe and little frequented harbors which might very well be utilized for the establishment of coaling stations and the like for our cruiser fleet in the Pacific in case we found ourselves engaged in naval warfare with a maritime Power, but that of course all this presupposed the existence of permanent diplomatic relations between the two Powers, the absence of which anyway was greatly to be regretted; or words to that effect.

The bait was promptly swallowed, for as long as the old time-honored international psychology shall persist in governing the policy of states—and we do not, by the way, notice as yet any really promising symptoms of the discontinuance of its influence—every active, wide-awake and ambitious government agent in a foreign country will always consider it a prime duty to keep a sharp lookout for every chance of a possible acquisition for his country of coaling stations, strategic points, keys to this or that sea and what not, especially if such palatable morsels happen to be lying loose. It so happened that the Mexican diplomat's suggestion was brought to the notice of our Foreign Department just at the time when it had been decided to give me some preferment, for which the establishment of a new diplomatic post would most opportunely create the possibility in the absence of any vacant posts and without my blocking the way of anybody else.

Of all this I became aware, however, only when I returned to St. Petersburg after my journey to Mexico. Part of the winter of 1889-90 we spent at Washington awaiting the arrival of my instructions for the temporary mission to Mexico. When they finally came we started for our new destination in the beginning of March.

In those days it took six days and nights to reach Mexico City from Washington over the Southern Pacific Railroad as far as Eagle Pass and Ciudad Porfirio Diaz on the other side of the Rio Grande, and then over the Mexican International and Mexican Central Railroads via Torreon and Zacatecas.

At the station on the Mexican side of the river I was met by the local chief—the *jefe politico*—with a message of welcome from the president. He at the same time announced that he had received telegraphic orders to place an armed escort at my disposal.

This escort, in the shape of half a dozen braves with enormous sombreros, gigantic cruel-looking spurs, and armed to the teeth, was drawn up on the platform and presented a sufficiently formidable appearance to cause me to request the *jefe politico* to transmit to the president my best thanks for his welcome and his kind and considerate attention, together with the assurance that in a country under his government I felt quite as safe as in my own.

We reached the City of Mexico on the eighth day after leaving Washington, because we had stopped over at New Orleans for twenty-four hours. Before starting on our voyage we had been told by experienced travelers that the hotels in Mexico were very bad—a statement, by the way, which I afterward found to have been rather an exaggeration—and we had, through the kind offices of a friend and former colleague, made arrangements to rent a furnished house for the term of three months that we proposed to spend in Mexico.

On arrival we were driven to our temporary home, which turned out to be a beautiful palace known as the *casa de los azulejos*—which means "house of the blue tiles"; so called because its outer walls were all covered with blue and white tiles interspersed with some yellow ones.

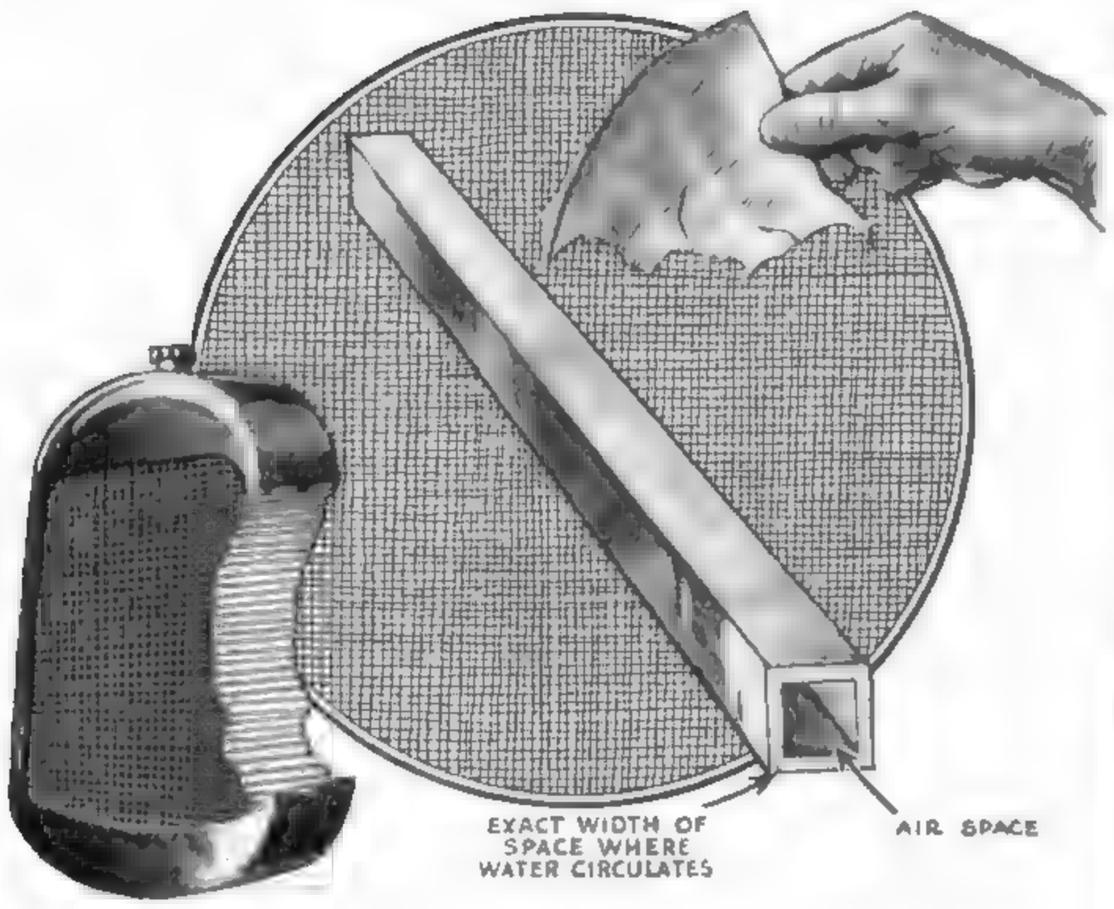
It had originally been built by one of the direct descendants of Hernando Cortés and had of late years belonged to the Yturbe family.

The last owner of the house, Don Felipe Yturbe, had by his will left its usufruct to his widow, Dona Elena Idaroff de Yturbe, daughter of a Russian general and stepdaughter of an old friend of mine, Don Emilio de Muruaga, whom I had known as a young man in St. Petersburg and met again at Washington as Spanish Minister.

Dona Elena was residing with her children in Paris and so it came about that we were enabled to find in far-away Mexico a temporary shelter in a house connected, albeit in a very remote way, with our own country. The house was in every respect a thing of beauty. It contained a private chapel and a magnificent library of some twenty thousand volumes.

On arrival I found awaiting my signature two most formidable-looking documents. One was a contract for the lease of the house for three months at so much a month

(Continued on Page 80)



3,000,000 Car Owners and Thousands of Repair Men Use "X" LIQUID Instead of Solder for Repairing Leaks

ONCE a man understands the *construction* of a radiator he never solders leaks.

A radiator is a delicate piece of mechanism. The walls are as thin as a sheet of paper and perhaps 1-16th of an inch apart. The 3000 or more cells in the average honeycomb radiator have about 16,000 square inches of cooling surface—with more than *24,000 corners that may leak*.

Imagine hunting for a leak with a white-hot soldering torch and trying to do the exacting work of welding the breaks! Solder is hit-or-miss *guesswork*. The tremendous heat of the soldering iron expands the thin tubes and weakens the radiator. This causes *more* leaks and *additional expense*.

* * *

WITH "X" Liquid any leak can be repaired in ten minutes. You can do a safe, certain job—at a small part of the cost of soldering.

"X" is simply poured into the radiator. Not only does it find every leak or break in the radiator, but also leaks in the pump, connections, waterjacket or elsewhere; and it makes a repair that stands 2000 pounds pressure!

Keeping "X" always in the water *prevents future leaks*.

Eliminates Rust and Scale

In every water-cooled car, Rust is constantly destroying cooling system walls; and thick layers of Scale cause overheating, breakdown of the lubricating film and much *engine trouble*.

The chemical composition of "X" is such that it *loosens* all Rust and Scale now present. It absorbs the free oxygen in the water. This prevents *new* Rust from forming. And "X" does not allow the lime and magnesia in the water to deposit *new* Scale.

In this way the narrow water passages are kept *free* from RUST and SCALE. Cooling is *greatly improved*. Oil is *saved*. And the motor *performs better*.

Not a Radiator Cement!

Flaxseed meals, glue or similar solid substances either in powder or liquid form floating in the water, clog the delicate passages and cause trouble.

"X" Liquid is a scientific combination of chemicals that is guaranteed not to injure any part of the water cooling system.

Be safe. Ask for the *original* "X" Liquid.

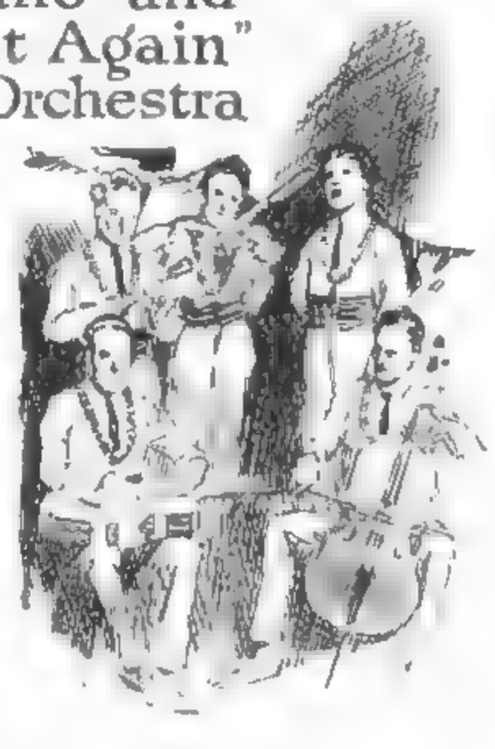
Standard Size . . . $1.50
Will do $25.00 in Repair Work
Ford Size 75c
At your dealer's or mailed direct on receipt of price.
Write for proof of how one can of "X" Liquid did a $150.00 welding job.

"X" LABORATORIES, 25 W. 45th St., NEW YORK CITY
Boston, Mass. San Francisco, Cal.

"X" TRADE MARK Liquid
makes all water cooling systems
LEAKPROOF • RUSTPROOF • SCALEPROOF

New September Numbers of Columbia Records

"Beautiful Ohio" and "Till We Meet Again" by Hawaiian Orchestra



These beautiful melodies, marvelously played in waltz time by the Kalaluki Hawaiian Orchestra, make perfect dances. Hawaiian music set in waltz time has a witchery all its own. It is a novelty that will appeal to you.

A-2743—85c.

Sweethearts!—"The Music of Wedding Chimes"

There is no music like the music made by merry wedding bells. Here is a song that tells the world's oldest and best-loved story in new and beautiful melody. Coupled with "Dear Old Sue," a song of tender sentiment sung by Henry Burr.

A-2749—85c.

"My Little Sunshine"—a Song of Joy and Youth and Love

This simple love song radiates happiness, shimmering like a shaft of sunshine entering a darkened room. Coupled with "How Can You Say Good-Bye?" sung by Irving and Jack Kaufman.

A-2754—85c.

Latest, Best, and Most Beautiful

Just thirty-eight selections new and up-to-date we offer you the newest star—the latest hits from near and far—Hawaiian hits a score of songs—two novelties of dances, throngs—four symphonies—the violin—should not be missed—appearing in—this greatest list.

Il Trovatore—D'Amor Sull' Ali Rosea	49559 $1.50
Kossovo Waltz—Royal Serbian Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra	E4284
Waves of the Marne—Waltz. Olga Biro's Gypsy Orchestra	85c
Everybody Wants a Key to My Cellar	A2750
It's Nobody's Business But My Own—Bert Williams	85c
Peer Gynt Suite—Morning. Part I. Columbia Symphony Orchestra	A6109 $1.25
Peer Gynt Suite—Ase's Death. Part II. Columbia Symphony Orchestra	
Peer Gynt Suite—Arabian Dance. Part I. Columbia Symphony Orchestra	A6110
Peer Gynt Suite—In the Hall of the Mountain King. Part IV. Columbia Symphony Orchestra	$1.25
One and Two and Three and Four, Rock-a-Bye—Medley One Step. Waldorf Astoria Dance Orchestra	A2751
"Monte Cristo, Jr."—Medley Fox Trot. Waldorf Astoria Dance Orchestra	85c
I'll Say She Does—From "Sinbad." Fox Trot. Sweatman's Original Jazz Band	A2752
Lucille—Fox Trot. Sweatman's Original Jazz Band	85c
The Vamp—One-Step. Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra	A2758
Behind Your Silken Veil—Medley Fox-Trot. The Happy Six	85c
Ting-Ling Toy—Fox-Trot. Columbia Saxophone Sextette	A2759
Where the Lanterns Glow—Medley One-Step. Columbia Saxophone Sextette	85c
Life and Love—Waltz. Columbia Orchestra	A6111 $1.25
Kiss Me Again—Waltz. Columbia Orchestra	
My Swanee Home. Sterling Trio	A2755
My Sugar-Coated Chocolate Boy—Campbell and Burr	85c
Oh! How She Can Sing—Van and Schenck	A2757
And That Ain't All. Billy Murray	85c
Take Your Girlie to the Movies (If You Can't Make Love at Home)—Irving Kaufman	A2756
Pig Latin Love—Arthur Fields	85c
You're Making a Miser of Me—Henry Burr	A2748
Some Day You'll be Sorry That You're Glad—Irving and Jack Kaufman	85c

"The Lure of Music"

[illegible] book should be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

(Continued from Page 78)

payable in advance on the first day of each month and containing a series of ironclad stipulations in the most elaborate Spanish legal parlance, of which I was quite ignorant; the other was the inventory of all the contents of the house, including the library, quite a big and very imposing volume. In signing these documents I felt that I had taken upon myself a rather heavy responsibility. I mention all these details only because the sequel of events proved the ludicrous groundlessness of my apprehensions in regard to the responsibilities I had so solemnly undertaken.

It so happened that we were compelled to cut short our intended stay in Mexico by a whole month and when I sent to the agent of the Yturbe estate my check for the third month he returned it to me through my interpreter with the explanation that he did not consider it *caballeroso*—that is to say, chivalrous, to accept payment of rent for a month during which I should not have the use of the house. Now I must confess I have had some experience during a long life of renting houses or cottages or apartments in half a dozen different countries in three parts of the world, but I have never, before or after, had a check returned to me.

The next day I went to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Don Ignacio Mariscal, to whom I had been most warmly recommended by the Mexican Minister in Washington, Mr. Romero. Mr. Mariscal was a most distinguished and experienced diplomat of the old school, who had been in charge of his country's foreign affairs all through—I had almost said "the reign"—the already numerous terms of General Diaz' presidency and who remained his Minister of Foreign Affairs to the end of his life. This, by the way, was one of the eminent qualities of Porfirio Diaz as a great ruler: All his ministers, once appointed, could rely on being kept in office until the end, and as far as I know he had only once or twice occasion to remove a minister on account of inefficiency. Mr. Mariscal very kindly offered to drive with me over to the National Palace, where the president had his office, and to present me to him quite informally as my mission to Mexico so far was of a quite unofficial character.

When we were ushered into the president's private office I found myself in the presence of the most strikingly impressive personality I had ever met. Of medium height, his well-knit body carried on its shoulders a head every line of which and all his bearing denoted calm determination, boundless energy and conscious irresistible force, his countenance lit up by a pair of lustrous steel-gray eyes full of the light of deep thought, commanding intellect and genuine kindness—in short, the personality of a born ruler of men who had been the creator of his country's greatness and prosperity.

He received me with utmost cordiality as the representative, though unofficial, of a country which was then one of the greatest empires in the world, with whom he was manifestly eager to establish diplomatic relations. He engaged me in conversation, with the aid of Mr. Mariscal as interpreter, which very soon assumed the tone of a friendly chat. When he asked me what had impressed me most in my journey through Mexico I told him that it was the cemetery of Zacatecas. To his astonished question what I meant, I explained that when our train in nearing the town of Zacatecas was winding its way down the mountain side I noticed on both sides of the road innumerable white tombstones all of the same shape and size and bearing the same epitaph: "Here lies silver." This allusion to his country's buried wealth seemed to amuse him greatly and he said that he hoped that when I should come to live in the country I would discover also other sources of her prosperity, which needed no tombstone to testify to their presence.

I had been reading up the history of the Conquest of Mexico—one of the most moving, most romantic and almost incredible dramas of history—and I was greatly interested in visiting the sites where the great tragedy of an empire's conquest by a handful of Spanish adventurers had been enacted. Every afternoon we used to join the procession of carriages, bearing the wealth and fashion and beauty of Mexico, which would be rolling up and down the beautiful avenue—Paseo de la Reforma—leading up to the castle of Chapultepec once so gallantly defended by Mexican cadets against the victorious troops of General Scott, and later on the summer residence of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, as well as of President Diaz.

It was during these drives in the late afternoon that I first experienced that curious sensation of unaccountable gloom that would overcome me and seem to me to pervade all Nature at the near approach of sunset, a sensation that I have ever since experienced at that hour everywhere in the tropics, where by contrast nothing can be more gloriously, more radiantly beautiful than the early-morning hour just after sunrise.

Especially was that the case in the beautiful evergreen valley of Mexico, in the center of which stands the capital, surrounded by a chain of picturesque mountains overtopped by the two celebrated snow-capped extinct volcanoes with the unpronounceable names.

It did not take me very long to collect all the dates and information I needed for the purpose of drawing up my report on the result of my mission to Mexico. In presenting my conclusions I thoroughly discountenanced any expectations that might have been entertained in regard to the possibility of establishing a coaling station or naval base somewhere on the Pacific coast of Mexico. In this I merely maintained consistently the point of view I had developed, as Chargé d'Affaires in Washington so far back, if my memory does not play me false, as 1886 or 1887, in reply to a similar inquiry addressed to me confidentially by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

I must here refer somewhat at length to the circumstances under which this inquiry had been addressed to me, as they were closely connected with one of the cardinal defects of our governmental régime, of which I have already had occasion to speak in one of the preceding pages of these reminiscences; namely, the absence of any institution like a cabinet, where ministers could at their periodical meetings, in personal intercourse and discussion, determine the lines of policy to be pursued in regard to questions affecting the general interests and welfare of the country. In doing so I feel that I am not committing any indiscretion or disclosing any compromising secret, since after the catastrophic convulsion from which the world is trying hard to emerge all these matters will be relegated to the domain of ancient history. It appears that the Naval Department or else some great personage connected with it, knowing the particular interest Emperor Alexander III took in the development of our navy, had raised the question of the desirability of the acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands as a naval station and had naturally been directed to refer the matter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs as the person not only most competent but besides entitled by the duties of his office to give an authoritative conclusion which would definitely settle the question raised.

It stands to reason that no responsible statesman could have for a moment countenanced such a fantastically adventurous plan, least of all a man of such sober and well-balanced mind and cautious habits as Mr. de Giers. It would have been quite sufficient for him to put his foot down on it at once and to give the whole question its quietus by categorically declining to have anything to do with it. Bureaucratic red tape, however, required that the question should previously be referred to the person on the spot, on whom in this way at least part of the responsibility could be made to devolve.

The nearest spot in this case was Washington, and being at the time in charge of the legation I was naturally destined to share in the responsibility for the necessary turning down of the influential personage's adventurous proposal.

So it came about that the matter was referred to me with instructions to forward my conclusion by cable, which I did unhesitatingly the very next day. The exact text of my reply I do not now remember, but its sense was as follows: That the Hawaiian Islands were a strategic point which the United States, even if they had no desire to acquire it for themselves, would certainly never suffer to fall into anybody else's hands, and that therefore any suspected ambition in that direction on our part could only embroil us with a country with which it was in every respect to our interest to maintain the most friendly relations such as had already become a tradition of our policy; furthermore, that Russia being mainly a Continental Power the acquisition of any outlying points not within reach of our communications by land and therefore impossible to defend effectually against superior naval forces, though perhaps useful to a limited extent in time of peace, would certainly in time of war merely serve to provide an easy prey and trophy for a first-class naval Power if such happened to be our enemy. The whole affair was promptly buried and forgotten and no harm was done as the secret of this abortive idea and the telegraphic correspondence it had occasioned did not leak out.

Having, so to speak, cut the grass from under my feet by opposing the idea of the possibility of utilizing any point on the Pacific coast of Mexico as a potential coaling station or naval base and by thus depriving my well-meaning chief of a useful argument in favor of the establishment of a legation in Mexico for my benefit, I nevertheless concluded in favor of the organization of a regular diplomatic representation, upon the following grounds: First, that all the other great Powers—with the exception of Austria-Hungary, which was still holding back because of the memory of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian—were represented in Mexico by envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary; and secondly that the United States of Mexico was unquestionably one of the most prosperous, most important and most solidly established Spanish-American republics, in which latter respect, I regret to say, I was sadly mistaken, as recent events have shown.

By the end of the second month of our stay in Mexico I had finished the preparation of my report, and there being no reason why we should delay our departure I made up my mind to return to New York. Besides, our hurried departure had become necessary on account of the state of the health of our baby daughter, which had begun to be most seriously affected by the rarefied air of Mexico, the town being situated at an altitude of some eight thousand feet. The doctor told us that to save the child's life it was imperatively necessary to take her down to the sea level into normal atmospheric condition without the least delay. So we left for New York, arriving there seven days later, having again stopped over at New Orleans for a twenty-four-hour rest.

In New York, where we rested for about a fortnight, we were able to consult that kindest of men, the celebrated children's physician, Doctor Jacobi, the babies' friend, who advised us on arrival in Europe to stop at the first convenient place by the seaside and to spend there the summer so as to enable the child to recuperate from the ill effects of the two months' stay in the rarefied atmosphere of Mexico. Before embarking for Europe we had written to some friends in England asking for advice to which of the numerous seaside resorts we had better go. On arrival at Southampton we found several letters from different friends, each one advising us to go to a different place but everyone warning us against going to the Isle of Wight, the climate there being relaxing.

Having had the wisdom to mistrust our own judgment and to ask for advice, we did the next wisest thing—we did not follow it. The Isle of Wight was so temptingly near, merely a stone's throw from Southampton. So we bravely crossed the Solent and went straight to Shanklin, a place that was endeared to us through memories of our wedding journey, when we had spent there several happy days before embarking for New York.

Leaving my family at Shanklin comfortably settled in a charming little cottage called Glenbrook, with a thatched roof and lovely garden just near the entrance to the celebrated Shanklin Chine, to which we had access through a private gate from the garden, I left for St. Petersburg to report to the Foreign Department on the completion of my mission.

Arrived in St. Petersburg I found that though the question of my appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico was definitely settled in principle it would take considerable time to push through the legislative measures necessary for the establishment of a new legation. So I returned to Shanklin, where we stayed until the late autumn greatly enjoying the quiet restful life, the bracing sea air and the beautiful surroundings of our temporary little home.

Late in October we went to London for a short stay, and then to Paris, from where I sent my family to Nice for the winter and went myself to St. Petersburg to await there my appointment to my new post. When it took place at last—some time, so far as I can remember, in the end of December or in the beginning of January—I hastened to Nice to join my family and to prepare for our departure for Mexico.

It had been decided that my arrival in Mexico should coincide with the arrival in St. Petersburg of the Mexican Minister, with whom I was to come to an understanding in regard to the approximate date of our arrival at our respective posts. By the way, it was not the original schemer who secured the coveted appointment as Minister to Russia. President Diaz chose to intrust with this mission a friend of his, General Don Pedro Rincon Gallardo, a member of one of the most prominent aristocratic families in Mexico. We met in Paris and arranged about our reaching our destinations at about the same time.

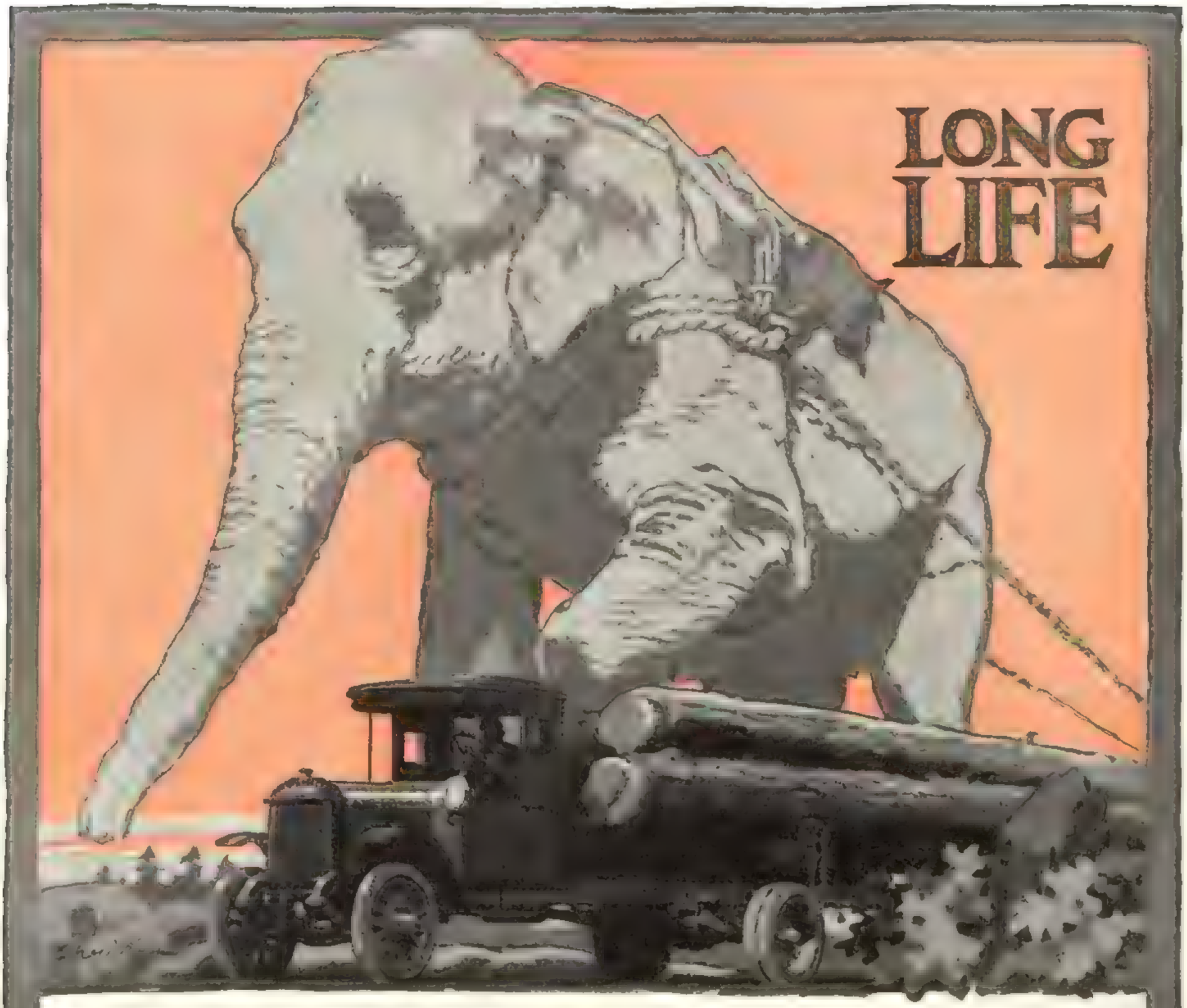
At the last moment we decided not to expose our child's health to the risk of a new and more prolonged sojourn in Mexico and I left alone via New York, my wife and daughter going to Switzerland, where they proposed to make their home until I could join them, as I had been promised frequent leaves of absence from my post, where there was really hardly anything to do.

■

STARTING from New York early in June, as near as I can remember, I met on the train the Japanese Minister in Washington, Mr. Tateno, who had been

(Continued on Page 82)

Constitution Square, Mexico City



Chassis Prices
1½ ton $1965
2½ ton $2365
3½ ton $3465
F.O.B. Allentown

It's not the first month nor the first year that counts in a motor truck investment. It's the years that follow. The standard of truck performance, which thousands of Bethlehems established, prove the intelligence of design and the quality of materials which are found in every long-lived Bethlehem.

The Motor Truck bought to-day without Electric Starting and Lighting will be out-of-date to-morrow

BETHLEHEM

INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE

MOTOR ★ TRUCKS

DEPENDABLE DELIVERY

BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORPN. ALLENTOWN, PA.

(Continued from Page 80)

accredited likewise as Minister to Mexico and who was going there to present his letters of credence. He was accompanied by the foreign secretary to his legation, Mr. D. W. Stevens, an old friend and colleague of mine, who before entering the Japanese service had for many years been secretary of the United States Legation in Tokio.

I was naturally delighted to have such agreeable traveling companions and I hardly noticed how the time passed until we reached a little station called Spofford on the Southern Pacific Railroad, from where a short line branched off leading to Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande, to join the Mexican International Railroad. I remember the name of this little station so well because it bore the same name as the owner of the house on State Street where I had my office when consul general in New York, and furthermore because it was there I met with my first and I hope my last railroad accident. It came about in this way:

We reached Spofford Junction at eleven o'clock at night and the station platform was not lighted. So as to make sure that my baggage, containing among other treasures my court uniform and, most precious of all, my letters of credence, should not go astray, I very foolishly went out on the platform to watch the unloading of the baggage for transfer to the train on the branch line. Walking slowly down the pitch-dark platform and straining my eyesight in a vain endeavor to recognize my own trunks in the heap of baggage massed on the platform I suddenly stepped into space, and in falling tried to guess whether I should break my neck or a leg and whether it was to be the right or the left one. I mention this detail merely in order to show off the lightning rapidity with which a diplomatically trained brain is apt to work in an emergency.

My guesses, however, were all wrong, for I came down on a sand heap head foremost, but as I had instinctively raised my left arm so as to protect my head I merely dislocated my left shoulder. This little misadventure was painful enough for a few moments but I rather enjoyed it because it afforded me an occasion to experience on my own person the kind, sympathetic and active helpfulness which is such an attractive trait of the true American character. I became at once the object of the tenderest care on the part of the whole population of our sleeper. And they were all of the male persuasion too. Everyone wanted to do something for me. My friend Stevens, who had at once telegraphed to Eagle Pass for a surgeon to meet me at the station, hit on the excellent idea of putting some ice on my shoulder so as to prevent inflammation setting in before we could reach the frontier station, which was still a couple of hours away. In spite of the great heat there was some ice in the water cooler in the car, someone produced a rubber sponge-bag, and my shoulder was kept cool and comfortable until we reached Eagle Pass.

The surgeon telegraphed for turned out to be the local quarantine inspector and by profession a veterinary. When Stevens with alarmed diffidence asked him whether he knew how to reduce a luxation he said that he had never done it before but that he would try. Then he sat down in front of me, stuck my poor left arm under his armpit, told Stevens to get hold of my hand and said: "Now I shall count 'One—two—three'; and at the word 'three' you just pull as hard as you can and I'll hook on the blamed thing where it belongs." Then he counted "One—two—three," but my poor tender-hearted friend's pull did not come off as ordered.

"Get out!" said the veterinary. "You're no good; I'll have to do it alone."

He kicked off his yellow shoe, stuck his foot under my armpit, gave my wretched arm a tremendous pull that would have made me howl with pain if I had not remembered in time that ministers plenipotentiary are expected to conceal their feelings, but succeeded in hooking it on somehow.

Then he squirted a horse's dose of morphine into my grateful arm, which made me feel very happy and contented.

Next the question came up how to bandage my arm and the lordly porter of our sleeper was appealed to, whereupon he secured from his gold-laced superior his gracious consent to the sacrifice of one of the Pullman Company's sheets for my benefit. The sheet was skillfully cut into narrow strips; my man, the faithful William, produced some nursery pins—which my baby's nurse had on the sly tucked away in my traveling bag "against an emergency"—and some kind of an improvised bandage was duly applied to my arm and shoulder. This, however, did not yet satisfy my friend Stevens and he suggested that it would be a good thing to get the doctor to accompany me to Mexico as we still had forty-eight hours of travel before us, and anything might happen to my arm.

The doctor consented without a moment's hesitation, and as he stood there, having been pulled out of his bed in the middle of the night, in his yellow pongee jacket with a big pistol sticking out of his hip pocket, he started for a five days' trip to Mexico and back, having committed his only child, a motherless little girl left alone in his cottage some miles out of the village, to the care of a friend to whom he scribbled a little note on his card asking him to move out at once to his cottage and take care of his child.

That night I went to sleep with the pious wish that if ever bad luck would have it that I should dislocate another shoulder, such accident should happen to me nowhere else but in the United States.

The next morning, bright and early, we were on the other side of the Rio Grande at the first railroad station on Mexican soil, at a place called Piedras Negras, I believe, or else Ciudad Porfirio Diaz. Having had our coffee at the station restaurant Mr. Tateno and I went for a little walk on the station platform. Noticing some Mexican Indians standing round there and staring at the passengers he looked at their straw sandals, which were indeed a perfect replica of the sandals the Japanese peasantry wear, and he wanted to know how the things were called in the Indian language.

I had already during my preceding stay in Mexico picked up sufficient Spanish to be able to ask a few simple questions and I found out from the Indians that they called their footwear *guarachi*. Mr. Tateno was much struck by the coincidence not only of the similarity of Indian and Japanese footwear but also of the similarity of the name given to these sandals, the Japanese word being *waradji*. He became so much interested in this linguistic problem, in which he thought it possible to detect traces of a common origin of the Japanese and Indian races, that during his two months' stay in Mexico he had, as he told me later, been trying to collect as many Indian words as possible bearing a greater or less resemblance to words in the Japanese language, and had succeeded in finding about two hundred such words.

We reached Mexico in due time without having met with any further mishap. But being bandaged up for three weeks at least I had to await my complete recovery before I could present my letters of credence to the president in due form. At last the day fixed for the ceremony arrived. A high functionary bearing the traditional title of *introductor de los embajadores* came to my hotel to fetch me in a state carriage with a mounted escort, if I remember rightly. On arrival at the National Palace, an immense three-storied building, where in the courtyard a guard of honor was drawn up and a band of music greeted me with the sounds of our national anthem, we alighted at the foot of the monumental main staircase.

When we had reached the top of the stairs the functionary who accompanied me suggested that I should take a rest in a salon opening from the landing, which I, however, declined as I thought it would be discourteous to keep the president waiting. But he most courteously insisted, saying that the president would be gratified if I accepted his offer for a short rest, whereupon I, not to be outdone in ceremonious courtesy and persisting in my refusal, declared that it was my duty as well as my pleasure to subordinate my personal convenience to the respect due the chief of the state.

After this exchange of courtesies we proceeded to the hall of audience called *el salon de los embajadores*. It was an immense apartment not very wide but infinitely long with innumerable windows overlooking the plaza. On both sides of the hall leaving open but a sufficiently wide passage were posted all the officers, as I was told, of the garrison in full-dress uniform, and behind them an enormous crowd of people, not of invited guests but just of people from the street, as on such occasions the doors of the palace are open absolutely to everyone who chooses to enter, without any control whatsoever, and the advent of a representative of such a legendary far-away country as Russia had attracted an unusually large concourse of the curious.

At the farther end of the hall on a raised dais in front of a row of armchairs stood President Diaz in a dress coat wearing the broad riband of the national tricolor, insigne of his office, and flanked on both sides by the members of his cabinet. As we passed the threshold of the hall, the *introductor de los embajadores* walking by my side and my secretary following us, we were requested to salute the president with a profound bow, which we had to repeat when we reached the middle of the hall, and a third time just before the raised dais. Each time our bows were returned in the same way by the president and his ministers.

When we had approached the raised dais the *introductor de los embajadores* stepped aside, my secretary handed me the paper with the text of my little speech, and I began, in what I considered to be my best oratorical manner: "*Monsieur le President*——" But I never got beyond the "Monsieur," my breath suddenly failing me. The president smiled encouragingly, raising his hand in a slight motion as if to say: "Never mind, take your time, there's no hurry," while I was standing there gaping for breath, which I finally recovered and rattled off my little speech quite decently.

The president read a short speech in reply and then requested me to mount the raised dais, sat down and made me sit by his side on an armchair placed there for me between him and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who acted as interpreter. We sat there for some time in plain view of the great assembly, the president chatting with me very pleasantly. He jokingly referred to the difficulty I had experienced in beginning my speech and explained that he had specially directed the functionary who was to accompany me to make me rest a little while as he knew that after mounting the very numerous steps of the grand stairs I would necessarily be out of breath, as an unavoidable effect, unsuspected by me as a stranger, of the rarefied air at the high altitude of the Mexican tableland.

After having been introduced by the president to the members of his cabinet I retired, accompanied by the *introductor de los embajadores* and followed by the secretary of my legation, in the same order, turning round three times in order to execute the three ceremonial bows. Since then I have had the honor of presenting letters of credence to not a few sovereigns and chiefs of states, but nowhere else have these functions been accomplished with a ceremonial as elaborate and as impressive as in Mexico.

A few days later my man, the aforesaid faithful William, told me that an American gentleman, one of our fellow passengers in the sleeper, had stopped him in the street and inquired how I was getting on with my dislocated shoulder. I asked him which American it was who had spoken to him, and he said that it was the gentleman who had bought for me three hundred and fifty pounds of ice. Upon my inquiring what the whole story was about, William explained that when Mr. Stevens was keeping a sponge-bag full of ice on my shoulder all the way from Spofford Junction to Eagle Pass he had been gradually using up all the ice from the cooler so that when we arrived at the station there was none left. The gentleman in question had noticed it and concluded that it would be necessary to replenish the cooler, and as there was no ice to be had at the station he had walked to the village, a mile or so away, had succeeded in waking up—all this was going on in the middle of the night—a dealer in ice, had purchased a quantity which he calculated would last until we arrived in Mexico, had got the dealer to hitch a horse to his cart and to bring him with the ice to the station, when he had shipped it in our car.

The next morning at the fourth or fifth station after we crossed the Rio Grande he had left the train and disappeared in the wilds of Mexico. I had not the faintest idea who he was, he had never made himself known to me, and I heard about it all only quite accidentally three weeks later. He had assisted a total stranger with one of those acts of thoughtful kindly helpfulness so characteristic of a true American. If ever these lines should meet his eyes he will know that he has not bestowed his generous kindness on an ungrateful recipient.

Soon afterward I was suddenly called home by a cruel bereavement, and having immediately obtained leave of absence I took the train for New York on my way to St. Petersburg. From there, having settled my family affairs, I went to Switzerland to join my wife and child. I found them temporarily established in one of those little summer hotels which one finds everywhere in Switzerland where the beautiful mountain scenery attracts travelers. This particular hotel was in a little village, or rather just outside of a little village called Chexbres, about half an hour's drive up the mountain from Vevey on Lake Geneva.

I had never before been in Switzerland, and hailing from a part of Russia where the highest mountain was not much higher than about a hundred feet I fell an easy victim to the charm of such glorious mountain scenery as surrounds the beautiful Lake Geneva. At the approach of autumn we had to think of making arrangements for a prolonged stay of my family somewhere in the neighborhood, and we succeeded in finding a charming little villa near Vevey which had been built by and had for many years belonged to a Russian family. This was for the next three years our home. As there was really no business of any kind to be attended to in Mexico—where my mission after all was nothing but a mission of courtesy—I was able to divide my time between the place of my official residence and our home in Switzerland, and to divide it rather unevenly, spending most of it with my family. However, by Christmas, 1891, I was obliged to tear myself away with the intention of spending a whole year at my post. It was a very sad Christmas and a very sad parting indeed. But there was no help for it. We had arranged a little private code which would enable us to exchange weekly cablegrams in cipher and to assure each other that we were still alive and well and yearning to be together again and so forth. All this was expressed in two words, "alma semper," at fifty cents a word.

The weekly receipt by me of cables containing merely these two words after a while attracted the attention of the telegraph operators and of the evidently not overbusy staff of the cable company's office, who ended by guessing the meaning of these sacramental words so that at last the messenger who had to bring me the usual weekly cable would always present himself with a broad grin and express the hope that the señora was quite well.

Arrived in Mexico I took up my quarters at the Hotel Iturbide, almost across the street from the splendid *casa de los azulejos* which we had rented during my first stay in Mexico and which had since become the home of the Jockey Club. My life would have been a sad and lonely one if I had not had the good fortune to fall in with and to strike up a warm friendship with a most charming elderly Englishman, the head of an old-established Anglo-Mexican firm, which for years had been the leading banking house in the country. He was closely related to the most prominent aristocratic families in Mexico and was the most popular man in town, everybody calling him Uncle William—Tio Guillermo—in the familiar Spanish way. It was thanks to him and to his charming daughter and another young English lady who had accompanied them from England as their guest that this year of separation from my beloved ones was made less hard to bear.

Our little circle was joined later by an old friend and colleague of mine, the newly appointed British Minister, Mr. Le Poer Trench. We used to meet every day and to share all such pleasures as were to be had at Mexico City and occasional excursions to other places such as Vera Cruz, the "three times heroic city," as for some reason she is sometimes called by the Mexicans.

Thanks to Uncle William I was brought into contact with many of the prominent men in politics and business, which was naturally a matter of great interest to me. In this way I also became acquainted with an old gentleman of pure Indian blood who had amassed a great fortune in business and had achieved for himself quite a brilliant social position. He very kindly gave me a luncheon at one of the out-of-town restaurants, to which he had invited a number of the leading men in Mexico. In rising to propose a toast to my health as a guest of honor he began his speech in the following words:

"I am an Indian and I say it with much pride, but there is between us a link of

(Concluded on Page 85)

LYKNU POLISH

"SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING"

LYKNU POLISH

"To have your furniture "Made Like New" look to the Lyknu Maid"

MANUFACTU...
LYKNU POLI...
PITTSBURG...
CONTENTS 4 O...

LYKNU Makes Furniture and Automobiles LIKE NEW

The "One-Cloth" Polish

Shake bottle! Moisten a piece of cheesecloth with Lyknu Rub surface dry!

A second cloth – a second rubbing – not necessary

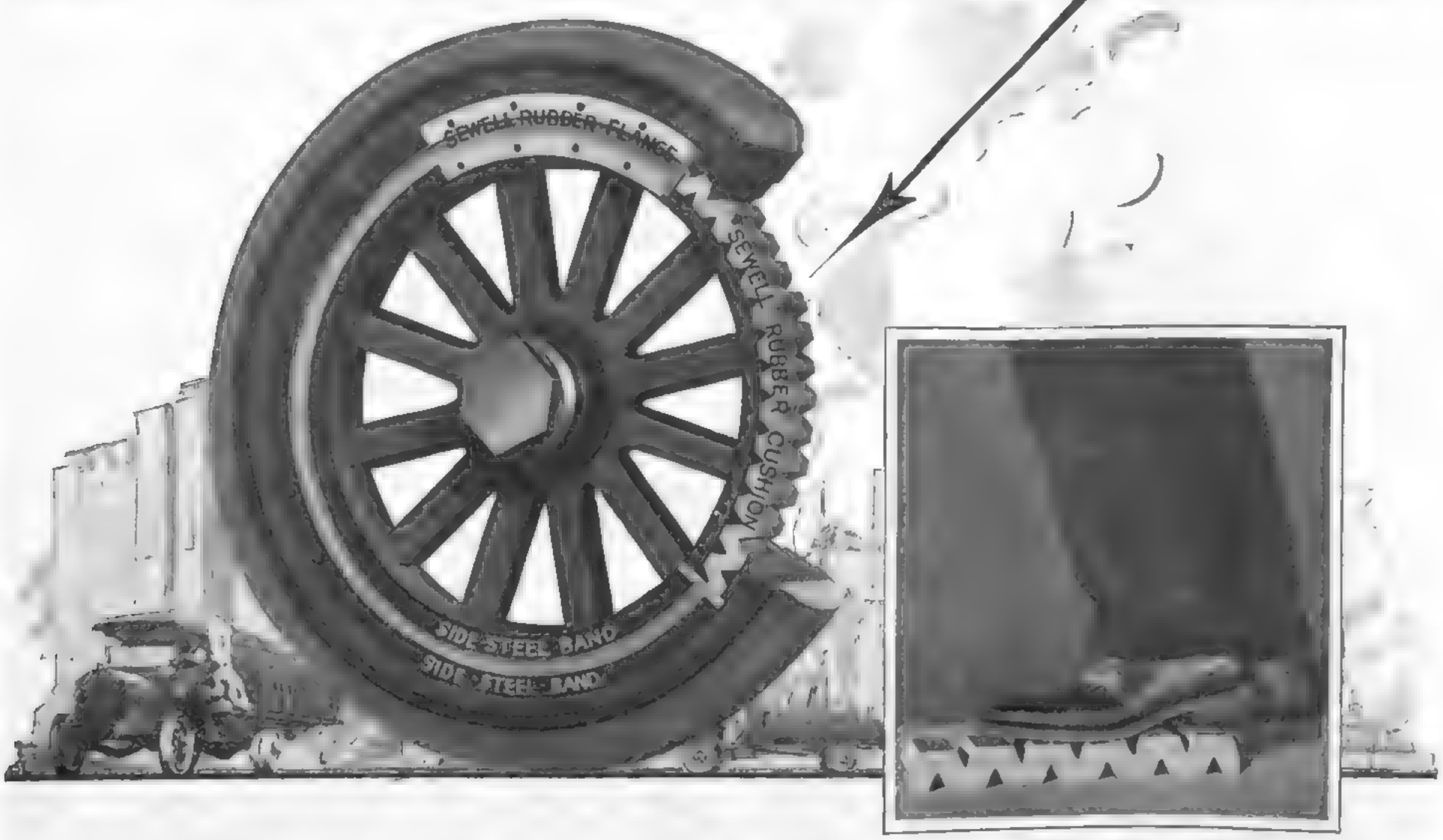
Saves your time! Saves your energy!

Three Sizes - 25c, 50c, $1.00

...25c for bottle mailed postpaid.

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel



Sewell Cushion Wheels

Step on the Sewell Rubber Cushion and you actually feel how a Sewell Cushion Wheel carries the weight and absorbs the shocks, strains and stresses that are harmful to the mechanism of the Motor Truck.

Riding on Sewell Cushion Wheels is like walking on rubber heels: With the vital difference, however, that you *don't wear out* the Sewell rubber, because the rubber—the *Resiliency* that protects the motor, the axle, the transmission, the very life of the Truck—is Built in the Sewell Wheel. For precisely this reason Sewell Cushion Wheels save tire wear and tire costs.

For eleven years we have been Wheel Engineers.

For eleven years we have been developing and perfecting a Basic Principle, now thoroughly accepted; the Principle that this *Resiliency,* which means Truck Economy and Efficiency, can be and should be procured, not in tire consumption or spring destruction, but in the Wheel Itself.

On that Basic Principle we design, engineer and manufacture Sewell Cushion Wheels — with the *Resiliency* Built in the Wheel.

Proof that this Principle is sound and accepted as sound is found in the names of Sewell Wheel Customers such as these: Armour & Company, Swift & Company, Krey Packing Co., Kingan & Company, Parker, Webb and Company, Miller & Hart Co., Dold Packing Co., Libby, McNeill & Libby.

They have found, by years of observation and actual operation, the Economy and Efficiency of the Sewell Principle.

"The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel"

Sewell Cushion Wheels are Guaranteed for Five Years

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches:

Birmingham, Ala.
Baltimore, Md.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo N Y
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Clarksburg, W Va.
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Indianapolis, Ind
Kansas City Mo
Milwaukee, Wisc
Louisville Ky
Minneapolis, Minn
Newark, N J
New York, N Y.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Rochester, N Y
Springfield, Mass.
St Louis Mo.
Tampa, Fla
Washington, D C

For Eleven Years we have been building Resiliency into Motor Truck Wheels

(Concluded from Page 82)

sympathy—we are both considered to be barbarians."

Whereupon my right-hand neighbor and very dear friend, the scion of an illustrious English family engaged in building a railroad in Mexico, gave a friendly kick to my shin under the table and whispered in my ear: "How do you like your new connection?"

However, it was meant most kindly on the part of our host and I referred to it jokingly in the most friendly spirit, though in sadly broken Spanish, in my reply.

Having spent the first year of my exile as pleasantly as was possible under the circumstances I returned to Switzerland and remained there for the greater part of the following year. In the winter of 1892, as far as I can remember now, I went back again to my post in Mexico and remained there until I was enabled to leave Mexico for good, having, through the gracious favor of the Emperor Alexander III in consideration of my domestic circumstances, been granted an unlimited leave of absence.

During the last month of my stay in Mexico it was my fate to undergo an experience in itself neither very painful nor dangerous but the remote effects of which did not completely disappear until about nine years later. It happened in connection with what I would describe as the call of the ocean, to which I have always been particularly sensitive—an atavistic trait, perhaps traceable back to our amphibian ancestry. But before telling the indulgent reader all about it I must explain what brought me down to Vera Cruz, where I was to meet my fate by the sad sea waves, the latter, however, being only indirectly responsible for what happened to me.

We were in the habit—my old friend Mr. Trench and I—of dining together at the Jockey Club and finishing the evening with a walk in the plaza to listen to the excellent military band, which was usually discoursing music there. One night—was it the effect of some particularly sad tune the band had been playing or else the saddening influence the tropical night always exercised over my nervous system?—on our way home down the Calle de San Francisco I began holding forth on the subject of our no longer being as young as we were when we first met and how sad it was to feel old age gradually creeping on, when he interrupted me quite indignantly, saying: "What rot you are talking, my dear fellow! We are of the same age—if anything I am a little older than you—and I feel as young as if I were thirty." On these cheerful words, having reached the door of my hotel, we parted with a friendly farewell handshake, having arranged to dine again at the club the next day. I went to bed cheered up by my old friend's assurances of perennial youth of which I, too, might claim a share.

The next morning at daylight I was awakened by a knock at the door which to me for some reason had an ominous sound. I unlocked the door and the person whom I had let in turned out to be Mr. Trench's body servant, an old Indian, who handed me a little bit of paper evidently torn off some newspaper, on which I could with difficulty make out a single word scrawled in pencil with a trembling hand. It was the word "come."

I could not understand the Indian's explanation in broken Spanish, but I guessed what had happened, dressed in a hurry, managed somehow to get a cab, drove round to my doctor's house and took him along to the British Legation. We found poor Trench lying in his bed, hardly able to move a finger but able to explain that the night before, having undressed and performed his ablutions, he had suddenly fallen to the floor and unable to rise again had just managed to crawl to the neighborhood of his bed, where his servant had found him in the morning.

After having done for him all that was required and told him that it had been nothing but a slight attack of vertigo, the effects of which would soon disappear, the doctor took me aside and explained that it had been a light stroke of apoplexy, brought on by the bursting of a blood vessel in the brain, that the patient should not be told of it, that he was sure to recover this time but that it had been a first warning and that it would be necessary to take him to some place on the coast as soon as he had recovered his strength sufficiently to be able to undertake the journey.

Mr. Trench being quite alone—the secretary of the legation was absent on leave—I moved into his house and stayed with him until he could be moved. Uncle William procured a special car for us and we started together on the twelve hours' journey to Vera Cruz. On the way, having started at eight o'clock in the morning one reaches at luncheon time a station called Boca del Monte—mouth of the mountain—near the edge, so to speak, of the Mexican tableland. From there the railroad winds down the mountain side to the next station, distant twenty miles in this way, but only three thousand feet below in a direct line. I have never seen anything more grandiosely beautiful than the view one gets from the train during this descent from the tableland into the tropical plain below.

We had left Mexico, where in winter the mornings are quite cool if not cold, in our autumn clothes, but on nearing Vera Cruz we felt as if we would be far more comfortable if we could sit in nothing but our bones. Arrived at Vera Cruz we put up at the local branch of the Bank of London and Mexico, where the manager had placed at our disposal two bedrooms divided by a sitting room, as is the custom in the tropics, bare of everything except the indispensable beds, tables and Vienna cane chairs. We were made as comfortable as it is possible to be in the temperature of a Turkish bath.

By the end of the month Mr. Trench had completely recovered and was able to return to his duties at the legation. But I preferred to stay behind, having nothing in particular to do in the capital and greatly enjoying the nearness of the sea. Every afternoon I used to take the British consul's little girl Nancy with her nurse to the beach and spend an hour or so with the child paddling in the sea by way of cooling off a little.

One afternoon, returning from the beach I had gone as usual to the consulate for tea and while sipping a cup of this delightful beverage I suddenly felt a queer pain in my back and casually mentioned it to my amiable hostess, who at once looked quite alarmed, rushed out of the room to fetch little Nancy's clinical thermometer, took my temperature, found that it marked one hundred degrees, and declared that that was exactly the temperature indicating an incipient attack of yellow fever. She advised me to hurry home and send for a doctor.

I did so at once, and when the doctor came and had taken my temperature he confirmed the diagnosis of the consul's wife; only there was, said he, a chance of its turning out to be a simple intermittent fever, which could be determined only in the evening if the temperature had considerably risen by that time, as in case of its being yellow fever the temperature would remain stationary. Now I must explain that there are, or were in those days, at Vera Cruz three kinds of fever: The ordinary tropical, or malarial intermittent, fever called *fiebre suave* because it kills only in the long run, very long run even; then the yellow fever, or *vomito negro*, fatal in about eighty per cent of cases; and lastly the *fiebre perniciosa*, the undertaker's delight, as its name indicates. Now for me the important question was which one of the three kinds of fever I was going to be afflicted with, and I sat in considerable gloom in my cane rocking-chair with my clinical thermometer in my mouth anxiously waiting for the saving rise of my temperature.

In the meantime the rumor of my having been taken ill had spread like wildfire in that gossipy little place, with the result that several of my Mexican friends began dropping in one after another, each one advising me to beware of doctors in case it should turn out to be yellow fever, because they would be sure to kill me, but to let them know at once and they would send me an old Indian woman who would be sure to cure me with nothing but careful nursing and a diet exclusively of olive oil and lemon juice.

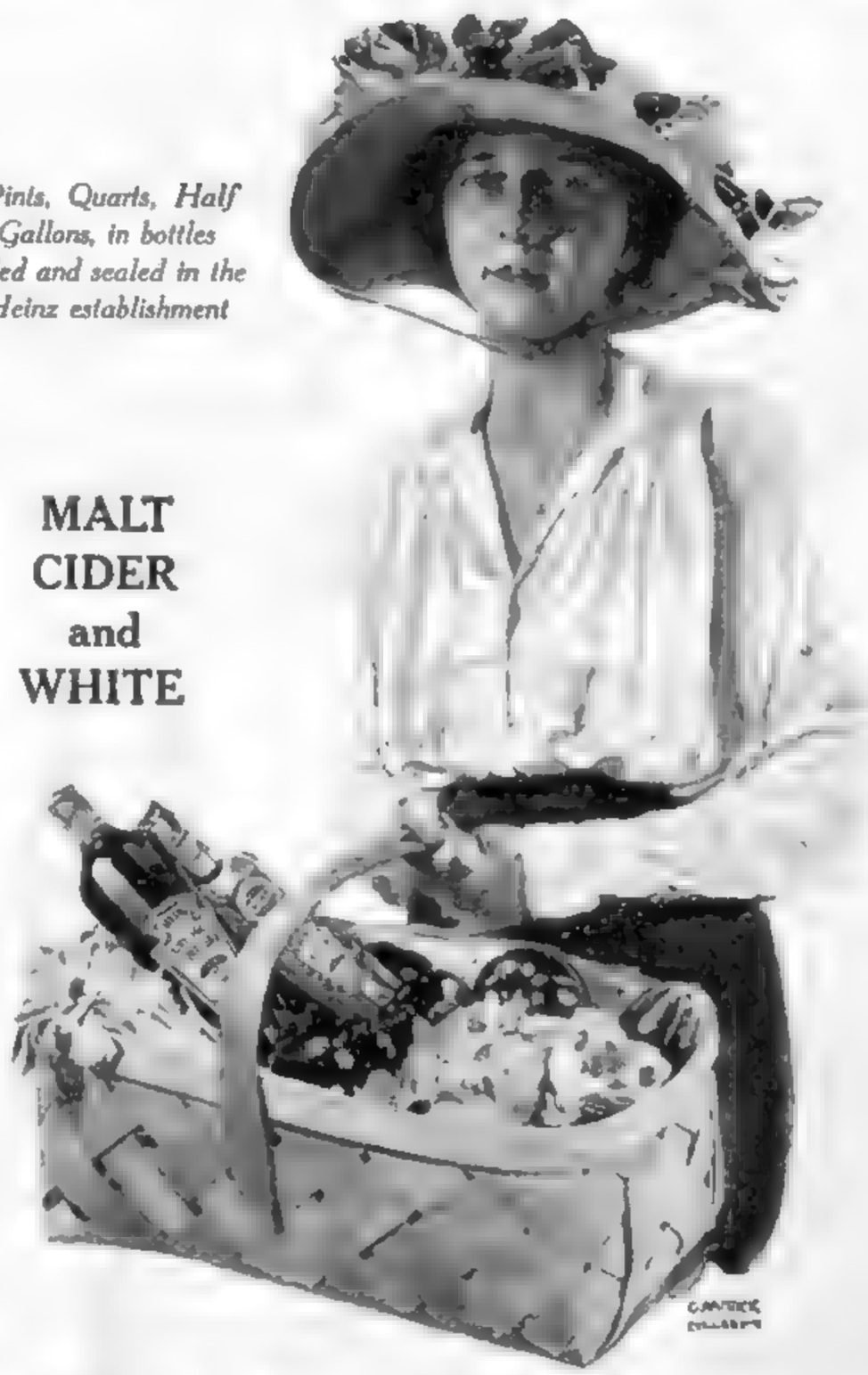
Fortunately at eight o'clock my temperature had risen to one hundred and four degrees and the doctor declared that it was now clear that it was merely a case of *fiebre suave*. Indeed in a few days having swallowed quantities of quinine I was well enough to return to Mexico determined to give henceforth a wide berth to the "three times heroic city of the Vera Cruz."

But the germs of that tropical fever remained sporadically active in my system for many years and I had my last attack of fever in the summer of 1902 in the Adriatic on board an Italian steamer on our way from the Piræus to Venice.

1869-1919
50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

HEINZ
Vinegars
Every Drop Awakens Flavor

Pints, Quarts, Half Gallons, in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment



MALT
CIDER
and
WHITE

HEINZ Imported Olive Oil

PURE, rich and wholesome. Made in the Heinz Olive Oil plant at Seville, Spain, where the Heinz ideals in preparing food products are rigorously observed.

Some of the 57

Baked Beans Spaghetti
Cream of Tomato Soup
India Relish

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

For Counter Sinking Screws
Countersinking a screw gives a workmanlike finish to your job and it's done in an instant by using a countersinker in our No. 732 Brace—the most generally useful boring tool because the patent chuck holds tools that do so many different things. Takes round drills just as well as square bit shanks.
With our 732 Brace you can bore wood, tile, plaster or metal, ream, countersink or drive a screw, depending on the tool you use in it.
MILLERS FALLS $3.50
BIT BRACE No. 732
(In Canada $5.00)
"The Carpenter's Favorite"
Ratchet is protected. Ball-bearing head gives full power to your boring. Cocobolo handles with nickel-plated metal parts. Lasts a life-time, for there is nothing about it to get out of order.
Use Millers Falls Auger Bits with our bit braces. They bore faster and better with or against the grain in all kinds of wood. All the better hardware stores have these Millers Falls tools or will get them for you.
Millers Falls Handbook for Mechanics
MILLERS FALLS CO.
"Toolmaker to the Master Mechanic"
100 River St. Millers Falls, Mass.
Send 10c for our Mechanic's Handbook
60 pages of mechanical information—valuable formulas and helpful hints. How to figure paint, shingles, board measure, brickwork and stonework and 30 other useful subjects. Pocket catalog of all Millers Falls tools on request.
The Millers Falls line also includes hand drills, breast drills, hack saws, mitre boxes and other boring and cutting tools.
MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

GERTIE

(Continued from Page 13)

pitching in regular turn against the other clubs of the league, but at each Panther-Crimson series he insisted on pitching as often as possible, and his mere appearance on the mound apparently was the signal for a Crimson defeat.

"Say, we gotta stop that fresh bird or he'll pitch us out of the flag," raved Leary after Cahill had beaten them twice in a five-game series. "Three times this season he's bumped us outa the lead an' he's worked outa turn every time he can against us. What's the big idea? His club ain't goin' to nowheres except the end of the schedule."

"I guess I'm the big idea," said young Carlson Rand, son of one of the owners, with a rueful smile. "Cahill and I were in the same class at college and we never had any use for each other. He's threatened to beat us out of the championship because I'm assistant secretary of the club."

"We gotta do something to stop that crazy southpaw!" roared Leary at the hotel one morning as the team was having skull practice. "We're just a half game in front. Some of you guys try kidding him when you're coaching and get his nanny."

"Won't work," said one player. "He's so stuck on himself nothing can make him sore. Even old Derby Bill, with the umpire lid off, couldn't make Cocky get peeved or fussed when he's in the box."

"That's right," spoke up another player. "You start to kid him and get nasty and he works all the better. They gave him the raspberry out in Chicago this spring—both the players and the crowd stayed aboard him all one afternoon—and he just kept on grinning in that cocky way he's got and he let them birds down with two hits, a line single over second in the first inning and a scratch hit in the ninth after two were gone. So ever since then all the wise clubs have stayed off him. He's apt to get a no-hit game if they don't and they don't want no chesty look-who-I-am guy like Cocky sneakin' any no-hit stuff in the record books."

"Well, there must be somethin' we can get on this rummy," insisted Gabby, dying hard. "They ain't a guy livin' but what'll fold up like an accordion if you got somethin' on him. I got a good notion to get a detective on his trail. Maybe he robbed a house sometime or got into a scrape with some dame or bumped somebody off that we don't know about."

"No use," replied another player dolefully. "His old man's so rich he never hadda pull no robbery. He wouldn't have any trouble with the idolizin' janes; most all of 'em'd run right at him from what I've seen of the dames since Cocky broke into the league; and the only killin' he ever was guilty of is lady killin' with that movie hero map of his."

It was late in July before the extent of Cahill's winning streak had lengthened sufficiently to approach a real record, and then the possibilities of a record-breaking pitching performance were brought vividly before the public by the headline announcement in a morning paper that the Panthers' crack left-hander had won fifteen consecutive victories to date.

"Well," chuckled Cahill, displaying the paper to several of the players, "if you chaps don't lay down on me I'm going to crack that pitching record of nineteen straight wide open."

"Don't worry about us laying down," said Sykes. "The only chance you've got of busting any records is for all the other clubs in the league to lay down—and die."

"At that, if it wasn't for throwing my own club and Spike down I'd muff every outfield fly that came near me and then throw the ball over the grand stand whenever you worked," spoke up Jim Randolph.

"You're apt to do that anyway," retorted Cahill. "Last week you dropped a fly on me and let in two runs. I was lucky to win that game."

"You said quite a chunk then," said Ad Cramer. "You been dog-gone lucky to win half your games. If it wasn't for our support and Charley Berry's dope on the batters, with all your horseshoes chucked in for good measure, you'd be lucky to have a winning streak one game long. The newspaper boys and the sob sisters slip you all the bouquets for coppin' them games when they oughta be sloppin' up the newspapers with Charley Berry's pictures instead yours."

Cahill merely grinned—and then went out that afternoon and shut out the opposing club before a large crowd of hostile fans and to the tune of an admiring chorus of feminine cheers for his sixteenth straight win. Gabby Leary, on the road with his club and having a nerve-racking struggle to maintain a slim lead in the hot pennant chase, read the news in Boston that evening at dinner.

"It's sixteen straight now," he growled, biting his cigar savagely. "Only four more games and he'll crack Marquard's record in two. If he cops his next two starts that sassy bird is gonna win twenty straight or I'm a Chinaman."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Carlson Rand, who was making the trip with the Crimsons, with more confidence in his tone than in his countenance. "Four games is a long way to go and the strain on Cahill must be terrific now. What makes you sure?"

"Because Cocky's got time for two more starts before we hit that town for a series with the Panthers. And you know what he does to us. All that guy is gotta do to trim the Crimsons is say 'Eeney-meeney-miney-moe,' toss his glove in the box and slip a sassy brazen look at our first batter and the game's over. He's got the Indian sign on us and he knows it. And he's gonna be on his own grounds in front of a matinée audience of Cahill-crazy dames whenever he works. If it was any other guy I'd just as soon see him bust a record—so long as he didn't bust our lead while he's doing it. But since he's been so gol-darned nutty to trim us out of a pennant I'd rather see the ex-Kaiser get something than Cocky."

Cahill was indebted to Jim Randolph for his seventeenth straight victory four days later. He was outpitched and apparently beaten going into the last half of the ninth inning. There were two out with a runner on first base when Randolph came to bat. With two strikes and one ball on him he caught a fast curve on the end of his big bat, cracked the ball into the upper tier of the right-field grand stand for a home run that was fair by a scant six inches and walked scowling round the bases with the run that won and ended the game.

"Thanks, old chap," said Cahill as he gleefully peeled off his damp uniform in the clubhouse a few minutes later. "I'd have given a whole lot for that wallop if I had to."

"And I'd have given even more not to have made it," growled Randolph as he ducked under the shower. "But that boob must have lost his control and stuck one right in my groove. I just naturally had to paste it. I couldn't throw the club down just on your account."

"Talk about horseshoes!" exclaimed Tendler as a group of players were discussing the game downtown that evening. "Luck don't care who gets it."

"Why, that guy Cocky is so lucky he could get blown into the ocean by a cyclone and he'd land on his old man's yacht," declared Sykes with a snort. "I don't like to root against my own club, but I'd give forty points off my battin' average if we had of lost the game to-day without my bein' the one to throw it."

"And say, did ya see all them skirts crowd round his car when he left the park?"

"And did you hear 'em all groan when the Bears tied it up and then went ahead in the eighth?" asked Cramer. "An' they almost got heart disease when Cocky gave them two passes in the fourth."

"I hear three women fainted when Charley Berry muffed that high foul in the sixth," said Tendler. "Even my wife almost had a fit that time. I could hear her way up in the stand."

And then that evening, while the other players painfully discussed the day's game and fandom from Tacoma to Tallahassee rumbled and throbbed with excitement over the proximity of a new world's pitching record, D. Thatcher Cahill was bent on a new conquest of a different kind. For he had that evening met the vision of his dreams—as he himself put it.

It was Berry Lyke, a wealthy young friend, who introduced them. Berry, known as a rather gay dog and a chronic practical joker, was giving a dinner that evening and had asked Cahill to come.

"You're to meet the most beautiful girl in the world," Lyke had phoned the

(Continued on Page 89)

How one man turned a losing business into a profit-maker. How others are "making good" in business for themselves. And how *you* can do it with a small investment.

IN 1916, a man in one of our large cities started in business for himself. He had a good article; it was different from anything ever sold before; his store was attractive; his location first-rate; crowds were constantly passing his door.

It looked like a pretty sure thing.

But something was wrong. He couldn't get his share of buyers from those passing crowds; and, in two years, he had lost considerable money.

Something had to be done. More sales and profits had to be made.

In 1918 he heard of a business that puts its manufacturing into store-windows, draws the crowds, pulls them in, and sells to them at a good profit—manufacturing, advertising and selling all in one.

He saw the opportunity and grasped it, and at once turned his business from a failure into a striking success.

The thing that saved him was the candy kiss business with a Kiss Cutting and Wrapping Machine in the window—making kisses, drawing crowds, and selling kisses and everything else he had to sell.

Many others have gone into this candy-kiss business and they are all making money—$3,000 to $21,000 a year; $3,000 is the least we have ever heard of anybody making in one year.

Everybody in the business is making money, and why not? A machine in motion stops the crowds. When people see this wonderfully ingenious machine in a store-window—when they see it shape the kiss, cut it, cut the paper, put it next to the kiss, wrap it, twist the ends tight, and turn out a flow of kisses tumbling into the basket—they are simply fascinated.

The crowd can't resist. They come in and buy.

Building wrapping machinery, as we do, for most of the important national concerns, we are constantly brought face to face with manufacturing and selling problems, and most of these problems we have been able to solve. So that some products which formerly presented apparently insuperable difficulties—high cost of wrapping, unattractive appearance, wrong shape, or insufficient protection—are now packaged and wrapped in such a way that they now sell freely at good profits.

We make machines to wrap many different kinds of products—for example, Adams Chewing Gum and nearly all other chewing gums, Gillette Safety Razor Blades, Peters' Chocolate, Touraine's Chocolate, and most of the rest, Beech-Nut Products, Domino Sugar, Nabisco Wafers, Ivory Soap, Colgate's Laundry Soap, Woodbury's Soap, Palmolive, Cuticura, and others, Mueller Macaroni, Argo Starch, Grape Nuts, and the big selling plug Tobaccos—most well-known packages are wrapped by our machines.

This is Steacy's—one of seven stores on the Atlantic City Boardwalk all working their kiss machines drawing the crowds selling kisses and other things and making money

In doing this work we have naturally seen some interesting and astonishing things take place; but nothing has been more remarkable than the successes of the candy kiss business at wholesale or at retail with the machine making kisses in store-windows, drawing the crowds, and making good profits on small capital. As we said before, we have seen people start with an investment of a few hundred dollars and build up a business making as much as $21,000 a year, and the reason is clear enough.

The business is simple. Kisses are easy to make and easy to sell. All you need is a good location with a machine in the window.

There is plenty of demand. Kisses are good. Everybody likes them. The more you show the machine in the window the more you sell.

You do a large business in proportion to your capital. You turn your money over many times a year, each time at a high profit.

It takes very little capital. You can buy the kiss machine on installments. The rest of the equipment doesn't cost much, and you get the materials as you use them.

Now there are three kinds of people who ought to go into this business:

1. People who are ambitious to go into business for themselves, make money and be independent.

2. People who want to make their present business more profitable—such as drugs, groceries, retail candy, cigars, restaurants, etc.

3. People, already in the candy making business, who want to do more business and make more money.

If you are one of these three, send for our careful book "Your opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business." It tells what you need to know so that you can make up your mind whether this is the kind of business for you and how you can go into it to the best advantage.

Send for this book. Fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us. At the same time tell us as much as you care to about your situation, your present business, and what kind of location you think you can get—it doesn't have to be a whole store. All you need is a window, some space to sell in, and a place in the back to do the cooking. But remember you need passing crowds—no use, unless there are plenty of people passing by.

Tell us what you know and we'll tell you what we know. We want to help. We want everybody who deals with us to make plenty of money.

COUPON. Fill out, cut out, and mail:

Package Machinery Company
Springfield Massachusetts
Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business.
My present business is_____
Name
Address

——Some concerns for which we build Wrapping Machines——

American Chicle Co
Beech-Nut Packing Co
Walter Baker & Co Ltd.
Armour & Co
Swift & Co
Colgate & Co
Gillette Safety Razor Co
American Sugar Refining Co
Borden's Condensed Milk Co
Hershey Chocolate Co
Touraine Co
H O Wilbur & Sons
National Biscuit Co
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co
Walter M Lowney & Co
National Candy Co
National Starch Co
N K Fairbank Co
Procter & Gamble Co
Ghirardelli Co
Palmolive Co
Andrew Jergens Co
American Tobacco Co
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
R J Reynolds Tobacco Co
British-American Tobacco Co
Postum Cereal Co
Cluett Peabody & Co
Corn Products Refining Co
Quaker Oats Co

Manufacturers wrapping or planning to wrap 20,000 or more packages per day—write us. We can give you better wrapping and save money for you.

New York Office
30 Church Street

Package Machinery Company Springfield Mass.

Chicago Office
New York Life Bldg.

At the most congested Corner in the World—

More traffic, both human and vehicular, crosses and criss-crosses at State and Madison Streets, Chicago, at any time of the day and night than at any other corner of the world. Oscar F. Mayer & Bro., Packers, are proud of their Troy Trailer, shown in the illustration above, from a photograph "shot" while their Troy Trailer was passing this famous corner. Says their secretary, Oscar G. Mayer:—"As to your Troy Trailer, it is bringing big dividends every day."

Mr. Mayer's name is Legion, as his expression but voices the willing recommendation of hundreds of Troy Trailer owners, all over the U. S. and in practically every line of business.

We could not tell the story of Troy Trailer performance, and the economies of *delivery time* and *hauling cost* it effects any better than the following letter from the Poultrymen's Co-operative & Milling Association, Los Angeles:—

"We are enthusiastic over the 5-ton Reversible Troy Trailer purchased from you last July. The Trailer has been in use continually since we bought it and in that time has proven all your claims and then some.

"The Trailer is being used behind a 3½-ton truck, which handles it easily, even on steep grades. We use our equipment within a radius of 40 miles of Los Angeles, carrying five tons on the truck and five on the Troy Trailer.

"The Reversible feature of the Trailer saves us time and money. We can couple to either end and back around a corner or through a narrow alley, which is a big convenience.

"We find the automatic hitch a time and temper saver. It is simple, quick and sure.

"The Trailer rolls easily and tracks perfectly. We are entirely pleased with our investment, and it would be hard for us to get along without it."

No matter whether you think a Troy Trailer might, or might not, be profitable to you in your hauling problems, our Engineering Dept., without any obligation to you, will be glad to advise you. Give them the full facts covering your territory and hauling requirements, and the equipment you are now employing.

A new piece of literature, "Some Users" of Troy Trailers, from single truck owners to fleet operators, you would find interesting. Mailed to anyone on request.

THE TROY WAGON WORKS CO.
TROY, OHIO

Oldest and largest makers of Trailers, making possible highest grade construction at lowest cost.

Troy Trailers

(Continued from Page 86)

pitcher. "She's seen you at the games and is wild to meet you. She made me ask you up." And Cahill, bored at the thought of the dinner party, admitted to himself a little later at his friend's apartment that he was supremely glad he had come.

"This young lady insisted that she simply had to meet you, Dave," laughed Lyke as Cahill greeted his host and stared at the dazzlingly beautiful creature who was with Lyke. "Gertrude, this is Mr. D. Thatcher Cahill, the famous baseball pitcher, known afar to the diamond denizens and bleacher *hoi polloi* as Cocky Cahill—for his extreme modesty." Then turning to the gaping Cahill, Lyke said: "Dave, you'll always bless me for presenting you to Miss Gertrude Varley."

The latter, an astonishingly beautiful young creature with a wealth of golden-brown hair, a tall, graceful figure and a wonderfully clear complexion smiled brightly up at the bronzed, good-looking young athlete and drawled: "I'm awfully glad to meet you at last, Mr. Cahill. I've been pestering Berry for the last two weeks to have us both up here. I do so admire your wonderful throwing out there in the park. It must be simply wonderful to be a famous baseball player. I was out there the day you kept them from making even a double play. Or was it a bunt-out off of you?"

The voice was a rich contralto and as he heard it Cahill could only listen and stare for the moment. At last he spoke and for the first time since Lyke had known him there was not a trace of self-assurance or conceit in Cahill's attitude or voice.

"Miss Varley," said he simply, "I can't even attempt to tell you how glad I am now that Berry asked me here this evening. You're the most wonderfully beautiful girl I've—ever—seen." He seemed dazed almost with emotion and his voice trailed off to almost a whisper.

"Cahill is awfully hard hit," laughed Lyke as he joined the others of the party. "It looks like a case of love at first sight—on his part."

There were others at the dinner, including Miss Nelson, a vivacious blond girl, and a Miss Alice Boyd, who certainly had some claims to beauty and attractiveness herself. But Cahill had eyes and attentions for Miss Gertrude Varley only. As he was leaving late that evening Lyke slapped him playfully on the back and said: "I wouldn't go and get myself in love with Gertrude, Cahill, if I were you, for you haven't a chance in that direction. Her people have a California millionaire all picked out for her."

Cahill stiffened, a determined look crept into his face and he looked Lyke squarely in the eye.

"Berry," said he with great seriousness and determination, "I'm in love with her right now. And there isn't any California millionaire or anyone else but me going to marry her. You've known me long enough to know that I never start anything I can't finish."

"Well, you'll have to go some to marry her," laughed Lyke as Cahill left. And go some Cahill did. He called upon his vision as often as allowed and at other times telephoned and sent candy and flowers daily. At the end of the week he pitched another game before a huge crowd; won it, allowing a scant four hits to the opposition and at every opportunity scanned the field boxes, hoping for a sight of Miss Gertrude Varley at the game. In this he was disappointed, but he consoled himself with the thought that he would telephone and try to see her that evening.

Promptly after dinner he called up and the rich contralto voice answered coolly and clearly over the wire.

"Yes, this is Miss Varley. Is that you Dave?" Cahill was sure he caught an affectionate note in the drawling voice.

"Yes, this is Dave," said he. "I'm coming up this evening."

"Why, I'm dreadfully sorry but I'm going out," was the reply.

"Gertrude, I've simply got to see you. I looked for you at the game but you weren't there. I wish you had been. I won it. It's eighteen straight wins now and the Crimsons come here the last of next week and I'll beat them twice sure. I always do beat them. I'll have a major league pitching record then."

"Oh, Dave! I'm so *glad!*" was the reply.

"But that isn't what I phoned for," continued Cahill earnestly. "Gertrude, I've got to see you this evening. I—I've something to tell you. Something terribly important—to me. Can't you guess what it is?" he pleaded.

"I think—perhaps—I can guess," echoed over the wire with a sweet hesitancy. "But it's really impossible for you to see me this evening."

Cahill groaned.

"When can I see you?" he pleaded.

"Come up to-morrow—Sunday evening—for dinner. I'm having several people over. You met some of them at Berry's the other evening. I prefer to have just—you; but it's too late to call the party off. Won't you come then—dear? We can get a chance to be alone and you can tell me—what you have to say."

"Will I come?" almost shouted Cahill. "You know I'll be there!"

The dinner itself was a very enjoyable little affair but despite the fact that Cahill was the real lion of the evening, toasts to his pitching prowess being drunk and his remarkable string of winning games being almost the sole topic of conversation, he could hardly wait until dinner was over and he could be alone with the wonderful, the beautiful vision of his dreams.

At last the glorious moment came. Cahill had brought Miss Varley out upon the little balcony that opened upon the front room of the apartment. It was a warm July evening, the stars were beginning to peep out from the rich, purple, cloudless sky and the other guests were back in the apartment. Cahill saw they had the balcony to themselves; he leaned tenderly toward his companion.

"Gertrude," said he and his voice was husky with emotion, "I love you. I loved you the moment I saw you. You're the most beautiful creature in all this world, and I want you—I need you. You're the kind of girl I've always dreamed of—seen in my visions. Gertrude, will you marry me? Say you will—Gertie."

"But that's impossible," came the answer with just the suspicion of suppressed amusement—unnoticed by Cahill—in the other's voice.

"Gertrude, you don't know how I love you—need you!" said Cahill impetuously as he embraced the other and passionately kissed the hair that gleamed golden in the moonlight. His embrace tightened as he kissed the upturned face several times madly, almost fiercely. There was a sharp struggle, a chorus of giggles and deep chuckles from the front room within and then a voice, no longer a rich modulated contralto but instead a strong vibrant tenor boomed out upon the soft evening air.

"Hey, for the love of Mike!" roared Gertrude.

Cahill stared.

"Why, you big stiff! Cut out that strangle hold and quit that kissing-bug act!" howled the fair vision, struggling desperately. "Gee whiz, but you can certainly smear in a lotta rough stuff with your love!"

Cahill stepped back and saw his vision standing before him, mopping the perspiration from his brow with one hand and holding an immense brown wig in the other. Then it dawned upon him.

"So you're a fellow!" he gasped.

"You said it! And believe me, kid, I never want to be a lady again on a night like this!" replied the good-looking young man before him. "Gosh, I've got to get inside and get these female things off! I can hardly breathe!"

"So you put this game up on me, Lyke," said Cahill as he faced the giggling women and the chuckling men inside.

"Yea, bo!" replied the grinning Lyke. "And the way you fell for it I can see now how Jimmy gets by on the stage. This," nodding toward the pseudo Gertie, "is Jimmy Reynolds, the greatest woman impersonator on the stage. Jimmy, bow to the gentleman."

Furious with rage and crimson with mortification, Cahill rushed at Lyke, outraged vanity in his feelings and murder in his eyes. There promised to be a lively time for a moment, when the other men in the party separated the pair.

Cahill shook a quivering finger at his host.

"Berry Lyke," he stuttered, "you've put this rotten trick over on me and all you smart fools have had your joke. But remember this: If this story ever gets out into the public—if you tell of this to a single soul—I'm going to kill you."

Lyke adjusted his rumpled collar and tie and grinned good-naturedly.

"Dave," said he, "this was merely a little practical joke. We intended it to go

I wonder what sort of a man you are

If you and I were to meet casually in a hotel lobby or in a Pullman I would know how to get this Mennen Shaving Cream story across to you. Face to face salesmanship is easy, but talking to two million men is more complicated.

Now if you are a chemist it would take about thirty seconds to prove to you that there is no free caustic in Mennen's and you would appreciate what a remarkable advance that is in shaving lather—but most men think the word caustic is highbrow for rough talk from the boss.

If you are a merchant or salesman I would just have to tell you of the phenomenal growth in sales and you would realize that Mennen's must have exceptional quality.

But most likely, you are just a fairly intelligent good fellow—rather skeptical, but open to reason. In that case, I would hand you a straight statement that Mennen's gives a great shave—with cold water or hot—no rubbing with fingers—holds three times the amount of water you usually use—and your face feels fine afterwards. Then I would say, "Here, old man, give it a trial—take this demonstrator tube—use just a little with a lot of water—brush for three minutes and then leave it to the razor."

Over a Million and a half men have got acquainted with Mennen's that way and keep on using it.

Help me out! Just pretend you know me and send 12 cents for one of my demonstrator tubes. That's all the coupon is good for.

Jim Henry.
(Mennen Salesman)

This giant tube costs 50c. It is larger and longer than the regular 35c size, and gives you more cream for the money.

Jim Henry
The Mennen Co.
42 Orange St.
NEWARK, N. J.

Dear Jim:—
We may never meet, but I'm going to meet Mennen's. Here's 12 cents for a demonstrator tube.

Name _____

Address _____

no further than that first evening. But you fell so hard for Gertie I couldn't resist the temptation to ask Jimmy to be Gertie a little longer. And the only reason I worked it on you in the first place was as a real favor to you. You've been so insufferably conceited no one could stand you. If it's taken any of the swelling out of your head it's been a real blessing to you. And moreover, Dave, I promise on my word of honor not to mention this affair to a soul."

Cahill walked to the door and turned.

"Remember," he shouted, "one word to anyone about this and I'll come back and kill you!"

III

CAHILL'S fears that the baseball public might learn of his passionate wooing of a brisk young man were partly set at rest by Lyke's promise and entirely allayed during the next few days as he went to the park and mingled with the players. None of them had heard a thing about the affair. With the fear of this publicity gone, Cahill became his former self, his good spirits returned and his self-satisfaction became normal. He guyed the other players for a lot of second-division bush-league players, lorded it over the great Ed Hines, who was having an unlucky year, and received the admiring plaudits of the fanettes at the ball park with his usual smiling aplomb.

"Well," said Hank Tendler on Thursday, "to-morrow that swell-headed stiff of a Cahill is gonna tie Marquard's pitching record. The Crimsons get in to-night and play here to-morrow. Cocky ain't worked in five days, just restin' up for 'em. He can get at 'em on Tuesday and have three days' rest."

"Yeah, he's got that record in his pants pocket right now, I guess," replied Sykes dolefully. "If we wasn't such a bunch of suckers we'd throw the game away on him."

Gabby Leary also had the milk of human kindness sour on him whenever he thought of Cahill, as the Crimsons got in town Thursday night.

"If we could only get something on that big mutt," growled Gabby to young Rand in the hotel lobby that evening for perhaps the fortieth time.

"Oh, forget it!" snapped Rand impatiently. "He's got our number and that's all there is to it. I'm sick of thinking about him. Even if we could get something on him it wouldn't faze him. He's so gone on himself that nothing could get his nerve."

"We oughta hire a coupla anarchists to send him a box of dynamite-stick candy," snorted Gabby. "What did he want round this hotel, anyway, I wonder? I saw him in the lobby about a hour ago, swelling out and grinning to himself."

"He paid me a special call," groaned Rand, "to inform me again that it was on my especial account that he was going to trim the Crimsons out of a pennant."

On Friday the morning papers featured Cahill on the front pages as the local phenom who almost certainly was going to tie a big-league pitching record that afternoon, weather conditions permitting, and who in all probability would shatter the record the following Monday or Tuesday. And that afternoon the ball park held the largest weekday crowd in the history of local baseball. The stands were jammed, the bleachers were packed and additional seats were placed in the outfield.

It was a sizzling hot August day, ideal for baseball and perfect weather for a warm-weather pitcher like Cahill. Shortly before the game started the Panthers' crack left-hander warmed up in front of the grand stand and with every thud of the ball into Charley Berry's big mitt there arose an admiring chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" from the fair sex who thickly studded the immense throng in the stands. Later as the announcer stepped before the crowd with a megaphone to his mouth there was a dramatic lull over the entire field, which, however, ended in a frenzied roar as the announcement, "For the Panthers: Ca-a-hi-i-l-l pitching, Berry catching," was bawled out.

For five innings it was a beautiful game to watch. In a despairing effort to beat Cahill, Gabby Leary started Bracker, his ace, and for five thrilling innings the latter twirled superb ball. He allowed only two hits, scratch singles, scattered over the five sessions and seemed to hold the Panthers helpless. But in the sixth his defense cracked as the third baseman made a wild heave to first on an easy infield ball and the Panther runner perched on second base before the ball could be returned to the infield. This was followed by a base on balls, and—with two on—Ed Cramer tripled to the right field wall and the inning ended with two runs for the Panthers. Cahill meanwhile was twirling a masterpiece. He had issued one pass and allowed not a hit.

"They can't beat Cahill now in a million years!" roared a fan in the grand stand.

"Oh, you Cocky Cahill!" chorused the crowd.

"Atta kid, Cocky! Make it a no-hit game, bo!" came echoing from the packed stands, while Leary ground his teeth as he crouched in the first-base coacher's box and Carlson Rand groaned and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead as he watched from a field box near the Crimsons' dugout.

The Crimsons came up in the seventh with the tail end of their batting array up and dejection in their hearts. The catcher grounded to second base and was thrown out easily. A pinch hitter, batting for Bracker, struck out. The next man up, with two strikes and no balls, was hit in the arm by a curve and trotted languidly to first base. The next batter swung savagely at two for strikes and on his third swing dribbled the ball midway between Cahill and Berry. There was a mix-up between the two in handling it and before a play could be made there were runners on second and first. Cahill just grinned at this and cut loose with all his speed. He had worked the count to two strikes and one ball. The huge crowd was almost breathless as it waited for the next ball—when it happened.

From back of third base a loud raucous voice boomed. It was clearly heard by every silent, anxious spectator in the park.

"O-o-h, Ger-t-i-e-e!" roared the voice over the stillness of the park.

Cahill instantly stopped his pitching motion in midair. It was a plain balk. The runners each advanced a base, resting on second and third. His face crimson, the pitcher raised his arm again.

"O-o-h, dearest Ger-t-i-e!" boomed out a rough loud voice from back of first base. The ball left the pitcher's hand and sailed ten feet over the catcher's head to the grand stand, a run scoring.

Again Cahill, crimson-faced and with set jaw, raised his arm; and again, this time from the grand stand, came a rude, rough, bawling voice that echoed through the stands and out onto the field.

"Gertie, darling, will—you—marry—me-e-e?" it howled.

Another wild pitch, the wildest pitch ever seen at the park, resulted, scoring the second run; and before Spike Sanger could get another pitcher warmed up the Crimsons had combined three solid smashes with two passes for a total of four more runs. The crowd stared aghast as Cahill walked wearily to the showers, and at the end of the game, with the Panthers beaten 8-2 and Cocky Cahill's winning streak shattered past all repairing, they wondered dazedly how it had all happened.

Young Carlson Rand learned how it had happened as he took Miss Alice Boyd, a long-time friend, in to dinner that evening.

"Berry Lyke promised not to tell a soul about the affair and Berry kept his promise," explained Miss Boyd. "But that didn't bind me to anything—and I just went and told. I knew Mr. Cahill was doing his best to injure you, and anyway I never could stand his dreadful, insufferable conceit."

"And who did you tell?" inquired Rand, grinning with pure joy. "You surely didn't go out yourself and get those three roughneck fruit peddlers to sit in the stands."

"No," replied Miss Boyd with a silvery little laugh, "I didn't. I told the whole thing to Fred Milton, a friend of mine. Freddy's a broker here and he's made a pretty large wager on the Crimsons to win the pennant. I knew he'd be interested—and he was. He got the three noisiest men he knew to sit in the stands and wait for what he called the pinch in the game. That's the time, Fred explained, a baseball nine is apt to crack, as he put it."

Late that fall, after the Crimsons had won the league pennant, Spike Sanger met his friend Jake Eckles, the cigar salesman.

"I see, Spike," began Eckles with a puzzled look, "that young Cahill, that cheaty kid I tipped you off to a couple of years ago, didn't finish the season the way he started."

"He didn't," agreed Sanger, lighting the cigar the other proffered. "Though he came darn near bustin' Marquard's record and didn't have such a rotten year at that. He copped twenty-one and lost fourteen games. Cocky couldn't seem to get started again after the Crimsons stuck that 8-2 lacing into him."

"You know I told you he had only two faults—a half-balk motion and girls," said Jake. "Which one was it stopped him?"

"The girls," replied Shannon. "I cured him of that crazy balk motion he had the second week he was in the league but I couldn't cure him of girls in a lifetime. Cocky lost a pitching record by the length of two petticoats, Jake."

"You don't tell me!" grinned Jake.

"I sure do!" replied Spike. "And one of 'em was a phony skirt at that."

Eckles chuckled.

"Oh, well," said he, "they all get theirs sooner or later. Even the greatest guys in the world finally got their bumps and generally through some one person."

Sanger puffed for a moment on his cigar in silence.

"Yeah," said he finally, "you're right, Jake. Cæsar had his Brutus, Napoleon had his Wellington and Cocky Cahill—well, Cocky had his Gertie."

FRIENDS OF FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Only one—playing the game as I find it. You're a sentimentalist, Jig. I'm not. I see things as they are. I play the game as I see it. And the game is getting away with all you can before the other fellow snatches it."

"How—how odious!" exclaimed Jig.

She looked at him and her eyes though still mocking were a little hurt.

"You've had a pretty happy life always, haven't you, Jig?"

"Yes, but you, too, have had everything, Cordelia."

"Everything!" she repeated. "Money—oh, yes! All the money I've ever wanted. But I'm thinking of other things. I'm thinking of your father and mother and the devotion of your father to your mother."

"What has that to do with it?"

"A great deal. A great deal, indeed, in influencing your attitude toward life. My father and mother were divorced when I was eight. My father married again. My mother married again and has been divorced again. There has been lots of gossip. I'm not betraying any confidence in saying that. You must have heard it. Everybody has heard it. Oh, I love them—both of them, though my mother is nothing more than a charming, irresponsible child. But it does take the romance out of one, Jig. I'm rather—rather a realist."

Again a silence. They walked several blocks. They stood before the huge building in Park Avenue in which the Bournes had an apartment.

"Don't go yet," said Cordelia, her hand on Jig's arm. "I don't feel that I've given you much comfort as yet. Come inside."

"It's late."

"Just come inside the hall then. We'll talk there."

They entered the white marble hallway in which rugs were spread and potted plants bloomed against the wall.

"Let's sit here," said Cordelia, indicating a settee. The attendant looked at them with curiosity. He wasn't sure whether people were supposed to sit on that settee at one in the morning or not. But, "Get out of earshot, Jackson," said Cordelia calmly. "Mr. Whyte and I wish to finish an argument."

The attendant touched his cap and moved away.

"Almost all the men I used to know in your position became wine agents," said Cordelia, smiling. "But that would be rather silly to take up now, wouldn't it?"

"I wouldn't take it up, anyway," said Jig.

"More ideals! I imagine there's only one thing left then."

"What's that?"

"Marry a rich wife."

Jig said nothing.

"Marry me, for instance," said Cordelia, her eyes steady but her voice wavering a little. "I don't know any other man for whom I'd walk ten blocks in a snowstorm with these gilt slippers on. And I've always intended to marry a poor man. I want to hold the reins. I've abhorred the thought of marriage always because to me it seems surrender—oh, surrender in some form or other. When I find a fairly presentable man who'll give me absolute freedom, who'll let me go my own way after marriage just as I've gone it before marriage—well, then I may consider that man. I want to buy a husband on my own terms, Jig. I'll give him all the money he wants if he'll give me all the freedom I want. He'll be a very magnificently paid companion—little more than that. I'm being perfectly frank with you, Jig. I want you to understand my terms fully." Jig rose from the settee.

"The terms seem a bit beyond me, Cordelia," he said.

Cordelia, too, stood up. She let her hand rest lightly on his arm.

"Yes, rather seemed to me they would be. Perhaps I rather hoped they would be. You see, even I have my ideals. You, I suppose, are one of them. I've always admired you too much ever to marry you. It wouldn't be safe for—for my freedom." She held out her hand and gave him a firm grip. "Good night, old darling. Come and see me soon. I'm anxious to know how your ideals get along in an unidealistic world."

Jig found when he got outside again that the snow had increased; the wind blew colder. Nevertheless, he decided to walk down to Thirty-sixth Street. He wanted to think. But he found he couldn't think. His mind was a blur of confused impressions. And just as he had said it of Marcia he now said to himself: "What a brick Cordelia is!" He had seen the real Cordelia. He had discovered that cynicism was indeed part of the real Cordelia, but for the first time he had also discovered the reason—perhaps the excuse—for that cynicism. How delightful it would be to teach Cordelia that the world was not so selfish as she viewed it. After all, it was such a nice little world. One's friends under test proved to be such awfully good friends.

"And now for Sylvia!" he exclaimed.

V

IT WAS, Jig found, rather a difficult matter to get hold of Sylvia. She was working from early in the morning until late at night, taking wounded soldiers from the ships to the hospitals. Jig could tell from her voice, from its faintness and its quality, how tired she was.

"An evening off would do you good, Sylvia," said Jig over the telephone. He had managed to catch her at home by rising at—for him—an unearthly hour. "You sound as if you were dead."

"I am dead," Sylvia admitted. "Why do you want to see me?"

"I always want to see you, Sylvia."

"Oh, Jig, I haven't time for that sort of jolly!" Her tone showed both impatience and disgust.

"No, I really do want to see you," Jig hastened to say. "I've something important to tell you. I can't tell it to you over the telephone." And as he was afraid that Cordelia or Marcia might tell it to Sylvia before he could, he asked: "Have you seen Cordelia or Marcia lately?"

"No, I haven't seen anyone; I haven't been anywhere."

"Well, when can I see you, Sylvia?"

There was a pause. Jig had a picture of Sylvia thinking, her brows knitted, her eyes pensive. Sylvia always looked adorable in that attitude.

"I'll let you know later in the day," she said presently. "Maybe I can get off a little early to-night. I'll telephone you. Will you be at home this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Jig.

And he spent all that afternoon in the library—the library was the room adjacent to the telephone. He wandered from one chair to another. He picked up one book after another. He fussed and he fumed. He wondered why, after all, he was so anxious to see Sylvia. At five the telephone bell rang. It was Sylvia. She could

(Continued on Page 92)

TOLEDO

THE SCALE is the symbol that Justice holds in her hand. And Justice—Exact Justice—has always been the inspiration of this Toledo Scale Building Industry.

"Toledo—No Springs—Honest Weight" has been our slogan—The Exact Measure has been our goal.

You cannot make figs of thistles.

You cannot measure gravity with springs—not with Exact Justice—they do not conform to the same laws.

There is just one exact measure of gravity—*and that is gravity itself.*

The Toledo Pendulum Principle, measuring gravity with gravity, is never-failing in its exactness and is not affected, as springs are, by changes in temperature.

Toledo Springless Automatic Scales, displaying the slogan "No Springs—Honest Weight," answer that instinctive demand of Civilization for Exact Justice.

Their powerful influence for good is immediately felt in every store where they are used.

Giving honest weight and automatically calculating and displaying exact value, Toledo Scales bring together on common ground those who seek neither advantage nor disadvantage, but an exactly measured square deal on both sides of the counter.

There are over one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales, to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel,—scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

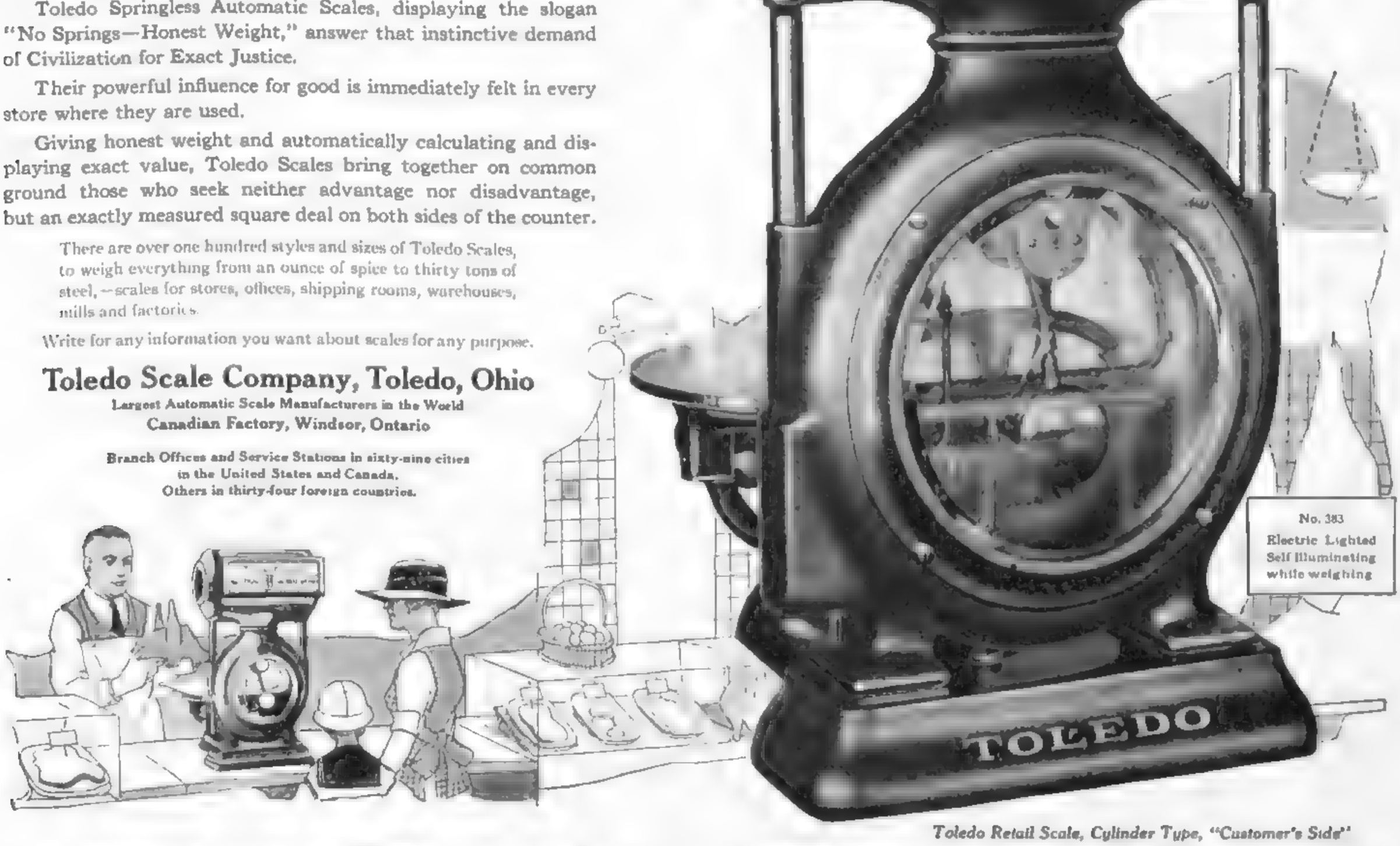
Write for any information you want about scales for any purpose.

Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio

Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario

Branch Offices and Service Stations in sixty-nine cities in the United States and Canada. Others in thirty-four foreign countries.



No. 383
Electric Lighted
Self Illuminating
while weighing

Toledo Retail Scale, Cylinder Type, "Customer's Side"

SCALES

NO SPRINGS ~ HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 90)

get off at nine to-night. Would he come to her house at nine or shortly after? Would he? He would! He most certainly would!

But when he arrived at the small white frame house in Ninetieth Street—that small house which, with its white picket fence and its little patch of ground on one side, seemed so incongruous in New York—he discovered that Sylvia had not as yet returned.

Mrs. Tree, Sylvia's mother, apologized and led him into the toy sitting room, where she told him how this motor-corps work had become an obsession with Sylvia; how Sylvia was working herself into a rag because of it and wouldn't he, Jig—he always had so much influence with Sylvia, whereas Sylvia paid no attention at all to Mrs. Tree's remonstrances—wouldn't he try to persuade Sylvia to be a little more moderate in her zeal?

In the midst of this Sylvia burst in upon them.

Jig noticed with amazement that Sylvia had temporarily recovered her buoyancy. In her dark bluish-gray uniform she looked surprisingly fit. Booted and puttied and belted, she stood there like a slim young Amazon, laughing at them. The cold air had whipped color into her cheeks. Her eyes sparkled though they were dark with fatigue.

"Don't pay any attention to mother, Jig," she said irreverently. "To hear mother talk you'd think I was doddering toward my grave. And I'm feeling wonderful! Oh, Jig, I am glad to see you!" And then, swinging sharply on her heel in a military way, she said over her shoulder: "I'm going up and put on something soft and fluffy. I'm so tired of this uniform. And besides, I'm filthy. Mother, you entertain Jig until I come down."

Jig promised.

Presently Sylvia came down in a white dress upon which little silver sequins glistened. And she had put a band of silver round her dark hair, which fitted smooth and tight round her small head. Jig gasped. Why was it that after all these years every once in a while Sylvia could make him gasp with her unutterable loveliness? Somehow he couldn't get used to her loveliness. Every little while she surprised him with some new phase of it, some new aspect. She was like a strange plant forever putting forth new and surpassing bloom.

After Mrs. Tree had left them and gone to her own sitting room on the second floor, Sylvia slumped on the couch and Jig saw that much of her sparkle was gone. Her eyes were frankly tired. Her red lips drooped.

"Oh, I can't keep it up any longer!" she said. "I try to before mother. Mother hounds me so. But I don't mind you, Jig. I am tired!"

Jig thought of his promise to Mrs. Tree.

"Why are you overdoing it in this way, Sylvia?" he asked severely. "It is foolish!"

As if that were the spark needed to touch her into life Sylvia sat up straight and indignant. Her cheeks flamed again. Her eyes flashed.

"Somebody's got to do it, haven't they, Jig?" she asked.

"Don't talk about things of which you know nothing! If you could see those boys coming in, some without an arm, some without a leg! They're so courageous! That's what gets you! They laugh and joke about it constantly and one laughs and jokes with them. One has to, you know. They hate it if you come sniveling round them. But afterward, when you're alone—oh, I don't know, it does get you! Of course I'm becoming used to it now. But at first it was pretty awful. There's so little you can do. And there aren't enough drivers for the ambulances. That's why I and the rest of the girls who are still working have to overwork. You see, so many of the volunteer helpers gave up when the war was over. 'What's the use?' they said. 'It's over now.' And, of course, in a way it is over—but the work isn't over. There are all sorts of jobs to be done. Somebody has to do them. Just because you're tired you can't stop. Those boys couldn't stop fighting because they were tired!"

"I didn't know," began Jig apologetically.

"No, of course you didn't know! Nobody knows! That's the trouble. Nobody cares very much. At first when we got into this war everybody talked of sacrifice.

"But it seems to me now that everybody is slipping back again. It's going to be the same old, selfish, careless world again. At least here in America it is. Of course I don't know about France or England. There things may be different. They had to sacrifice so much more than we did. Oh, I don't mean that I wish we had had to sacrifice more, Jig! Lose more lives or anything like that. Of course you know I don't mean that. That is too horrible even to think about. But each of us should try to be a little nobler, a little more worth while because of the lives we did give; because of every wound that the boys received and every pain that they had to suffer. But already, it seems to me, we're forgetting."

"I did what I could, Sylvia."

"Oh, I know, my dear! I know you were ready to sacrifice everything too. I was so proud of you when you enlisted. You were about the first man I knew to enlist."

"And then I was never able to get over!"

"Yes, I know you weren't. I suppose you felt that it was an outrage."

"It was awful being marooned down there at Upton. I hated it, Sylvia. I hated the very sight of the place—mud-colored earth, mud-colored uniforms, mud-colored buildings. I felt as if I could never look upon that color again."

"Yes, I know. It must have been frightful, but—but all the time, Jig, I was so thankful that you didn't get over. What extraordinary creatures women are! I was glad to see you enlist, and yet I was glad that you never had to go across."

They were silent. Jig had almost forgotten the purpose which brought him here. Presently Sylvia asked: "What was it you wanted to tell me?"

Jig suddenly felt ashamed of his lie—of this lie with which he was testing his friends. But was it a lie? From what his father had said, wasn't he justified in telling it? He decided to be perfectly frank with Sylvia.

"We may lose our money, Sylvia," he said.

Sylvia was startled anew into attention.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"I had a talk with dad the other night. Something he said suggested it."

"You're not sure, are you?"

"No!"

"Be more definite, Jig. What did your father say?"

"He told me I ought to go to work. He told me I should be prepared in case the necessity of earning my own living occurred."

"That's all he said?"

"Practically all."

"Oh!" said Sylvia. It seemed to Jig she said it with relief.

"Would it make any difference to you, Sylvia, if ——" he hesitated, at a loss as to how to express his meaning clearly without expressing it too clearly.

"If what?"

"If we did lose our money."

"I think it would make a very great difference, Jig," said Sylvia thoughtfully.

"Would you be sorry?"

"Not for you. I think perhaps it would be the best thing that could possibly happen to you. I'd be sorry for your father."

"Father's great, isn't he?"

"Oh, I've always loved your father, Jig."

"Have you ever loved me, Sylvia?"

"I don't know."

"Would you marry me, Sylvia, if I were penniless?"

"No."

Jig was hurt. He was hurt horribly. He was more than hurt. His pride was lacerated; it was torn to shreds; his affection for Sylvia, his love—yes, it was love he knew now—was whipped raw.

"What are you going to do, Jig?" Sylvia asked, breaking the poignant silence that had fallen between them.

"I don't know! I don't care!"

"That's no way to talk."

He did not look at her. He could not look at her. She was too lovely. And she was too cruel. He loved her—and he hated her. "I suppose you'll go to one of your friends and get him to procure you an easy berth somewhere, Jig," she said. "One of the positions where it doesn't matter what you do; only what you are—a Whyte with a host of powerful and influential friends."

"I suppose so, Sylvia."

"Oh, no!" she cried as if the cry were wrung from her involuntarily.

"What would you like me to do?"

"I'd like you to create a position for yourself, Jig. I'd like you to ask odds from no man but get ahead on your own merits. I'd start any way, Jig. I'd start as a clerk in a department store or as a helper on a machine in a shop, but I'd get it on my own ability. You've been a Whyte long enough, Jig. It's time you became a man like other men."

He looked at her now with steady eyes. How could she be so cruel?

She put her hand over his.

"Oh, have I hurt you?" she whispered.

He withdrew his hand.

"What does it matter if you have?" he asked, and he went into the hall and got his hat and coat.

"Good night," he said from the doorway that looked into the toy sitting room.

"Good night," said Sylvia, and she did not rise from the couch where she sat.

Jig stood outside the white picket fence of that odd little white frame house. For a moment he felt that he hadn't volition enough left to move away. He didn't want to go home. Sylvia—Sylvia of all people—had failed him!

He stood outside and looked at the house. A light burst forth in the window of a third-story room. It was her room. He gazed at the window. He saw Sylvia again with the silver band round her smooth dark hair. Why was she so lovely? A shadow flickered against the shade. It was she. He visioned her removing the silver band from her hair and the hair falling in a dark soft cloud round her shoulders. So he remembered her when she was a little girl and he a boy and they had played together, fighting, quarreling, making up, loving each other—well, they had fought and quarreled again. But they were no longer children. There would be no making up this time.

As he turned away a new mood seized him. It seized him so violently that he shook with it. He would show Sylvia! He would fight his own way to success regardless of the fact that he was a Whyte and that a Whyte had influence and friends whether he had money or not.

He didn't care how he started. He would start any way, whether as clerk in a department store or as a helper on a machine in a shop. He would win success for himself and on his own merits. He would show Sylvia. And after he had shown her he would marry Cordelia Bourne or Marcia De Witt. No, he would marry no one.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

HOW TO SEND GOLD ABROAD

AN OFT-RECURRING statement in the financial pages of the daily papers announces that Messrs. So-and-So, the bankers, have engaged $1,000,000 in gold—or some other large sum—for shipment to a foreign port. This is merely an indication that the prevailing rate of exchange is so unfavorable that international trade balances can be adjusted more cheaply by the exportation of gold than by the purchase of bills of exchange.

At the present time the flow of gold is from Europe to the United States; but there is a smaller current that is just now trickling from this country to South America. The arrival at Buenos Aires in July of $17,000,000 in American gold coin brought dollar exchange in Argentina up to par for the first time since the United States entered the war.

Though gold shipments are a frequent and commonplace occurrence not everyone knows precisely what the process is or what the items are that contribute to its cost.

The first thing you must do is to get your gold. The usual procedure is to apply to the subtreasury and engage the requisite amount for a certain date. You may get it at par or you may have to pay a premium. As a result of the war American bank vaults are bursting with gold; in fact they contain one-third of the world's total supply of gold money, which is estimated at something like $9,570,000,000. In these circumstances there is no premium to pay.

The gold having been obtained it must be packed for shipment. Strong casks are used for this purpose, and $50,000, no more, no less, must be put into each. Sometimes very stout, rather flat wooden boxes are used, but the usual preference is for casks.

When your gold is ready to be hauled to the steamship dock you do not summon the nearest local expressman but a particular truckman who makes a specialty of transporting this sort of cargo. He will charge you at the rate of a dollar and fifty cents for every thousand dollars' worth of specie he handles. This brings his bill up to seventy-five dollars for each little keg, which you could hold under your arm if your arm were strong enough. There is some difference in responsibility between hauling kegs of nails and kegs of golden eagles, and you must be prepared to pay accordingly.

If you have a grain of prudence you will insure your shipment. This item is rather smaller than the one for cartage. Now that there are no U-boats roaming the seas the cost of insurance will scarcely exceed one-tenth of one per cent.

There is one element of cost that had perhaps not occurred to you. That is loss of interest while your gold is on the water. Suppose ten days elapse between shipment and receipt. Figure out the interest on a million dollars even for that length of time and it will be seen that it is no inconsiderable item.

One of the largest international bankers in the country furnishes the following list of expenses based on a shipment of $100,000 consigned to ports in Western Europe:

Cartage	$150.00
Insurance, at a dollar a thousand	100.00
Cooperage, 2 casks at $3 50	7 00
Freight	25 00
Interest, 10 days at 6 per cent	166.67
Total cost of shipping $100,000	$673.67

These figures are high rather than low because they are based on a small shipment. Ship one or more millions at once and a number of these items will be materially shaded.

From these figures it will be seen that if exchange prices run much more than two-thirds of one per cent above normal, gold shipment is the cheapest way to pay your foreign debt.

In ordinary times the price of foreign exchange is quoted in the finest print in an obscure corner of the financial page; but of recent months European exchange has dropped to such extraordinarily low levels that it has qualified for a place of honor in the regular news columns—partly for its own sake but largely because of its importance as an index to European financial conditions and our own export trade.

About the middle of July sterling exchange broke overnight from $4.31 to $4.2625. The normal rate is in the neighborhood of $4.87. We used to reckon with reasonable accuracy that a dollar equaled five francs but on the day that pounds sterling registered the sharp decline above noted a dollar would buy a check on Paris for seven francs, twenty-one centimes. Of course these rates are reciprocal. That is to say, on the day in question a pound taken to a banker in London would buy a draft on New York for only about $4.26 instead of $4.87.

At any other time European countries would maintain the parity of exchange by the exportation of gold; but now that they have no more gold than suffices for a hand-to-mouth existence that remedy is no longer available.

The price of foreign exchange is subject to the same law of supply and demand that affects commodities. A simple illustration makes the matter clearer, though it by no means covers the complex transactions that take place when more than two countries are involved:

Before the war if you sailed for Europe in the middle of June at the height of the tourist travel you paid the top price for your stateroom. If you chose to remain on the ship and make the return voyage with her you could have the same room for a considerably lower price. If, however, you spent a few months in touring and returned in September, when everyone else was homeward bound and accommodations were in great demand, you would naturally have to pay the higher rate again.

One always pays most when the greatest number of persons want the thing for which one is bidding.

Here is the new

Duodrive Premier

MODEL 19 ELECTRIC CLEANER

The electric vacuum cleaner with the motor driven, rubber finger floor brush that solves every cleaning problem

SCIENCE now offers long wanted electric vacuum cleaner improvements — vital features that make this new model Premier the *right* cleaner for every home, mansion or cottage.

The new Premier permits no lint and litter, dirt or dust to escape it. Its wonderful motor driven brush with its many rubber fingers opens up the nap of rug or carpet, enabling the extra strong suction to remove every dirt particle without injury to even the finest floor covering.

Its extra wide nozzle cleans a wider space; its rubber tired wheels make it easy running and save polished floors from unsightly mars. The power control is an integral part of the pistol grip handle — a handle arranged to stand rigidly upright at your will. An ingenious nozzle mechanism makes adjustments unnecessary. Because of this improvement, your Premier gets *all* the dirt, regardless of the depth of nap.

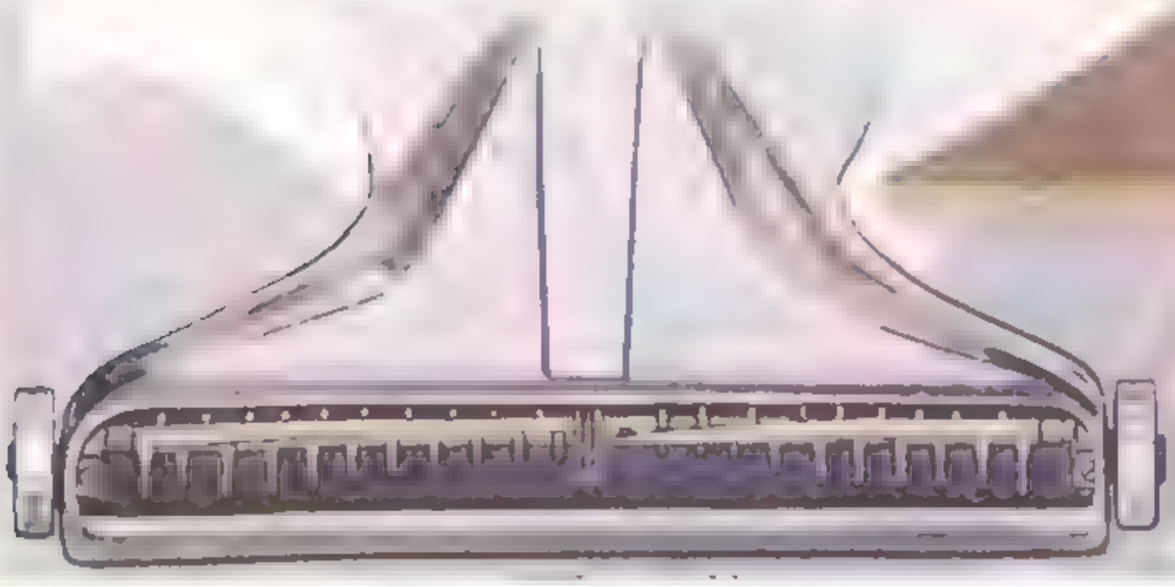
These new features combined with the famous G-E motor and the qualities that have always been an important part of Premier cleaners make the new Premier the dependable, efficient, satisfying cleaner.

Ask your dealer about Premier at once or write to us and we will arrange for a demonstration in your own home. Prices within reach of all. Convenient terms if desired. Send for "Household Efficiency"—a new book by Mrs. Helen Ruggles.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner Company, Inc.
(Formerly The Frantz Premier Co.)
Cleveland, Ohio

Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Merchants: Write for details of the unusual opportunity offered by this remarkable cleaner



This is Premier's motor driven floor brush with many pliable rubber fingers—the brush that also picks up lint and threads

3 PLY
1 SQUARE
This label stands for a
Definite Guaranteed Servi
No Roofing tests-however
scientific — can tell you in
advance how long the Roof
will last Our Guarante
better than your guessing
cked by the World's largest manu
facturers of Roofings and Building Papers
Certain-teed
ROOFING
THE HIGHEST QUALITY POSSIBLE TO MAK
Certain-teed
Paint Products
HOUSE PAINT
Certa

Outstanding!

MEN with heart-and-soul interest in their work, using selected raw materials, with ingeniously productive machinery at their command, have evolved a family of *Certain-teed Products* as outstanding as the midnight stars.

Ever has *Certain-teed* demanded absolute first-quality. Ever have *Certain-teed Products* been built to render constant certainty of satisfaction.

As a consequence, *Certain-teed* has won the confidence and preferment of builders the world over.

This tireless devotion to quality production has created an institution that today is able to furnish you *Certain-teed Products* of exceptional merit at reasonable prices.

They are obtainable in every community.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Beech-Nut Mints

Mints
Wintergreens
Cloves
Licorice

WONDERFUL! Wonderful *flavor*—pure, *natural* flavor—nothing more nor less. Flavor captured fresh from plant or leaf, and concentrated into compact, fragrant little candy wafers that melt slowly on your tongue and leave your mouth wonderfully refreshed.

Wonderful *convenience*—handy little packages that take up little or no room in your pocket. Wonderful when you're *thirsty*. Wonderful when you want a *sweet taste*—without a lot of "bulk."

Wonderful at the sixth hole *on the links*. Wonderful *at the theater* when the play begins to bore. Wonderful for the nerves when you're *changing tires*. Wonderful when you just want something to *"munch."*

Wonderfully *easy to find*—on candy counters everywhere. Pick up a package of your favorite flavor today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

THE INVESTOR'S NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS

(Continued from Page 23)

the cost of making them—for the ten per cent I put in."

"Exactly!" said Jim, the foreman.

"But then," said this Hixon, looking at them and stopping for a minute. "Now, here's the little birdie in the works! The old Senegambian in the woodpile! Here's where you win—if you win! Any time," he said, speaking slow, "any time within the next six months, boys, I've got the right and option to pyramid all this ten per cent in each company—in any one of them I choose, with all the information I can get by that time. In other words, I've got a right to pick the winner from all three properties and make my whole bet, concentrate my holdings right there! I got the option to take thirty per cent of the stock of the best of all the property."

"Ain't that a good one?" said Jim, looking at him and then at Dan Phelan.

"I should say so," said Dan, nodding his head up and down.

"Now, that's what we speak of," said Hixon, looking at them, "as a three-way call!"

"It's a corker!" said Jim, the foreman.

And then this Hixon went along and gave them the figures of what he'd get back—if they only brought in a five-hundred-barrel well in one of the three.

"You don't know what it means, boys," said Hixon, "till you stop and figure it up. A thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a day." And then he figured it up for a year or two years.

"A thousand-to-one profit, you might say," he said, "very likely—in the right one. And an option to pick the winner and all the advance dope in your hands. Oh, it's wicked, boys! It's wicked—the way I worked that! A regular banking game!" he said and laughed. "Only—it's mine!

"Oh, I'm feeling good, boys," he said, "these days—that's all there is to it! From what I hear from out there, I'm going to be a rich man out of this. And so, as I said to Jim a little while back, I ain't knocking the bankers just about now—or any other time either. What you want to do is to stop cussing and knocking them and stop and study what they do and take your lesson from them like a little man. There's where you win out big!"

And he got up then to go home.

"Say," said Jim, the foreman, holding onto him, "you might let somebody else have some of that—some of your friends?"

"Aw, you don't want any of that!" said this Hixon.

"We don't, huh?" said Jim, the foreman, to him, looking over at Dan Phelan. And Dan just grinned, not knowing the man so very well.

"Besides, it ain't ready yet—that one," said Hixon, leaving them.

"I'll show you something," said Jim, the foreman, to Dan Phelan going home, "if you can keep your trap shut!" And he drew out this great bunch of bills. "That's what you get!"

"How?" Dan Phelan asked him, staring at it with his eyes hanging out.

"He's let me in already," said the other.

"What—on this?" said Dan, for he thought he'd said it wasn't ready yet.

"I didn't say on this one, did I?" said Jim, the foreman, raising his voice all at once. "This ain't the only one," he said, staring at Dan till he looked away. "But if you want to get in on this," said Jim, "I can fix it for you, I believe, as well as me! He's a hell of a big-hearted liberal feller and he's taken a kind of a fancy to you, you can see that."

"Yes, you can!" said Dan Phelan.

"Can't you see it?" said Jim, the foreman, staring at him again. "Or are you blind? Would he be round telling you all his personal business if he hadn't? What do you think?

"He's a fine old guy," Jim went on when Dan didn't answer him. "And what he don't know about those bankers and financiers and that Wall-Street bunch and their games ain't worth knowing."

"That was quite a slick trick, at that," said Dan. "That one he learned from studying them big bankers."

"Ain't that a pearl?" said Jim, the foreman. "We're going to have some of that for ourselves, boy, if it works out right," he said, winking at Dan Phelan.

All that night and the next day, when Dan Phelan was working, it would come back to him all the time—that three-way call and the slick tricks those big boys—those bankers and financiers—had of getting all the coin in the country into their hands without taking any risks on it themselves. But then it must have been two or three days after that probably before Jim, the foreman, came over to where Dan was at his bench.

"Listen, Dan!" he said in that kind of a secret way he had sometimes. "You know that old Hixon and that foxy scheme of his—that three-way call he studied off those bankers?"

And Dan nodded back at him.

"Listen!" he said in that low tone again. "There's something on there. He's getting some news from out there on those oil wells."

"He is, huh?" said Dan, interested naturally, for it was going all the time in his head.

"You're right he is!" said Jim, the foreman. "I can't make out yet just what it is, but it's there! And I'll worm it out of him before I'm through. He's the wise silent old boy, but I'll get it out of him, don't forget that!

"And don't forget," he said, "if it comes in all right we get a piece of this—you and me—for ourselves, boy, if he's got it fixed the way he thinks he has. I've had one taste of his stuff," said Jim, the foreman, smacking his lips. "And it tastes like more to me."

"You wouldn't believe it—hardly," said Dan.

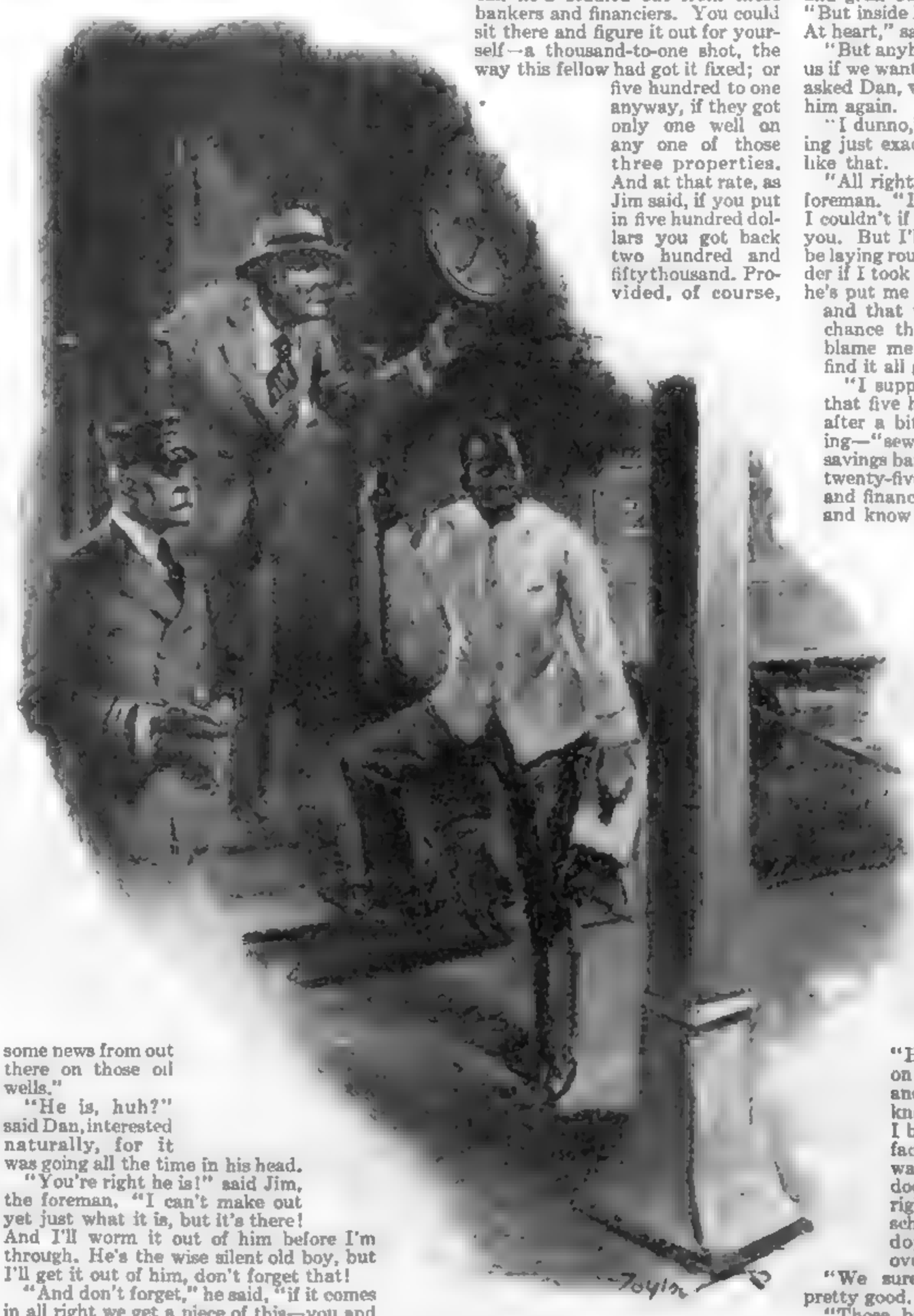
"Believe what?" he asked him.

"The way he's got that fixed. A thousand-to-one shot and a cinch," said Dan. "Ain't it a wonder," he said, thinking, "when you get the right of it—how they pull those things off, those big guys, those financiers? Those millions and billions they get down there in Wall Street?"

"How the hell did you suppose they did?" said Jim, the foreman. "Lay it up working an eight-hour day on union wages? A hundred million dollars? You make me laugh! But times are changed now a little," he said. "They ain't the only ones on top of the earth nowadays. Maybe pretty quick some of the rest of us will have some of that, when we get wise to ourselves.

"He's the wise old guy, this one," said Jim. "Wise and still. But watch me! I'll learn what news he's getting there yet."

Dan Phelan would go off noontimes then, while the other lads were eating or shooting craps, and sit down in the corner of the yard with the old stub of a pencil he had. And you could say what you wanted to—that was some scheme that old guy was working for himself, that same three-way call he'd studied out from those bankers and financiers. You could sit there and figure it out for yourself—a thousand-to-one shot, the way this fellow had got it fixed; or five hundred to one anyway, if they got only one well on any one of those three properties. And at that rate, as Jim said, if you put in five hundred dollars you got back two hundred and fifty thousand. Provided, of course, that old guy got back that advance information he was looking for. He was getting something—that was sure, according to Jim.



"About a Week From Now, Boys, Get Ready! Get Ready for Some Real News! You May Hear Something That'll Make Your Ears Stand Up!"

"I got him to admit that much to me," he said.

"Listen!" said Jim, the foreman, to Dan, looking back over his shoulder. "I got some dope out of him this time that's interesting. They're getting right down to it—from all the signs—in one of those wells. He won't say which one. But I'll get that out of him when the time comes. But the principal thing for us now, boy, is—it's there! We know that now. I got that straight.

"And I got something else out of him, boy," said Jim, the foreman, looking round back of him to see nobody was there listening. "Something worth it! I got a chance at some of that stock out of him for you and me. I told you I would and I did! I got him to admit he had to have a little more capital from somewhere to carry him through on his payments. And then I says: 'Why not a little bite for Dan and me? It might go pretty good!' I says. So finally he did. He let us in. One thing was, he likes us both, I guess," said Jim. "He's rough and gruff outside," said Jim, the foreman. "But inside he's a hell of a good old scout. At heart," said Jim, "he's a king!

"But anyhow," he said, "I got it fixed for us if we want it! You want some of it?" he asked Dan, whispering and looking back of him again.

"I dunno," said Dan Phelan, not knowing just exactly what to say on the jump like that.

"All right, suit yourself!" said Jim, the foreman. "I ain't urging you—that's sure! I couldn't if I wanted to, with my job over you. But I'll say this: The chance won't be laying round very long. I wouldn't wonder if I took it all myself if I can fix it. For he's put me in right on one thing already; and that wasn't one, two, three to the chance there is in this one. So don't blame me if you come round later and find it all gone!

"I suppose you want to keep it—like that five hundred dollars," he said then after a bit, while Dan sat there thinking—"sewed up in a Liberty Bond or a savings bank, bringing you in twenty-one twenty-five a year, while those bankers and financiers—these boys that are wise and know the game—cop off their hundred and two hundred and five hundred to one shots with your money, picking off all the fruit in the country."

"Do you believe there's a thousand-to-one shot there or a hundred-to-one?" said Dan, hesitating still.

"Say it ain't but ten to one—what do you want on a sure thing? Now we know positively—on this advance information," said Jim, the foreman. "That's good enough for me! But never mind—if you don't want it," he said, "I won't urge you, that's sure. I know plenty that will if I don't take it all myself.

"You won't never regret it," said Jim, when Dan took it finally—five hundred dollars' worth.

"What the hell is five hundred dollars anyway?" said Jim, the foreman. "How long could you or me live on the interest on that at four and a quarter per cent if we got knocked out or sick or anything? I believe in looking things in the face," said Jim, the foreman, "the way they are. While if this thing does anything what we've got a right to expect; if this bankers' scheme, this advance-information dope works out—off with the overalls! You and me'll see life!"

"We sure will!" said Dan, feeling pretty good.

"Those bankers," said Jim, the foreman, "ain't the only ones, huh?" And Dan grinned. "You watch us!" said Jim. "You watch us—that's all! We've got our shoes on now! We're going good, boy! We're traveling!

"But you keep your mouth shut for the present," said Jim, cautioning him. "This ain't being passed round much—just a few here and there! And naturally he don't want to be bothered by the rest of them."

"I'm wise!" said Dan Phelan.

"Now then," said Jim, the foreman, when he folded up the bills and handed Dan the document, that three-way-call certificate he'd got from old Hixon, "what we want to do is keep our eyes right on him—on that

(Continued on Page 100)

Unretouched photograph showing part of the Yellowstone National Park fleet of 97 ten-passenger busses, mounted on truck chassis, each of which is completely equipped with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Now Yellowstone Rides and Hauls on Goodyear Cords

"We have adopted Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires for an entire fleet of 104 motor truck units, including 97 powerful ten-passenger busses and 7 trucks used for general hauling. The prime reason for this action is that we must have as nearly absolute reliability in pneumatic tires as human ingenuity can supply. We can't use solids here for passenger-carrying or quick transfers of supplies. Our busses, mounted on motor truck chassis, must perform in this mountainland as efficiently and as exactly as any on metropolitan boulevards. Consequently we have chosen Goodyear Cords—will be using more than 450 at a time—because our experience gives them the preference for reliability and durability both."—W. M. NICHOLS, Assistant to President, Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, Yellowstone, Wyoming.

MENTION of Yellowstone should no longer bring to the mind visions of six-horse stage coaches, or of teams plodding mountain slopes ahead of rakish tourist carriages or creaking supply wagons.

The actual scene inside Gardiner Entrance at present is far different, for the 1800-head herd of fine horses has been sold, likewise the stages, and big motor busses and trucks on Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires range the 3,348 square miles.

The period of transition since 1917 has been a period of test; it has involved a search for pneumatic tires of unusually powerful construction—for pneumatics fitted to maintain a heavy working schedule week after week without delay or even momentary embarrassment.

Today the outcome of the two-year investigation is noted in the placing of a Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire on every wheel of 104 heavy units, comprising the 97 ten-passenger busses, mounted on standard motor truck chassis, and the 7 general duty motor trucks.

With the adoption of these pneumatic truck tires has been developed a system of swift dispatch: thousands of sight seers are carried over great distances daily; the whole flow of a tremendous traffic is regulated with military exactness on the Goodyear Cords; and enormous amounts of time are saved, above what horses or solid-tired units might accomplish.

This, obviously one of the nation's largest highway transportation enterprises, consequently has as its foundation the reliability of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires just as the hauling plans of many extensive businesses now are based on the traction, cushioning, quickness and stamina of these tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

(Continued from Page 97)

information he'll be getting—about what we'll strike, which option! He's a close-mouthed one, a cautious, conservative old guy. He won't say anything till he's got to and he's dead sure. But I'll be with him all the time, Dan. And I'll keep you and me posted."

So Dan Phelan kept watching and waiting naturally to see which way the thing would jump. They had maps of the district and pictures of the wells and the old ranch house on one property and the railroad that was running through the other. It looked better and better. That old guy from New York—that old Hixon—was getting some dope all the time, they knew that. But he wasn't giving out what it was yet. And they could only guess which property it was that was making good. Sometimes they thought it was Big Bear and sometimes Little Bear; and once or twice—but not so often—that Teddy Bear.

"He's a still, conservative old geezer," said Jim, the foreman. "They have to be in his business. He'll let us know when he gets ready—when he's satisfied in his own mind which it is—but not before!"

"He is a quiet old guy, at that," said Dan. For now he wouldn't talk at all. He'd sit there in Hickey's for hours, you might say, hardly speaking.

"That's the best part of him," said Jim, the foreman, looking over to where he sat studying. "What I like. Something you can tie to. No hot air there. That's what gets me wrong always," said Jim, the foreman—"hot air. I never could stand it. I want the fellers I do business with conservative—cautious and conservative—like this one! But when there is anything, when he's made up his own mind, I'll get it for you and me—you'll see—as soon as anybody!"

"I guess that's right," said Dan. For you could see that of course. Jim, the foreman, had the inside with the old man. Dan had got so he knew him pretty well; and so did quite a number of the other boys. He could see him with them more or less, though they never spoke much about him to Dan and he never brought the subject up to them, naturally, after what Jim, the foreman, had cautioned him. But Jim was with this Hixon all the time—away down under. And anything he got Dan Phelan knew he would get too. For that was their understanding.

It must have been a week, anyway then, before Dan got that next dope out of him, and Jim, the foreman, came over during hours and passed him that letter he had copied on the quiet.

"Slip it into your pants pocket," he said to him in a low tone. "And when you read it, slip it back to me. And to-night I'll see you at Hickey's and we'll talk it over. I don't want them all goggling at us talking."

And Dan read the letter that noontime.

"So it's the Little Bear," he said to Jim that night.

"You'd say so from that," said Jim. "What do you know about that—a five-hundred-barrel well already! Maybe a thousand!" he said and pounded Dan on the back.

"It's all right—is it—that dope?" said Dan, looking. For he couldn't hardly believe it yet. It made him a millionaire almost, you might say.

"There it is," said Jim, the foreman, "just as he got it! You know just as much as I do—right there! But it looks good enough to me."

"Have a drink on me!" said Dan.

"No!" said Jim. "This one's on me."

"Now look, Dan!" said Jim, the foreman, drawing up to him then. "Now this is strictly on the q. t. I'd get my darned head knocked off if it ever came out. There's this feller—I won't say his name—that's got a thousand shares of that stock, a thousand dollars I should say; he's getting ready to let go right now. Not knowing of this of course," he said, tapping the letter.

"Now then," he said, "we ain't compelled to go and tell him about it. They ain't no law makes us, is there?" said Jim, the foreman, looking round him. "What do you say? What do you say you and me get that thousand and split it between us before this thing comes out?"

"All I got just now," said Dan, answering him, "is that five-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond."

"Aw, that's all right!" said Jim, the foreman. "I'll fix that for you.

"That's the boy," said Jim, taking the bond from him that next day and giving him his second document for the three-way call. "We worked this right; we done just right in my opinion," said Jim, the foreman. "Just the way those bankers and financiers do. We satisfied ourselves first we were right. Then we bet our darned heads off. That's the way the money's made in this country nowadays!"

"You're right at that," said Dan, "I guess."

"What'd I tell you?" said Jim, the foreman. "What'd I tell you from the first? It's easy enough—when you've got the dope. When you've got the idea just how they do it!"

It went on for two weeks after that probably, reports coming in better and better on that Little Bear well.

"Listen!" said Dan Phelan, getting impatient. "What are we waiting for?"

"It's him," said Jim, alluding to Hixon. "He's got some ideal in that old head. Deciding on that three-way call—which way to choose."

"Deciding!" said Dan. "Don't we know already it's that Little Bear?"

"Don't ask me," Jim, the foreman, answered back. "He knows and he'll tell us when he gets good and ready. He's a cautious old bird.

"He looks before he jumps. But I'll get after him," he said, "all the time to learn. You can count on that!"

So he did; he kept after him all the time. You could see him, where this Hixon sat there kind of thinking, in Hickey's.

"What's struck you here lately," he said to him one night finally. "You act like a love-sick cow."

But he wouldn't answer him for a minute—just sat there looking down.

"Come on! What is it?" said Jim, keeping right after him.

"I ain't satisfied," said old Hixon, looking up finally, "to tell you the truth, boys."

"Satisfied!" said Jim, the foreman, looking at him. "How? What about?"

"I'm puzzled," he said, and then he looked down into his glass again, saying nothing till Jim started him up once more.

"What about?" asked Jim.

"About deciding—about the three-way call. It's quite a delicate matter, as the ladies say."

"Delicate!" said Dan, jumping in. "How? Ain't you getting so good news from Little Bear?"

"Good, yes, I should say so!" said this Hixon, still looking down, considering. "That ain't it."

"What is?" said Jim, looking at him, curious.

"You never saw anybody make too much money yet?" said this Hixon, not exactly answering him.

"No," said Jim. "But what of it?"

"The question is," he answered him then, talking slowly, "the question in my mind is not about Little Bear!"

"Yeah?" said Jim, waiting.

"It's whether," he said, "that Teddy Bear ain't going to turn out better still."

"You mean to say," said Dan Phelan, breaking in, "that Teddy Bear's better than that Little Bear?"

"No, I don't," he answered back. "But I say this: I say it's likely to be."

And then he told them the latest reports; how that Teddy Bear was coming on then—all the signs.

"I ain't so sure, boys, as I was," he said—"either way. And I ain't so sure but I ain't got to go out there with my own eyes and see it for myself. I got considerable at stake there, boys. It might mean hundreds of thousands of dollars to me either way."

"I suppose so," said Jim, the foreman, "with what you've got in there."

"And so I thought I'd tell you," said Hixon, "now I've about decided!"

"When do you go—if you go?" asked Jim, the foreman.

"Day after to-morrow night," said old Bill Hixon. "But keep it under your hat, boys, for I don't want the whole bunch here," he said, looking round, for he knew everybody there by that time—he had a lot of friends, "down to see me. You two'll be enough," he said.

And then he showed more of what he might find out there.

"We thought the first one was good," he said. "And I don't want to say anything different till I know. But I believe," he said, "from what I get now it ain't more'n a marker for this Teddy Bear."

And he gave them some more figures that would make your eyes swell.

"He's been studying hard," said Jim, the foreman, talking about him going home. "You can see that he's anxious."

"Why wouldn't he be?" said Dan Phelan.

"You said something," said Jim, "with what he's got at stake in there!"

So Jim was going to let Dan know if he went that second night and they were going down together to see him off. But that next night Dan Phelan happened down by the station, walking out by himself, and who did he run across there but Jim, the foreman?

"Hello!" said Dan. "Who're you waiting for?"

"Listen!" said Jim, the foreman, right away quick. "Where were you just before supper?"

"I dunno," said Dan.

"I was looking all over for you," said Jim. "He's going out there to-night," he said. "Hixon, out to Wyoming a night early! And I wanted to tell you. Here he is now!" he said to Dan. "He was in getting his ticket." And they looked over and saw him coming and he waved to them where they stood there talking.

"Glad to see you, boys," said old Hixon to Dan. "Didn't expect you to-night. I got an early call. But I'm glad you got word anyhow."

And then they stopped for a minute or so, all kind of silent.

"Wait a minute, Dan!" said Jim, the foreman, then. "Will you, just a minute? He's got something to say to me private."

"Sure!" said Dan. And the two of them went up to the end of the platform together and stood there for quite some time talking. And while they stood there an automobile came up—one of those regular autos at the station; and when it swung round to stop the light flashed by the two standing there; and just that second Dan thought this Hixon seemed to be handing something to Jim, the foreman, out of his pocket and Jim holding it in his hands. Just for that second—and then the light was gone!

"Well, Dan, you old tightwad!" said old Hixon to him, coming back and shaking hands in that hearty friendly way he always had. "She's most here. Good-by. Keep this thing in nights," he said, slapping Jim on the back. "Don't lead him into temptation any more'n you can help. Don't let him out nights. He might get away from your influence and learn to cuss and swear."

And then he gave them that last word—what he expected to learn out there; that last dope on that Teddy Bear.

"I didn't believe it at first!" said Jim, agreeing with him finally. "I always was a great believer in Little Bear but I guess now maybe you're right."

"Well, we'll see anyway," said old Hixon as the train came rolling up. "That's sure! And about a week from now, boys," he said, stepping up, "get ready! Get ready for some real news! You may hear something that'll make your ears stand up!

"Ta-ta, boys! Ta-ta!" he said, standing there on the platform with his old bag. "See you later!"

And he stood there still, when the porter took up his stool and the car slid out, shining under the lights, throwing a kiss at them from the platform.

"A hell of a good liberal feller," said Jim, the foreman; "but a wise old bird—wise and cautious. He's got to see for himself. He makes me laugh," said Jim. "He's got to see everything for himself. Safe as they make 'em—or I'm mistaken. He'll find out whether it's that Teddy Bear or what it is.

"Say," said Jim, the foreman, turning on Dan kind of sudden, "what was it? How did you happen to come down to-night? Did he ask you?"

"No," said Dan. "I was just down this way."

"Funny," said Jim, "when I've been looking all over for you to tell you."

"Yeah," said Dan, "it was, wasn't it? Look!" he said then, asking him a question. "What was that he was handing you up there?"

"Me?" said Jim, the foreman, acting kind of mad. "What are you talking about? He was handing me nothing!"

"Up there on the platform that time the automobile went by!"

"What are you, batty?" said Jim, the foreman, looking him in the eye. "Handing me—what would he be handing me?"

"Bills!" said Dan. "Money! That's what it looked like!"

"Oh, that!" said Jim, the foreman, remembering. "Oh, I know what you're talking about now! Why didn't you say so in the first place? That was some private bills here he wanted I should pay for him and he gave me the money for it."

"Oh, was that it?" said Dan.

And then Jim, the foreman, started back to talking about that Teddy Bear and what they might expect to make out of it.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Jim, the foreman, shaking his head.

"What?" Dan asked, looking at him.

"But I guess it's right probably, at that!"

"About what?" said Dan.

"What he said about that Teddy Bear being the best one. The one we're going to choose with our three-way call."

"Listen, Jim," said Dan, feeling pretty good, "what do you suppose we're going to make out of this thing?"

"I ain't saying," said Jim, the foreman, looking at him, "because I don't know."

"Well, give a guess!" said Dan.

"I ain't much on guessing when I don't know," said Jim. "I ain't saying because I don't know what to say. But I'll say this: That Little Bear looked good to me, but I wouldn't be surprised," he said, "at finding most anything when we get down a little deeper into that Teddy Bear."

"We were lucky, weren't we," said Dan, thinking, "to fall right in with an old guy like that who knew all them secret ways of working things those big boys—those Wall-Street bankers—use?"

"You certainly said something there, boy!" said Jim, the foreman.

Dan was feeling fine that week naturally—waiting, looking for news from out there. But the Friday after that, late in the afternoon, he had a kind of a funny thing happen to him. He was passing by, going for a drink of water, when this old fellow, this old one-eyed man named Riley, cocked his head up kind of mysterious when he went by.

"What do you hear?" he said to Dan.

"Hear from what?" Dan answered him, surprised.

"From out there in Wyoming?"

"Nothing," Dan said, surprised. For he didn't know this fellow was interested in that scheme—that three-way call. "Why, have you?"

"Not a word," said Riley.

"Was he going to write you, too?" said Dan, still more surprised.

"Yes," said the old man. "And half a dozen more of them too."

And Dan stood there watching him.

"Look!" he asked him then. "What does Jim hear?"

"Nothing," said Dan, more and more dumfounded all the time. "He says it ain't quite time."

"Aha," said the old man kind of mysterious still; and he looked round to where Jim was standing down at the other end of the room. "Are you tied up to him now—to Jim—altogether?" he wanted to know.

"I don't know as I am," said Dan, getting curious over all this lingo.

"Can you keep your mouth shut?" said old Riley, still looking down the room.

"I guess probably I can," said Dan. "Why? What's the matter?" he said, getting kind of nervous.

"All right," said Riley. "Come round to the house at eight o'clock to-night. I got a feller there—I want you to hear him. But don't you speak a word about it to Jim!"

"What's the game? What's going on?" said Dan, getting more and more anxious naturally.

"We're stung!" said old Riley. "That's all!"

"Stung!" said Dan. "On what? What are you giving us?"

"Look out! Shut up!" said old Riley, going on working. "Here he comes now! Come round to-night to the house," he said, whispering, "and you'll learn all about it."

And Dan saw Jim, the foreman, coming along and he walked over back to his bench.

"Listen, Dan," said Jim to him that night going out. "What was he saying to you there this afternoon—that old Riley?"

"What, him?" said Dan, kind of taken aback.

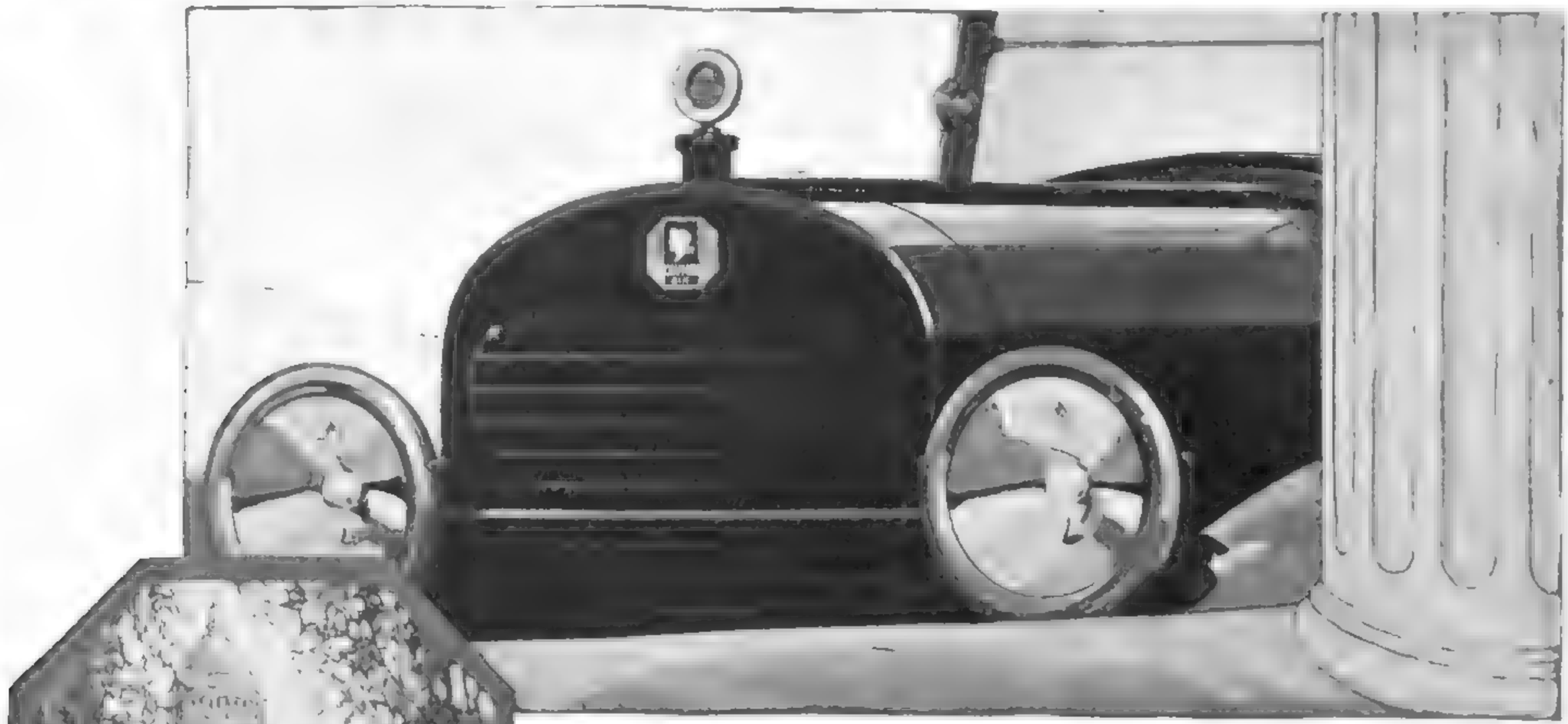
"Yeah."

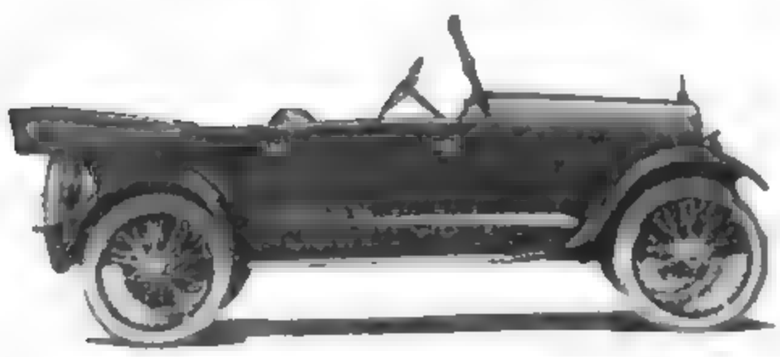
"I dunno," said Dan, stalling him off so he wouldn't be suspicious. "Why? What would he be saying?"

"I dunno," said Jim. "I didn't know what it was. He's a contrary old devil—always knocking something."

(Concluded on Page 103)

Columbia Six





For the Mechanically Inclined

Timken Axles—Continental Red Seal Motor—Detroit Pressed Steel Company Frame—Harrison Radiator with Thermostatically Controlled Shutters—Spicer Universal Joints—Borg & Beck Clutch—Detroit Steel Products Company's Springs—Gemmer Steering Gear—Auto Lite Starting & Lighting—Atwater-Kent Ignition—Strombers Carburetor—Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery Painting and Trimming by The American Auto Trimming Co.—Pantasote Top

[illegible] Passenger [illegible] Car $[illegible],
[illegible] Passenger Sport Model [illegible],
[illegible] $[illegible]; [illegible] Passenger [illegible]
Sedan $[illegible]; Prices f. o. b. Detroit

Good ALL the Way Through

Chief among the reasons why the Columbia Six has, during the past five years, gained a place among the leading makes of cars in this country is this—It is built well *all* the way through.

The Columbia Motors Company have never built a failure—never have had a "poor year"—because from the outset they have held to the standard of *thorough goodness*.

To our knowledge, no Columbia Six owner has ever become dissatisfied with his purchase.

Every part of the Columbia Six is acknowledged by men who know motor cars to be as good as can be bought or manufactured. There is not one exception to this rule even to the smallest details.

The lamp at the rear is as reliable and well made as the Continental Red Seal Motor under the hood.

This, naturally, results in remarkably low depreciation and operating costs.

The reputation of Columbia Six parts *plus* scientific assembly by Columbia engineers will prove this "good *all* the way through" quality to you.

Ask any Columbia owner—inspect a Columbia Six—ride in it and drive it.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

The Gem of the Highway

COLUMBIA SIX

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

For Whatever You Plan to Print

WARREN'S Paper Buyer's Guide is a book, bound in boards, containing 108 pages made up of the Warren Standard Papers in their various weights and tints—replete with every conceivable form of illustration of both commercial and non-commercial printing. This book is a real help and of real value, almost as useful as a type specimen book—a little more constructive, we think.

It may be seen in the public libraries of the larger cities and is in the offices of all paper merchants who sell Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

GO through fifty of the largest print shops and look at the work running on every press in each shop. All the different kinds of work will fall into less than a dozen classes. On some presses there will be de-luxe jobs, printing beautiful soft-toned illustrations of the sort that the dull finish of Warren's Cameo reproduces so well. Another press may be running a job of semi-dull stock for which Warren's Silkote is standard. Other presses will be carrying glossy-coated paper jobs. There is need for three or four papers in this class.

The Warren Standards in glossy papers are: Warren's Lustro, glossy-coated for highest quality half-tone work; Warren's Warrentown, glossy-coated especially developed for process color printing; Warren's Cumberland Coated, which is a generally popular, relatively inexpensive glossy-coated paper.

Along with which should be mentioned: Warren's Printone, a semi-coated paper especially suited to large edition work requiring half-tones; Library Text, an English finish paper taking medium screen half-tones satisfactorily.

Then there are the non-coated book papers, where the following Warren Standard Printing Papers will cover the entire field of printing need: Warren's Cumberland Super Book, a super-calendered paper of standard quality for half-tone, line, and text; Warren's Olde Style, a watermarked antique paper for distinctive book work devoted to type and line cuts; Warren's Cumberland Machine Book, a moderately-priced machine finish paper of the first quality; Warren's Britannica India, for thin editions; Warren's Artogravure, egg-shell finish for offset.

S. D. Warren Company, Boston, Mass.

BETTER PAPER — BETTER PRINTING

(Concluded from Page 100)

"I forget now," said Dan, "just what it was."

"Where're you going to-night?" said Jim, the foreman, dropping it.

"I dunno," said Dan. "Why?"

"I didn't know but you'd be down to Hickey's?"

"No, I guess I won't to-night," said Dan. "I'm feeling kind of rotten. I guess I'll stay at home to-night."

So that night at eight o'clock he was over at Riley's. And when he got there he found about ten or a dozen of the boys there with this fellow, this relation of Riley's, that had been there in that Wyoming—a practical man in the oil business. They all sat round staring at him, asking him questions, when Dan got there.

"So you never heard of it?" this one fellow was saying to him.

"No," he said.

"What's this?" Dan Phelan asked the man next to him.

"The Teddy Bear," he said.

"The Teddy Bear!" said Dan back to him. "What about it?"

"He says there ain't none!" said this fellow.

"Ain't none!" said Dan, coming out loud. You could have brained him with a teaspoon.

"Shut up, will you?" said the man. "Listen to him!"

"It's right in the Tremain district," another fellow was saying to the practical oil man.

"The Tremain district?" said the man over after him.

"Yes," said Dan, breaking in himself, excited naturally. "Right there in the center of it."

"Sure you got that name right?" says the practical oil man, looking at him. "Sure it ain't the Tremens district?"

"What's the joke?" said Dan, getting sore.

"There ain't no Tremain district," said the man next to Dan. "So he says."

"Ain't no Tremain district?" said Dan louder yet. He thought he was crazy.

"Well, there might be at that," said this man from out there then, explaining himself, "if you wanted to say so. What they do—these fellows like this one—quite often: they go out and get the oil rights on a ranch anywhere within twenty-five miles from where they might have struck oil, from anywhere to a quarter of a dollar to fifty cents an acre, with royalties of course, and shove a pipe or two in the ground. And so they can call it what they want to naturally. It's theirs. The Tremens district or the Teddy Bear well or The Singing Fish development. What difference does it make?"

And somebody started swearing down low in the back of the room. But Dan sat still, looking.

"Did you never see him?" says one old fellow speaking up. "Did you never know this Hixon? An old fat man with a husky laugh. Always talking about the tricks of Wall Street and the bankers."

"How would I know him?" said this stranger from Wyoming. "There's a million of them altogether. Hixon ain't his right name probably, anyway."

"He said everybody knew him," said the other man.

"His name's a household word, he says," said Dan, breaking in—"all over the oil fields, all over the country."

But the practical oil man just looked at him and laughed.

"That don't make much difference, does it, anyhow," said old Riley, then coming into the talk—"to us? We won't have to call him anything from now on."

"Why not?" said Dan to him.

"We won't have the chance."

"Why not, won't we?"

"He's gone, ain't he?"

"Gone!" said Dan, yelling at the top of his voice almost.

"Yes—and our ten thousand dollars with him," said somebody else.

"Ten thousand is easy!" said another one.

"More! Twice that, counting the cash and Liberty Bonds!" said Riley.

"Gone!" said Dan to himself, groaning. For he saw it in a flash.

They all sat round the same as he did, looking at that fellow in the center.

"How did he work it here? What was his proposition, anyhow?" he said, asking a question himself now finally.

"He had one of these three-way calls," said somebody.

"A which?" said the oil man.

"A three-way call," he said again.

"A three-way call!" said this practical oil man from Wyoming, looking over at them now himself. "What's that?"

"Did you never hear of one?" said the fellow talking to him.

"They may have them," said the practical oil man, looking. "But I never heard of one yet."

"Never heard of one!" said Dan. "You must have!"

And then he explained it to him.

"I see," said the fellow listening. "Well, to tell you the truth, I never heard of one in my life!" said this fellow—this practical oil man who'd been all over out there.

And all of a sudden he broke out laughing fit to kill.

But everybody else sat there looking.

"It seems to be pretty much all gone!" said one old man, speaking up finally.

"There's one more left, though," said old man Riley, breaking in finally.

"Who? What?" says Dan. He didn't know where he was by this time.

"We got Jim," said Riley, and smiled a little out of one corner of his mouth.

"Jim!" said Dan after him.

"You tell him!" said Riley to his relation, this practical man in the oil business.

"All I was saying was," he told them then, "one thing they do—fellows like this quite often—they come into a place like this, a factory, especially with these big wages since this war began, and get a hold of a foreman. And they show him a profit—or pay him so much maybe to say he made money in their stock; and then they sell everybody under him, right and left."

It came to Dan in a flash again. He saw the two of them standing there on the station platform. And he saw red right there. But he said nothing. He was that way. He never was a very talkative guy; and when he was mad he couldn't talk at all.

But all the rest of them were talking all at once.

"No wonder he's been getting him a new auto," said one.

"A new auto!" said Dan, waking up again.

"So they're saying," said this fellow.

And then they swore and talked some more.

"I'll tell you what we can do. We can take ten thousand dollars out of his hide," said somebody.

"That's right," said another one. "I can take out five hundred thousand dollars' worth myself!"

"I see you," said old Riley, "when he's the foreman over you! With your job in his hands!"

"Jobs like this ain't so plentiful," said another one, "as they once was, since the war ended."

"You watch us!" said somebody else.

"Besides, what do you know? What can you prove?" said Riley.

"Can I prove it!" said Dan to himself. But not saying a word aloud—just keeping his mouth shut, thinking.

"I tell you what we can do," said somebody finally. "We can do this much. We can have him in to hear this man talk and see then how he acts, anyhow. We can watch him. We may get him that way. If you're willing," he said to this practical oil man from Wyoming.

"Sure!" said the man. "Bring him in."

"Go on," said Riley, "if you want to! That's all you will do!"

So they did—they had him in that next night. He sat there all the time, looking at the practical oil man asking questions, with everybody else in the room looking at them, but saying nothing naturally—only about the oil well and whether it was a fake. Nobody seemed to want to start anything with him right there.

"Look here, boys!" said Jim, the foreman, when it was all over and they were going home together. "I want to ask you something. Can we trust that fellow?" he said, looking round. "Can we trust him? That's what I've got to know. Because if we can," he said—"if he's telling the truth, it's *sérious* business for me!" he said. And he shook his head.

"We all got in," he said, "I know. We all got stuck—if that's true. But I'm the goat. You boys got stuck all right. But it ain't one, two, three to what I got." And he gave a groan. "If I told you what I put in there, boys, it would make you sick!"

"You did, huh!" said Dan, his neck swelling up a little back of the ears. He was a slow-acting boy, but an ugly guy, when he once got started.

"You're right, I did!" said Jim, the foreman, turning right away and staring at him.

"Now, I tell you what you do, boys," said Jim, the foreman, looking away at the rest finally. "I got ways to get after this feller and find out about him that there ain't none of the rest of you got, I guess. You just leave him to me for a week! Put this in my hands—I'm the chief mourner! And I'll get after him! And if there's anything to it I'll get him, believe me!

"You know me, boys," he said, when nobody answered. "I'm a good friend, when I am a friend. When a man stands by me, I stand by him. But let him get gay; let him double cross me just once!" said Jim, the foreman. "That's enough! I don't let nothing go by me! I don't let nothing hinder me from getting him! I'm the best friend and the best little hater you ever saw!" he said, looking right at Dan—so Dan thought.

"But I'll get this feller—if this is right!" he went on. "And it may be too," said Jim, the foreman. "And I don't say it ain't. I'm scared, I admit it, after what that feller said. He seemed to know his business too. And I haven't heard from this Hixon since he left—I admit that. And that looks dark too.

"On the other hand," said Jim, going on again when nobody said anything, "there's another thing about it you've got to remember. If we're stuck we're stuck together. We got into this together, boys; and, now we're here, we'll stick by one another! That's me, boys," said Jim, the foreman. "If a man's my friend I'm his friend. If a man sticks to me I stick to him through thick and thin! And you got to remember this," he said, "though I wouldn't naturally want it said outside but I've got the say-so in this department. I've got the jobs—the hiring and firing—that's one comfort, boys. And I don't forget my friends. The man who stands by me I'll stand by him. That's one comfort," said Jim, the foreman, looking straight at Dan without a doubt this time.

And they all stood looking back at him, saying nothing, for they'd got now to where Jim turned off to go home.

"Well, so long, boys," said Jim, the foreman. "Keep a stiff upper lip! It may be all right yet. I hope it is—for your sake as well as mine. But I'll find out about this feller right off; and if we are stuck I'll let you know."

And then he went off and they went on, nobody saying anything, till they were a block away anyhow.

"I dunno as you can prove it," said somebody then.

"It might be true at that," said another one—"what he said. He might've lost more than anybody—you can't tell."

Dan Phelan didn't say a word. He just went home thinking. He did all that week, keeping away from Jim, the foreman; having nothing to do with him, thinking of what he'd do to him if this was true.

"If this is right," he said, "I'll learn him a secret! I'll give him a call he'll think about! And I won't have to prove nothing on him to do it neither."

For—if it came to that—Dan was twice the man he was with his fists.

"Listen, boys!" said Jim, the foreman, coming up about a week later and speaking to two or three in one corner of the room just at closing time. "I got the dope. Come round to Hickey's to-night and I'll tell it to you."

"Was it good?" asked one fellow right off.

And Jim, the foreman, just shook his head.

"Bad, boys," he said. "Bad business! Bad! We oughta had more sense than to get mixed up with one of them Wall-Street sharks," he said.

"We!" said Dan Phelan, letting loose at last, for he'd been brooding it over, you might say, all that week. "Where do you get that stuff—about that 'we'?"

"What's that you said?" said Jim, the foreman, right away, turning on him.

"Oh, nothing!" said Dan. For nobody else seemed to say anything

"No, I want to know!' said Jim, coming right after him.

"That's a secret!" said Dan, getting hot again. "Another secret of the bankers. It's another one of your three-way calls I'm giving you!"

"So you're getting funny" said Jim, the foreman, giving him the eye.

"I dunno but I am," said Dan, getting a little hotter under the collar all the time. "What of it? I paid well for it! I paid the price!"

And Jim, the foreman, just stood there looking at him stony-eyed, that way he had.

"That's it!" he said, turning round then to the rest of them, where they stood not saying anything. "That's it! That's what you get," he said, and he looked at Dan again. "That's what you get for befriending a yellow dog. A natural squealer, boys! It goes hard with me," he said, "after what I've lost here. But I said we'd stand together, boys. I said I'd look out for everybody. So I put myself out, boys," he said, still looking at them, "and keep this feller on the pay roll, when I know all the time he wasn't fitted—he wasn't a real good mechanic and I hadn't ought to. But I did. And the first thing he does, when he gets some poor excuse, he turns and bites me! That's what you get," he said. "That's what you got to expect for going out of your way befriending a yellow dog!"

That was more than Dan would take from any man—that was too much! He made a pass at him right there—and missed him! He was expecting it, it looked like, all the time. And then the others rushed in and grabbed Dan from behind.

"You would, hey?" said Jim, the foreman, then. "You'd strike me right here in my own room!" and grabbing a hammer, he stepped over to where the other three fellows were hanging onto Dan. "You would, hey?" he said. "You'll strike me! Well, you watch me now! I'll mark you up first so we'll always know you and then I'll turn you over to the police! That's what I'll do to you!"

"Hold on, Jim!" said one of the other men. "Hold on! Don't hit him! Let him go! He didn't mean anything! Did you, Dan?"

But Dan wouldn't say a word—just stood there. He was too ugly to talk if he wanted to.

"That's all right," said Jim, the foreman, finally. "I won't hit him nor have him arrested neither. No! I got control of myself now," he said. "I was excited first—I admit it—but I had a right to be. And I got to do something. I can't have this happening—men beating me up in my own room. It would break the discipline of the shop all to pieces. I've got to do something."

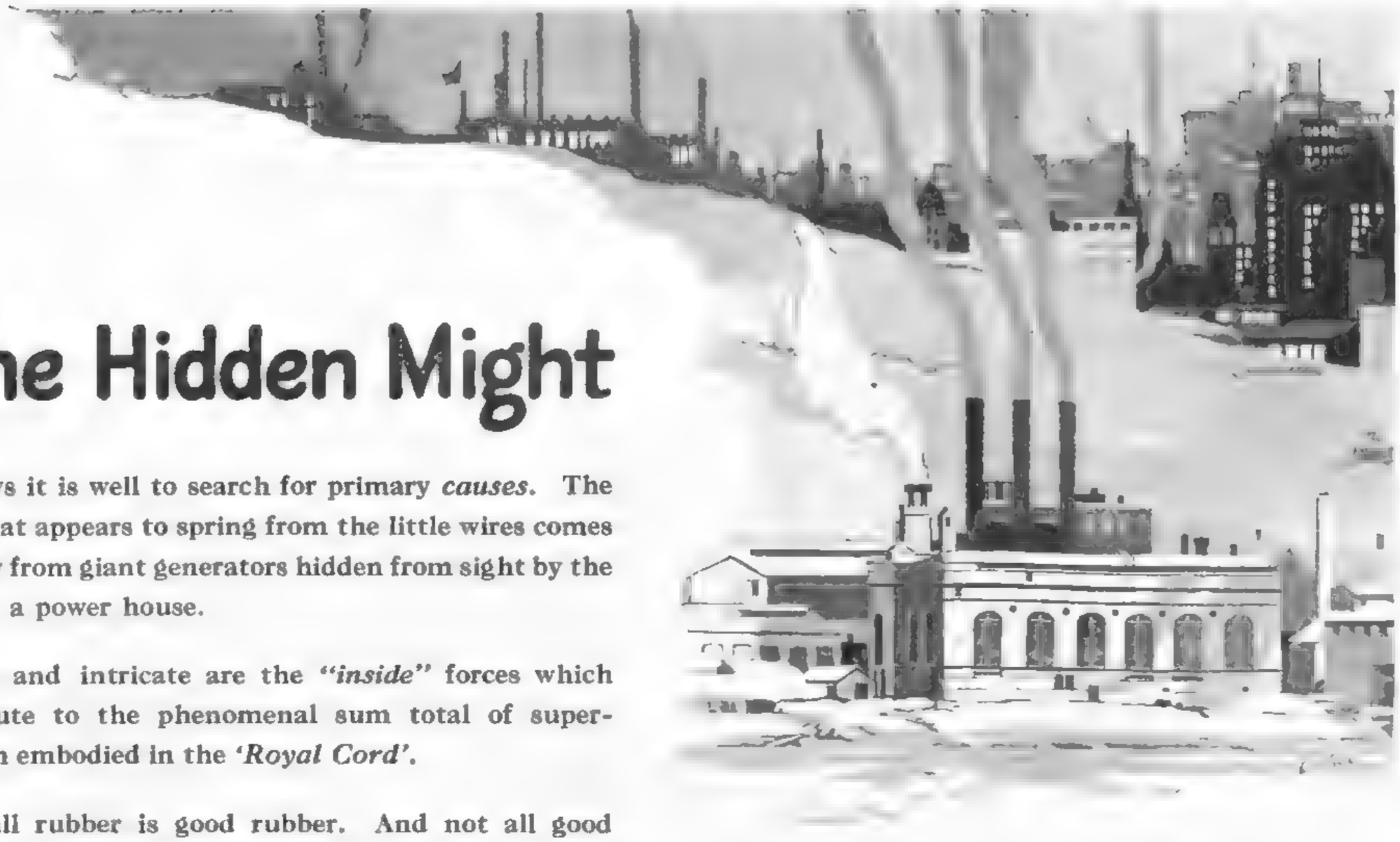
So finally Dan spoke up. For he saw it was all up with him. He looked round at the others all standing there perfectly still. He saw where they stood.

"I'll go," he says. And he went over and got his tools and left and got out for home that night.

He's back now, waiting for his old job to come along in the factory in the old-home town; and quite often, when he's sitting there evenings on the back steps of his mother's where he's staying he'll take out this document of the three-way call and sit there studying it, going over it all again in his head—about that old guy that knew all about Wall Street and bankers, and Jim, the foreman, and that bankers' secret, the way they worked it—such things like that three-way call. And the Liberty Bond and his savings and the job he had down in Jersey, the best job he ever had—all gone together. Nothing left much but that there document of the three-way call in his hands. And if you want trouble any time all you've got to do is come up back of him some time quick and say:

"Dan, look! The bankers' secret! Huh?"

For he's sore over that thing—way down into the bone.



The Hidden Might

Always it is well to search for primary *causes*. The light that appears to spring from the little wires comes actually from giant generators hidden from sight by the walls of a power house.

Many and intricate are the *"inside"* forces which contribute to the phenomenal sum total of super-strength embodied in the *'Royal Cord'*.

Not all rubber is good rubber. And not all good rubber is good for tire making. The *combined* resources and facilities of a huge organization are required in securing, grading, mixing and compounding the various rubbers used in the *'Royal Cord'*.

Similarly, there is great variance in fabric. It must be selected and tested for both "strength" and "stretch", and each strand strung as a separate unit in order to avoid friction. Many thousand such are built into the structure of the *'Royal Cord'*.

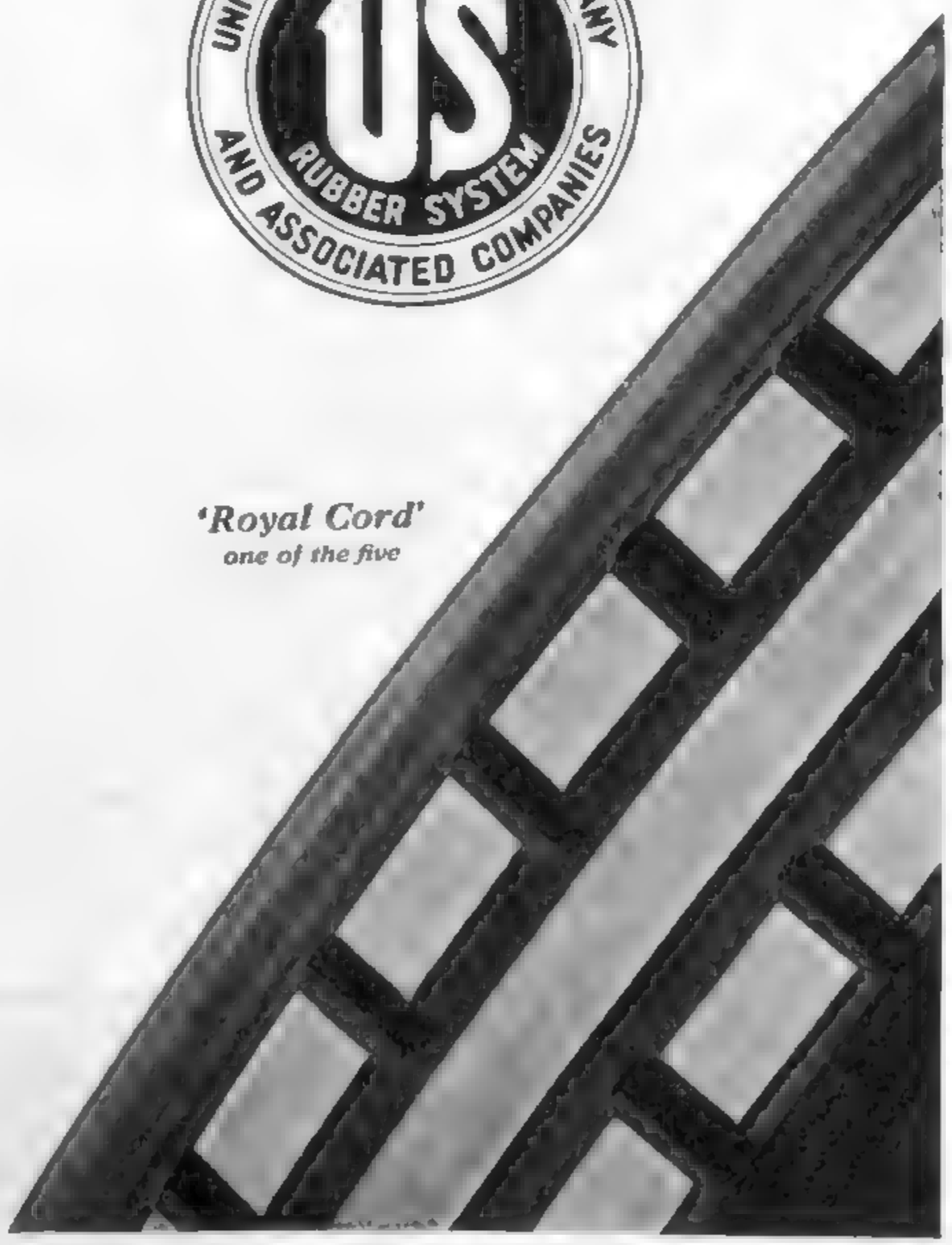
Many exclusive processes are employed in molding and vulcanizing,—many specially devised mechanical and chemical tests performed in order to *measure* the resistance and resilience of the *'Royal Cord'*.

The super-tire! Not merely a product,—a *creation*. A carcass that defies shock and strain. A tread that bites into the road. A patient, tractable, enduring, never-tiring tire. It wears—it saves—it *satisfies*.

For passenger and light delivery cars, 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for cycles, airplanes and solid tires for trucks.

United States Tires are Good Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



'Royal Cord'
one of the five

"Nobby"
"Usco"
"Plain"

HUNKINS

Continued from Page 25

"Do you know anything about this?" I shouted at him.

"Meaning that item about you in the paper, I suppose? Sit down, won't you? I tell you it isn't as bad as you think."

"The hell it isn't!"

"Certainly not. Have a smoke?"

"No."

"All right. I don't blame you. They're not very good, but they're the best at hand at the moment. Now then ——"

I was sitting on the edge of a chair and was just about ready to make a leap at him, when he laughed.

"Pretty sore, aren't you?" he asked. "But don't start hostilities until I give you our side of it."

"Who's 'our'?"

"Steve Fox and myself."

"So you were in on it too?"

"Yes; of course. It's my idea."

That made me boil over. I half rose from the chair. "Your idea!" I shouted. "Where do you get off having ideas like that about me? And why didn't you ask me about it?"

"It was late when we got together. We didn't put it up to you because we knew it would start a long argument, and it had to be done at once or not at all. We took a chance on being able to show you to-day that it's the right play."

"You've got some showing to do," I said truculently. "You can't get away with a thing like this without making good, and making good right now. Go ahead."

"I will if you will give me a chance. Now listen: Bill Hunkins sent for you and offered to make you an alderman. You are half inclined to accept. Steve and I think it will be a good thing. I told you yesterday that there were but two reasons why Hunkins made this offer to you. One is because he wants to use you in some game he has in mind. The other is because he wants a respectable candidate and picks you as filling the bill. I gave you several reasons why it might be of help to what we have in mind if you accepted. They were good reasons."

"But you had no business printing this before I definitely decided."

"Oh, yes, we had, and have. We have two mighty good reasons. The first is that this item, which does not say you are going to run, but that it is reported you are considering the proposition, leaves it wide open for you. Also, it gives you a chance to find out what the comeback will be from your family, from your friends and from the public generally before you are committed. If you can't stand the gaff you needn't run. All you have to do is to deny the story, and Steve will print the denial, and it is all over. Only, keep out of the way of the reporters for the afternoon papers to-day.

"The second reason is the real one: Printing that item puts it squarely up to Hunkins. You can go to him now and say to him: 'Hunkins, if I accept this nomination it must be understood that I accept it without any obligations actual or implied, without any strings on me, without any promises to act other than independently in every way.' If Hunkins agrees you will be in a position to help us a lot. If Hunkins doesn't agree and tries to tie you down to any promises, you can tell him to go to hell, and issue a denial of the story, which will give as the reason for your rejection of the offer the fact that Hunkins wants you to pledge your immortal soul to him as a return for the job. That will jolt Brother Hunkins, establish you as a high-minded and independent young citizen, and secure you considerable applause from the proletariat. Get me?"

"But suppose I don't want to go that far?"

"Then a flat denial will do the business. You will have had your name on the front page of the News, with a brief but complimentary sketch of your career, and nobody will be hurt. Steve will print anything you want to say."

He had me thinking. Also I was getting back to normal in temperature.

"Suppose Hunkins agrees to my proposition?" I said. "He'll never say so to anybody but me."

"Well, you can talk, can't you? All you've got to do if you accept this place is to make a statement that you take it absolutely unpledged and with no obligations to any person but yourself. That will fix that."

"Will Hunkins stand for that?"

"He'll have to or you won't run. If he wants you as badly as I think he does he'll stand. If it is only a case of making a front with you he'll tell you good night."

"Look here, Dowd," I said after considering a minute, "you seem to take it for granted that I will accept this nomination?"

"You will if Steve and I can urge you into it."

"Why?"

"Because there's a great field opening up before us here in this city, and we need representatives—men who can stand out in front as rallying points for our organization. Those men have to be known, and they will be of greater use if they are politically known. I admit that alderman isn't much, but it is something. Besides, we elect a mayor next year."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It may mean something or it may not. Maskee on that, as the Chinese say. The point is just now: Are you going to accept or not?"

"I'll tell you to-night."

"All right. Meantime, if I were you I'd drop in at the club at luncheon time, and see how many harpoons you get from that gang of expert harpooners."

Dowd mollified me somewhat but not entirely. When I left his office I still felt hurt, indignant and more or less outraged, but as I slid along in the runabout the thing began to clarify for me like this: "Dowd and Steve know more about politics than I do. Perhaps they are right. Anyhow I've got to take somebody's judgment to help me over the first steps of this game, and Dowd makes me feel he's honest in what he says. Really, there isn't much harm done, even if I don't accept, for all there will be to it will be some joshing, and if I can't josh back with the gang I deserve all I get, and more too."

I drove out into the country, both because I didn't want to see dad too early, being apprehensive about dad, and because of Dowd's advice about keeping away from the reporters for the afternoon papers. No matter if he did throw me down this way it would be best for Steve Fox to be my journalistic impresario at present.

It was a quarter of one when I got back to the Talbot Building. Dad let me in at once.

"How about this article in the News?" he asked as soon as I closed the door.

"I didn't authorize it."

"Is it true?"

"Yes and no."

"How far has it got?"

"I've talked to Hunkins."

"Anybody else?"

"Steve Fox and a man named Dowd."

"Thomas J. Dowd, the lawyer?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does Dowd say?"

"He's for it."

"Why?"

"Says it will be a good thing to help along my part in the organization of the soldiers. He's working on that."

"Are you going in with him?"

"I hope to."

"Hum." Dad pulled his eyebrow and I waited for results. "Ever meet Hunkins before?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Any strings to the offer?"

"No, sir; and there won't be if I take it."

"Thinking of taking it, are you?"

"I might."

Then something inside me burst. "Look here, dad," I said, "what is there so reprehensible about going into politics if a man goes in on a clean and decent basis? How the devil are we going to get better conditions if some of us don't do the work? Where do we get off sitting round here and grousing all the time and doing nothing else? Isn't there some way of playing this game out in the open and getting results that way?"

Dad looked out of the window. My cue was silence.

Presently he turned and said: "There may be some way of playing it out in the open but I've had bad luck in finding it. Twenty years ago I crusaded against the same sort of conditions that exist now, and was laughed at for my fights. I had a lot of conversational sympathy from the element that should have been fighting with me, but when it came down to the real, hard rough and tumble they were too busy or too refined or had some other reason. I am proud of this city. I want it to be well governed. I want it to be clean, and progressive in the matter of public works and government. I want it to have fine schoolhouses and libraries and hospitals and other institutions. I fought for these things. I had little support.

"Let me tell you one thing, son: When there's municipal grafting being done all the grafters are not the political grafters. The business men get their share, or some of them, and, usually, the biggest ones. That's why it always is so hard to stir a business community into action in a political way. It will cost them something. I fought hard. I was beaten. Then I quit and tried other tactics."

"What tactics, dad?"

"No matter. Meantime, I'm beginning to think you are in earnest in this business. Are you?"

"I am, dad."

"Well, you're hanging to it like a puppy to a root, anyhow. Rather a surprise to me. I haven't noticed much interest before this in anything but the latest dance step."

"The Army changed that."

"Glad to know it. When have you got to decide?"

"To-morrow morning."

"What's your idea?"

"I feel like taking it."

His attitude changed. Until then we talked on the basis of man to man. Dad threw the conversation into the father-and-son gear.

"Is that all?" he asked, sort of contemptuously. "Milk-and-watery about it, eh? Can't make up your mind? Lack of decision, and all that sort of thing? Army didn't change that phase of you much."

Gee! That man can be disagreeable when he sets about it. He was trying for a rise out of me, and he got one.

"Yes, I can make up my mind!" I flared. "I'm going to take it."

Dad smiled. "Keep your shirt on," he said, "and when I've signed these letters we'll go and have some lunch. Where shall it be?"

"I was thinking about the club. Might as well face it there now as any other time."

"Good idea! We'll go over there and face it together."

x

"HEY, George!" Fred Daskin shouted across the smoking room of the club as dad and I entered. "I see you took that tip I gave out the other day."

"What tip?"

"What tip? Listen at him! Why, I called you up on the phone and told you to run for alderman in our ward, and I see by the News this morning that you're going to do it. I guess I'm bad as a political dopester, eh, what? Grand little successor to the late and unlamented Octavius K., you'll be too."

Fred went out to the middle of the crowded room and stuck his hand in the bosom of his coat. He's our best amateur actor.

"Gentlemen of the Board," he declaimed: "I feel that I scarcely need say that in rising on this important occasion I have none but the best interest of my constituents at heart. I am now about to relate an instance that is fraught with great importance to this fair city of ours, than whom none is prouder of which than I. As I was taking my matutinal stroll I chanced to stay my progress adjacent to the magnificent public library ——"

"Library!" squeaked Peter McWhirter, struggling to his feet from his big chair. "I know a good one about a library. It seems ——"

The shout of laughter stopped Daskin, and dad and I went up to the dining room. They are a little afraid of dad in that club, for he has a way of talking straight, and not many of them bothered us. Some bolder cut-ups did come over and ask me if I was a henchman of Hunkins or Pendergrast, to let them in on the graft, and similar stuff; but it was much easier to take because dad was there. As we were drinking our coffee Mr. Perkins sidled across the room.

"George," he said, "let me congratulate you, if congratulations are in order. I mean, if the report in the paper is true. I consider it a fine thing for a young man like you to enter the civic administration. We need safe and sane men in this crisis."

"You sure do," I thought, remembering what he had said at the bank meeting, but I thanked him politely, and presently dad and I went out.

"The trouble with most of that crowd," said dad, "is that they think their standing in the community depends on the size of the flock of automobiles they own, and that they have fulfilled all their civic obligations and advanced to leading citizenship when they can afford to import a car. They are suffering from moneyitis, which has two phases: Have got and haven't got. The have-gotters devote all their efforts to spending it ostentatiously, and the haven't-gotters use every moment trying to get it and proclaiming they really have it. They don't amount to a hoot as citizens—not a hoot. Don't bother about them."

Dad said nothing more about politics, and we parted at the entrance to the Talbot Building. I went off to find Steve Fox. I ran him down in the City Hall.

"Kamerad!" he shouted when he saw me, throwing up his hands and grinning at me.

"What did you do it for?" I demanded.

"Have you seen Dowd?"

"Yes."

"Then you know. Raised merry hell round here," he continued jubilantly. "All the gang are trying to get hold of Hunkins to find out what it means, and Hunkins isn't to be found. They're sore as crabs, for they thought they had it fixed to slip Martin Ten Eyck into the place, Martin being a good consistent performer who splits with reasonable honesty. Going to it?"

"I think I shall if this hasn't queered it with Hunkins."

"It won't, not if he wants you. Pretty good sign it hasn't, his keeping under cover. I know that bird. He'll be waiting for you on the doorstep to-morrow. Keep away from that afternoon-paper bunch. I'm your authorized press agent. So long."

I went to a matinée and stayed until the afternoon papers were on the streets. They had nothing but paragraphs rewritten from the News.

It was just eight o'clock when I reached Room 48, Tucker Building. There was no sign on the door, but a light shone through the glass, not only of that door, but of the doors of three adjoining rooms down the hall.

I knocked on the door and entered. Five people were there—four men and one woman. I knew three of the men: Dowd, Steve Fox, and a Major Pickard who crossed on the same transport with me. Dowd introduced the woman to me as Miss Esther Crawford, and the other man as Colonel Anderson. Presently three other men and two women came in. These were Mrs. Ainsley, Miss Harrow, Sergeant Place, Major Carruthers and Sergeant Ralston.

"All interested in our plan," Dowd said.

The most conspicuous thing about the furnishings of Room 48 was a big map of the city that hung on the wall, with the boundaries of the nineteen wards heavily marked in black lines. There were sets of figures in red within each ward inclosure, and various other notations I couldn't make out.

Two flat-topped desks, two typewriter tables with machines on them, and a row of filing cases made up the rest of the furniture, aside from the chairs. The door leading to the next room was open, and I heard typewriters clicking. It looked businesslike. Dowd and Miss Crawford were going over some papers, and the rest talked casually.

I knew there would be a woman's end of it. Women are as important as men, maybe more so, because every soldier who goes into an organization that has for one of its objects the use of the vote probably has within the circle of his immediate relationship at least one woman who has as many votes as he has—one. Moreover, the women of our city, like the women of every other place in the United States, had been active in all sorts of war work, and some of them had developed into great organizers and executives. Undoubtedly these women were of that type. Dowd would see to that.

I looked these women over. Impressionistically Mrs. Ainsley had the appearance of one of those women who have a horror

(Continued on Page 109)

F-W-D TRUCKS

First Through the Traffic

City Authorities Take Up the Problem of Crowded Traffic

IN crowded hauling centers, authorities are asking for changes in the ordinary types of trucks that will help relieve the growing congestion of traffic. The conditions in all business thoroughfares today make the safe and easy handling of trucks a more vital essential than ever.

F-W-D Trucks require no change for safe and facile service on the streets and roads of today. From the first they have been built to meet these very conditions. While providing the same or more carrying capacity, the F-W-D's compact construction makes a saving of *one-fourth* the average chassis area of other types of the same rating. The F-W-D has a turning radius of only 26 feet.

The equalizing of power and load on both front and rear axles results in more fuel economy, greater protection to the mechanism, longer life to the truck. F-W-D superiorities include exceptional ease of steering—positive brake action on all four wheels—56-inch standard road tread front and rear—wheels always in perfect track—6-inch tires all around—a saving of 21 per cent in the cost of tire equipment.

The F-W-D is fitted to every kind of trucking. Write for details.

The Four Wheel Drive Auto Co.
Clintonville, Wisconsin
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

(Scene from "Tom Sawyer")
"....these words were revealed, 'I love you.'"

Well dressed for school and the play that follows

Real, wholesome boys want to look good even if they *must* attend classes again. And they must have strong substantial clothes to stand the glorious "after school" hours of good hard play. Mothers are sending their boys to school in Tom Sawyer Washwear because it looks so well, wears so long and washes so easily.

You'll be delighted with Tom Sawyer Washwear the instant you see it. The cloth is stronger and more lasting. Patterns are new—just what real boys like. Colorings are rich and even; they can't fade or run. Every garment fits perfectly, yet is roomy and reinforced where strains come. Yokes are double. Waistbands are sturdy; buttonholes don't tear out. Collars "set" properly, sleeves hang the way sleeves should, with cuffs that fit the wrist. Good looking buttons are extra strong and sewn on to stay. Even the trimmings are better.

Tom Sawyer Washwear includes many styles, many colors, many patterns. All first quality—all guaranteed. Prices no higher than you usually pay.

SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck
BLOUSES—6 to 16 years
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10
RUSSIAN SUITS—3 to 8
JR. NORFOLK SUITS—3 to 9
ROMPERS—3 to 8
ALL-IN-ONE SUITS—3 to 8

Look for Tom Sawyer Washwear at your dealer's. If he hasn't it yet, we'll tell you of a handy shop.

For dealers there's a miniature sample trunk. From it you can make stock orders unhampered. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away.

ELDER MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

TOM SAWYER

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

(Continued from Page 106

of getting fat and are likely to, while Miss Harrow didn't give a whoop how thin she was. She was rather thin. Mrs. Ainsley was a carefully gowned combination of curves and Miss Harrow a severely tailored assortment of angles. Shoes are a sure indication of femininity—or the absence of it. Mrs. Ainsley's shoes were thirty-dollars-a-pair confections, and Miss Harrow's might have been made by a bootmaker—neat, but booty. Proceeding to the other extreme Mrs. Ainsley's hair was the triumphant concoction of a skillful hairdresser, and Miss Harrow's a wad wadded by an impatient woman who thinks hair a nuisance. Mrs. Ainsley's hat exuded expensiveness and exclusiveness, and Miss Harrow's was a stiff-brimmed dark straw that proclaimed masculinity.

I had not reached Miss Crawford in my casual cataloguing of the women when Dowd said: "I think all are here who are coming, and I suggest that Miss Crawford read some letters she has received."

Miss Crawford took up several sheets of paper, moved over to the light, and began to read letters from persons who politely regretted their inability to be at that meeting, and said they were too busy or too something else to join in the work; and from other persons who also politely regretted their inability to be there, but displayed interest and promised to come next time. The light fell strongly upon her as she read, and I had an excellent opportunity for a detailed look at her. She was entirely at ease, read the letters in a clear pleasant voice and made some comment on each one, in way of identification and description of the writer. I tried to listen, but the reader distracted my attention from what she read. So I concluded that if the letters were important they could be taken up later. Meantime, as to Miss Crawford:

I know it is banal, but all I could think of, taking Miss Crawford as a whole, was that she was a well set-up woman, with a good round figure—not fat, nor ever going to be, but with solid flesh. "I'll bet she'll weigh twenty pounds more than one would naturally expect," I thought. She had one of those complexions that a bright light helps instead of hinders—rosy because of the healthy red blood just under the smooth skin of the cheeks—rosy but not ruddy, and with the rosiness of it diminishing to an alluring pink at the temples, the tips of the ears and the firm and rounded chin.

I remember once in a discussion of her always interesting but often inconclusive sex with Jimmy Chambers he described just such a woman as his idea of what all women should be, saying: "If I ever find one I think I'll eat her with cream and sugar, for she'll have the combined flavor of blackberries and loganberries—a real flavor, not the mere sweetness of the blond and blue-eyed peaches-and-cream type."

Miss Crawford's eyes, I noted, were gray, and her hair was a dark brown, almost black. She had a lot of hair, and it was neither so scrupulously elegant as Mrs. Ainsley's nor so carelessly inelegant as Miss Harrow's in its manifestations, but piled up becomingly. Her eyelashes were dark, and as she looked down at her letters, standing there in the glare of the light, I could see they were long. Her eyebrows were dark also, and her teeth, even, substantial and gleamingly white by contrast to her full red lips.

She wore a blue tailored suit that hit me as being about as nifty a thing in the dress line as I'd seen lately, and looked as womanly as Miss Harrow's coat and trousers—excuse me, skirt—looked masculine, and, at that, didn't give the impression of extreme fashion. Her waist was a soft white stuff, and I could see her healthy solid flesh glowing pinkly through it and through the opening at the neck. Her hands were plump and white, with but one ring, rather heavy, of an odd shape, on the little finger of her left hand, with a brilliant opal in it.

"No superstition about her," I thought. "A sensible sort of person, no doubt."

Her wrist watch wasn't one of those bejeweled ostentations that many women wear, but a substantial affair that looked as if one might catch a train by it. "Keeps her appointments, I'll bet," I voted to myself. Her shoes were of brown leather, without fancy tops, and stood exactly in the same relation to the shoes of the other women as her suit did to the ultra costume of the one and the ulterior costume of the other.

"Can't call her a beauty," I summed up. "Her face is entirely too intelligent for that. But she's darned easy to look at, just the same; and by the way she handles herself I take it that she knows where she is at every second."

I was hazy about what she had read when she finished, for I had only assimilated snatches of it all, but I had assimilated a good deal of her and was ready to approve of all she set forth.

"There are some here," said Dowd, "who are here for the first time. In order that our objects may be clear and what is done thus far understood I will outline our work as briefly as possible. I take it that all of us are convinced that these four million men who went into the Army and Navy are, because of their experiences and what they learned in active service, coming back to civil life with a rather enlarged horizon and with a wider appreciation of their own latent powers as citizens. Not all of them, perhaps, but a good many of them. They have learned the value of organization. They have been told that they saved the world. They believe it, but they do not get much beyond that bald acceptance of the fact, because the heroics of it, as put to them, have obscured what it heralds so far as our country is concerned.

"They mostly think—vaguely, but concretely enough to supply a basis for development—that they can capitalize in civil life the knowledge of organization and the comradeship, the power of united purpose that the war unfolded to them, certainly to their own good, and possibly to the good of the country and the communities in which they live. So do we. Naturally the best and most practical way in which this raw material may be used is by welding it into an organization that shall have for its purpose these very things: Help for the soldier and help for the community. Furthermore, the most effective manner in which an organization may be used is in politics.

"Now these boys largely know little about politics. A certain proportion of them are familiar enough with our politics—a certain small proportion—to know that the soldier has been a most potent force in it for fifty years, but the historical aspect of it is not the main aspect. Whether they know what has happened or not they are of the opinion that they as returned soldiers and heroes can make things happen, and all they need is for someone to show them how. That is what we shall try to do.

"To that end a few of us have begun operations here, working on the theory that the political side of the matter may well be kept somewhat in the background for a time and the social and comradely side of it developed; or, to put it more plainly, that the benefits of after-the-war coöperation and organization shall be set forth at first in general terms and not specifically as having political trends. Thus we are emphasizing the human-association side of it, the keeping-together side, the advantages of solidarity and continued association; pointing out, rather in the way of possibility than promise, that a great deal of good, in many ways, may come out of such organization. We have established a little bureau for looking after jobs for them, for helping them in their everyday problems, for straightening out their insurance and other puzzles, for pushing things along for them, and, in fine, big-brothering them—they are mostly boys, as yet—all down the line. Once we get them together that way it will not be hard to show them how they may be of power politically.

"There are various contemplated national organizations of these boys, and some of them have organizers here, but we are keeping clear of those. We tell them to wait and see what happens, pointing out that the first post of the G. A. R. wasn't organized until a year after the Civil War ended. What we are trying to do is to combine our local material into an organization that shall operate locally first off,

(Continued on Page 113)

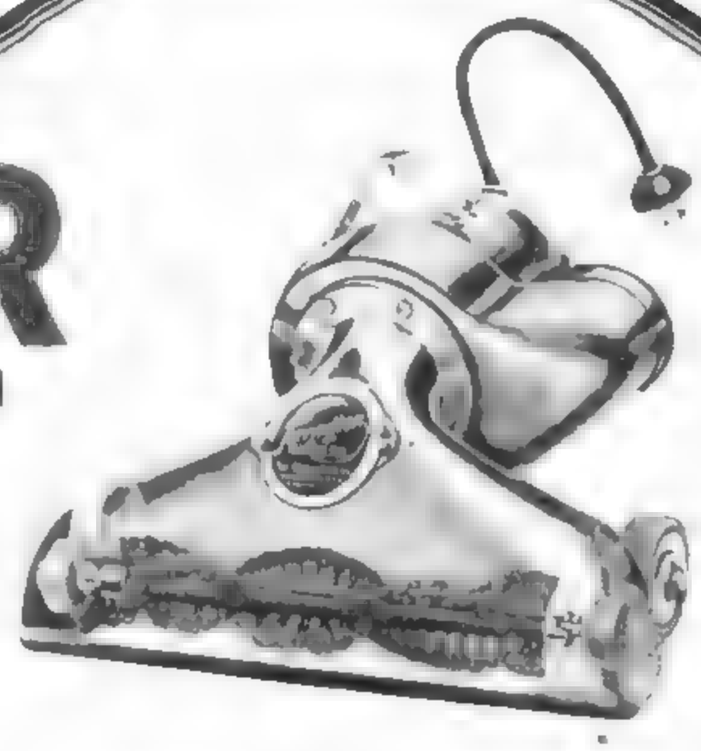
I Had Never Heard a Woman Talk Like That Before. I Never Knew a Woman Who Knew So Much About Politics as I Did, and I Didn't Know Much

Afternoons of Ease

More time for your music, more time for new books and favorite authors, more time to really enjoy your beautiful home and those of your neighbors—that's what a Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaner means to you. It takes the work out of housework and sets you free from the drudgery of dust-pan, broom and dust-cloth.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

BIG BRUSH — POWERFUL SUCTION



ELECTRIC power for modern house-cleaning costs less a year than housemaid-power costs for half a day.

A Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaner is always ready to clean. Its big revolving sweeper brush lifts up threads and surface litter and loosens trodden-in grit and dirt. Powerful suction directly behind the brush sucks all the dirt and litter into a dust-proof bag.

The Torrington has no easy conscience, no tired muscles; it never gets discouraged. It is a twelve-pound combination of brush and suction that cleans, and cleans thoroughly. It hasn't a single human frailty, nor a single mechanical fault. With its attachments every form of household cleaning is easily, quickly and thoroughly done.

Visit the nearest shop where Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaners are sold and have the Cleaner and its attachments thoroughly demonstrated to you.

Send us your address so we may send you a booklet, also information about a free trial and partial payments.

THE TORRINGTON COMPANY

(National Sweeper Division)

29 Laurel Street, Torrington, Conn.

DEALERS: Please send us your address so we may let you know of inquiries coming from your territory.

Manning Speed-grits

ABRASIVES
ON PAPER AND CLOTH

for smoothing wood, paint, composition, leather & metals

A $25.00 prize—and Joe Pocaro earned it.

"A prize of $25.00 will be given to any employee who can show a means of speeding up the work of his department.

JOHN LANG, *Superintendent.*"

Joe Pocaro, on his way to lunch one noon hour, stopped at the factory bulletin board and read this notice. Joe runs a belt-sander in the Estey Piano Company's big factory in New York City. Under the whirring sandpaper belt of his machine the hardwood panels of the piano cases receive their smooth satiny finish.

That afternoon Joe did some tall thinking as he worked. Most of the time lost in the finishing department was due to belt trouble, he decided. Breaking belt joints, even when the men made their own—grits wearing off in an hour, that should have lasted half a day—and all the other troubles that require a change of belts and eat up time.

Next day he spoke to Mr. Lang, the superintendent. "You've got a lot of sample sanding belts in your office, Mr. Lang," he said. "Will you let me have them to try out on my machine?"

Mr. Lang tells the rest of the story:

"I let Joe have all the sample belts that had accumulated in my office. In a few days he came back, with one of them in his hand. 'Mr. Lang,' he said, with a grin, 'put this belt on all the belt-sanders and I'll win your $25.00.'

"That belt was marked Manning Speed-grits," Mr. Lang continued. "I took Joe's advice and put them on all the belt-sanders. Result—I'm saving hours of time in my finishing department, and Joe Pocaro got his $25.00.

"It pays to talk over your troubles with your workmen," he concluded. *Good workmen know the difference.*

Send for new booklet just off the press

Sales offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco and other leading cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your Telephone Directory.

MANNING ABRASIVE COMPANY, INC.
FACTORY AND LABORATORY, TROY, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 109

and that may be swung into the best state and national organization that is evolved."

Dowd then went into details, telling us that the plan was to organize a central committee that was to have supervisory charge of all the work, and to supplement with ward and precinct committees for detailed application to localities. The precinct committees would report to the ward committees, and the ward committees to the central committee. As soon as practicable there would be ward headquarters, which would be meeting places for the soldiers and their women folks, and would be made as attractive as funds would allow. These committees would be made up of men and women, equally represented, and would so far as possible have soldier membership, to give them the personal interest; and membership of women who were active in war work in the ward or who were popular with the boys of the different localities. They would be as democratic as the Army had been.

"In fact," Dowd said, "we want more privates and noncoms on the committees than officers. That is essential. Three of us here to-night were sergeants. I have two corporals in mind who will be asked to go on the central committee. The idea of rank will be rigidly excluded. We must all be on a common basis of comradeship."

He then asked Miss Crawford to explain the detail, telling us that Miss Crawford had been secretary to Governor Plunkett, whose term expired in 1916, and that she had remained at the state capital until the war ended as the head of the organization section of the State Council of Defense.

"The first essential," she said, "is to secure all the information that we can concerning the individual soldiers and sailors who went from this city to the war, whether as volunteers, as national guardsmen, in the draft or as sailors. That is not so difficult as it seems, for the tabulations of the State Council of Defense are available, and we are securing a fairly complete list from the files of the newspapers when the drafts were made and the calls printed in Washington. It is not complete yet, and the work of checking up the names and eliminating those who were killed or died of disease is necessarily slow. Furthermore, not all our contingent is home yet, and some of them will not be home for several months.

"In round numbers, exclusive of officers, between ten and eleven thousand men went into the Army and Navy from this city. I should say that our losses were not more than five hundred, so we may figure on a potential strength of ten thousand. Of course we shall not get all of these, because many of them will not join—some will go to other cities, and for other reasons. If we get eight thousand we shall do well. In addition to these there are eight or ten thousand women, possibly more, who may be considered as material for correlated action. Thus if we succeed as we hope to we shall have, say, sixteen thousand members or thereabouts in the course of a year. The civilian vote in the gubernatorial campaign of 1918 in this county was, roundly, 75,000, of which the Republicans had a plurality of 14,000. The city cast 60,000 of those votes, and allowing for the same percentage of Republicanism here, which is practically maintained, that means there are about 40,000 Republicans and 20,000 Democrats, including the women.

"Undoubtedly the soldiers and sailors will divide in their political preferences in about this proportion, for our politics in this country is largely a matter of inheritance. That is, men are Republicans or Democrats because their fathers are, mostly. I suppose, now that the women have the vote, the first generation of us will get our political affiliations from our fathers or other men folks too, but presently no doubt the girls will be somewhat influenced by their mothers. Maybe not, but that isn't important.

"The point is that to get effective and concerted political action from these men—I am now speaking entirely of the political phases of this work—there must be an additional incentive other than the usual party issues of policies. If that were the case they would separate along their original preferential lines. We purpose to supply that additional incentive for solidarity of action with our organization of the soldiers and sailors for their mutual benefit and help and combined power—to add the great element of self-interest. If we can do that and can control our 16,000 votes we can accomplish almost anything we want in this city, for that block of votes, thrown either way, will turn the scale, and will also demand and receive adequate consideration from the old party chiefs. Indeed, we can get anything from mayor down, and nobody can hinder us."

I had never heard a woman talk like that before. I never knew a woman who knew so much about politics as I did, and I didn't know much. Here was one, I thought, who not only knew more about politics than I, but more than most of the men I knew. The women of my acquaintance who talked any politics at all talked sketchily, and were for suffrage because it helped them to get their pictures in the papers or were against it for the same reason. This woman knew details, figures, situations, and had a clear grasp of what could be done.

"Jimminy!" I thought. "If I am going to associate with her in this work I'd better find out a few things or she'll make me look like a duffer if I talk to her."

Miss Crawford then told us of her office organization—her clerks, letter writing, circularization, literature, and so on.

"It's a mere case of salesmanship," she said; "to use an overworked term. We have something we want to get to these boys and their womenfolk and we are using modern methods for accomplishing that end. Our preliminary campaign is about over. The work of ward organization will soon begin. We have already set up the nucleus of these ward committees, and as the boys come back we'll find them and pledge them so far as we are able. Shall I show you our plant?"

She took us into the other rooms, where there were many filing cases holding cards, duplicating machines, typewriters—all the paraphernalia for propaganda, organization and publicity. Several clerks were at work in the second and third rooms. When we reached the fourth she said: "This is Mr. Fox's office."

"What do you do, Steve?" I asked.

"I'm press agent and write the circulars."

"And you, Dowd?"

"I'm sort of self-appointed chairman until our central committee is organized."

"And you, Miss Crawford?"

"I'm general inside manager, secretary, and so on."

Then Sergeant Ralston voiced a thought that was in my mind and probably in the minds of some of the others:

"Where's the money coming from to run all this?"

"Oh," said Dowd, "we haven't spent much as yet. Most of us work for nothing. Mrs. Ainsley and Miss Harrow have helped generously, and some others. There will be a ways and means committee presently. We can get the money. That isn't the problem. The problem is to get the boys."

XI

"STICK round until after these people go," Dowd said to me. "I want you to get better acquainted with Miss Crawford; and there's that aldermanic business too."

It was decided to hold the meeting for the organization of the central committee on the following Friday, and those present went out after offering their comments and suggestions, leaving Dowd, Steve, Miss Crawford and me in the room.

"What's the decision?" asked Dowd.

"I'm going to take it."

"Good work! Hear anything more from Hunkins?"

"Not a thing."

"How did you get by at the club and with your father?"

"Dad seemed noncommittal, though I sort of felt at the end of our conversation that he prodded me into saying that I'd take it. Anyhow he went over to the club with me, and the comedians there didn't have much chance with him along. There was some joshing, but not a great deal. Did you find out anything?"

"No, I didn't. My grapevine into the Hunkins outfit didn't work this time. The regulars are sore over the story, but Hunkins isn't saying a word one way or the other, and I can't tap him direct. You'll see him in the morning?"

"Yes."

"Let us know how you come out. I'll be at my office all day."

"And say, George," put in Steve, "you sew it up until after dinner, will you, so I can give your upper circles another laugh of scorn with their breakfasts. I don't want to be beaten on my own story, you know."

Steve went off to his office, and Miss Crawford walked up the street with Dowd and me. I observed that she had a ready and happy sort of smile and that when she took time to appraise me, as she did after the others had left, she seemed to be making a mental card index of me for her own use, classifying and identifying me—pigeonholing me for future reference. She asked me a few questions about myself, listened with an impersonal air of interest as I recited my scant Iliad, and turned to other things.

"Gee!" I thought, "I suppose she reads character at sight and all that sort of thing," and I bewailed my neglected opportunities to get equipment for treating her in the same manner. It was only a week ago that I had read how one could become an intellectual giant in this way for five dollars.

"What do you think is the mental attitude of those boys toward all this thing?" I asked her. "I mean, what did they get out of the war?"

"Why," she said, "I believe that the mental attitude of the great majority of those who went to war is comparable to a certain degree to the mental attitude of most of the women of this country, so far as its awakenings are concerned. Now laugh."

She turned and looked at me with a healthy red-cheeked sort of defiance. Dowd did the laughing.

"It's a pretty complex situation that you can't find a female analogy for," he said.

"Complex?" she retorted. "Not at all. A complex situation necessarily is feminine. It is the simple, obvious male things that make comparisons difficult; and males are so obvious, you know, in all their relations toward the world and those who dwell thereupon."

"Do you think so?" I asked, trying to probe into this wholesale aspersion on my superior sex.

"Certainly; don't you? At any rate we have entered into an era when we women will have a chance to prove it."

"More power to you!" said Dowd. "We men have made such an infernal mess of running the world that I, for one, am quite ready to stand aside and allow you women to take a shot at it. Only, you must not shirk your responsibilities."

"We shan't shirk them half as much as you men did, you may be sure of that. Responsibilities are merely matters of detail, and most women gloat over detail."

"And themselves," added Dowd wickedly.

"Certainly," she replied. "A woman's mind instinctively turns to that which is good and beautiful and true."

"That will hold you for a while," I said to Dowd.

"It will," he chuckled. "I'll quit. But you haven't finished answering Talbot's question, Miss Crawford."

"What I mean is this," she said: "It seems to me that the women of this country—and of every other country, for that matter—have gone through the same evolution the men have, in their own way; and in a large percentage of the total that way is not far removed from the exact manner the man mind thought out the matter or is thinking it out, especially the man-soldier mind. The women of our country, with some notable exceptions—the woman in the mass, I mean—is comparable in her awakening and her manner of thought after that awakening to these boys who went to war. The soldiers had little thought of anything but their immediate concerns, being youthful, and the women, until lately, had but little thought of anything but their immediate concerns, being 'sheltered.' How I loathe that word!

"She hasn't lost her femininity, except in the cases of a certain number of up-to-date Mary Walkers and crusaders; but she has been jolted into thinking, by circumstances; just as the soldiers were jolted into thinking by their actual contact with war and the war machinery. Also—to utilize Mr. Dowd's characterization of us—a woman's chief concern is herself. We are essentially selfish and introspective and concrete. We do not appreciate, as a sex, an abstract proposition. Hence the selfish interest most women had in this war—the husband, or son, or brother, or relative end of it—set her mind at work. No matter what it was that started her mind to working, she has learned that there are boundaries and mandatories and Leagues of Nations and Balkan States and a dismembered Poland, and so on; and she has—I speak of most women, not a few exceptions—for the first time in her life taken a peep, of her own volition and because she really wanted to know, into the workings of the governmental things of those other countries and has tried to reason out the possible real cause of all this bloodshed and woe and misery along such international, allied, foreign government and other vague lines as she has.

"Now then, this has logically—we are nebulously logical, despite what you men say—brought her round to a sort of realization of how our own Government was made and is conducted. I venture the claim that any average woman of some education, if closely questioned and the questions put in simple, understandable form, will tell you that she finally has come to know that she counts as a part of her Government, that she is a unit in it. It took a world war to get that idea into general feminine acceptance, but it is there now. Forty centuries of the dictum, which not many of us disputed, that the woman's place is in the home was set aside by the circumstances and conditions and reactions and reflexes and direct contacts of this war. Women were pulled out of the home all over the world to do things they had to do because no one else was at hand to do them, and those circumstances induced an awakening that must inevitably continue for all time.

"It is the same with those boys who went to war. They were brought into contacts that widened both their perceptions and their perspectives, broadened them, gave them new angles on life, on government and on what both mean. They are new men just as the bulk of American women and world women, too, for that matter have become new women; and the possibilities of both for direction, guidance, honest use and power are limitless; only, both must be instructed. They have been awakened but they have not yet the complete conception of what they have awakened to."

I was considerably awed and intensely interested both by the speaker and by what she said. She was an entirely different woman from any I had ever met, except some of those great women who went to France. My women friends were mostly of the type the society reporters write gushing paragraphs about, and whose costumes are always described at length, accompanied by photographs. Those newspaper photographers certainly are enterprising people! A woman can go to a ball at a quarter past eleven o'clock at night, in a new gown, and the picture of it invariably is in the paper that closes its society page at midnight.

Quick work, for it certainly cannot be possible that these refined and modest women seek such glaring publicity and have the photographs taken in advance and distributed for that purpose. Most of my women friends were entirely interested in gowns, golf, bridge, polo, shows and dancing, and what the others in their set were doing, in which latter their interest was intense, incessant and implacable. They chattered. Miss Crawford talked.

"Let's go in and get some supper," I suggested as we were passing the Schoolcraft, which is our biggest hotel and houses our best restaurant.

"I'd love to," said Miss Crawford, and we turned in. "Just a minute," she continued as we reached the foyer, "until I run and powder my nose."

She disappeared.

"Holy smoke, Dowd!" I said. "This paragon powders her nose."

"Sure, and she does every other feminine thing too. Don't get it into your head that she is any Sexless Susan or Militant Maria. She's a real woman."

"Does she dance?"

"Dance? Ask her. She's got Mrs. Castle or that Walton girl beaten a block."

I began to see a light dimly. Here was a new sort of woman so far as I was concerned. My interest increased.

"Who are the other women?" I asked.

"Don't get off wrong about them either," said Dowd. "Because Mrs. Ainsley looks like a cream puff it isn't any sign she is one. She's rich and likes to spend money dolling herself up, but she's got a lot of brains, and an active, sympathetic, practical interest in a good many things that are worth while. So has Miss Harrow. She was at the head of the local branch of the National League for Woman's Service and did a lot of important work in Washington too."

(Continued on Page 116)

Built For a Long

Because Robertson Process Metal does not need paint, because it is rust proof, because it will withstand the most severe weather exposure and because it is unaffected by strong acid and alkali fumes, it is a permanent, economical building material. By offsetting depreciation and protecting plant investments it has, during the fifteen years that this product has been on the market, saved plant owners many thousands of dollars.

To know how Robertson Process Metal is made is to understand why it is so enduring. It is made in sheets, and bars. Its body or core, of specially prepared steel, is thoroughly cleansed and covered with three impervious coatings, (1) Asphalt, (2) Asbestos, (3) Water-proofing.

The steel is heated to a uniform and definite temperature and immersed in the asphaltic bath. While the asphalt is still hot it is completely covered with a sheet of asbestos felt and subjected to pressure which thoroughly binds the two protective coats. A coating of water-proofing, forced into the surface by pressure, completes the process of protection.

Robertson Process Metal finds its most ready use in sheet form for the roofing and siding of industrial buildings. It is produced in various standard forms and shapes for building trim. Robertson Skylights and Robertson Ventilators are two building products which owe their long life to Robertson Process Metal.

A special bulletin containing descriptions of this product and illustrations of plants where it has been in use for many years will be sent upon request. A general book covering the three basic materials: Robertson Process Metal, Robertson Process Gypsum and Robertson Process Asphalt is also available.

H. H. ROBERTSON COMPANY, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.
Formerly Asbestos Protected Metal Co. (A. P. M.)
Factories Ambridge, Pa., Waltham, Mass., Akron, N. Y., Sarnia, Ont.

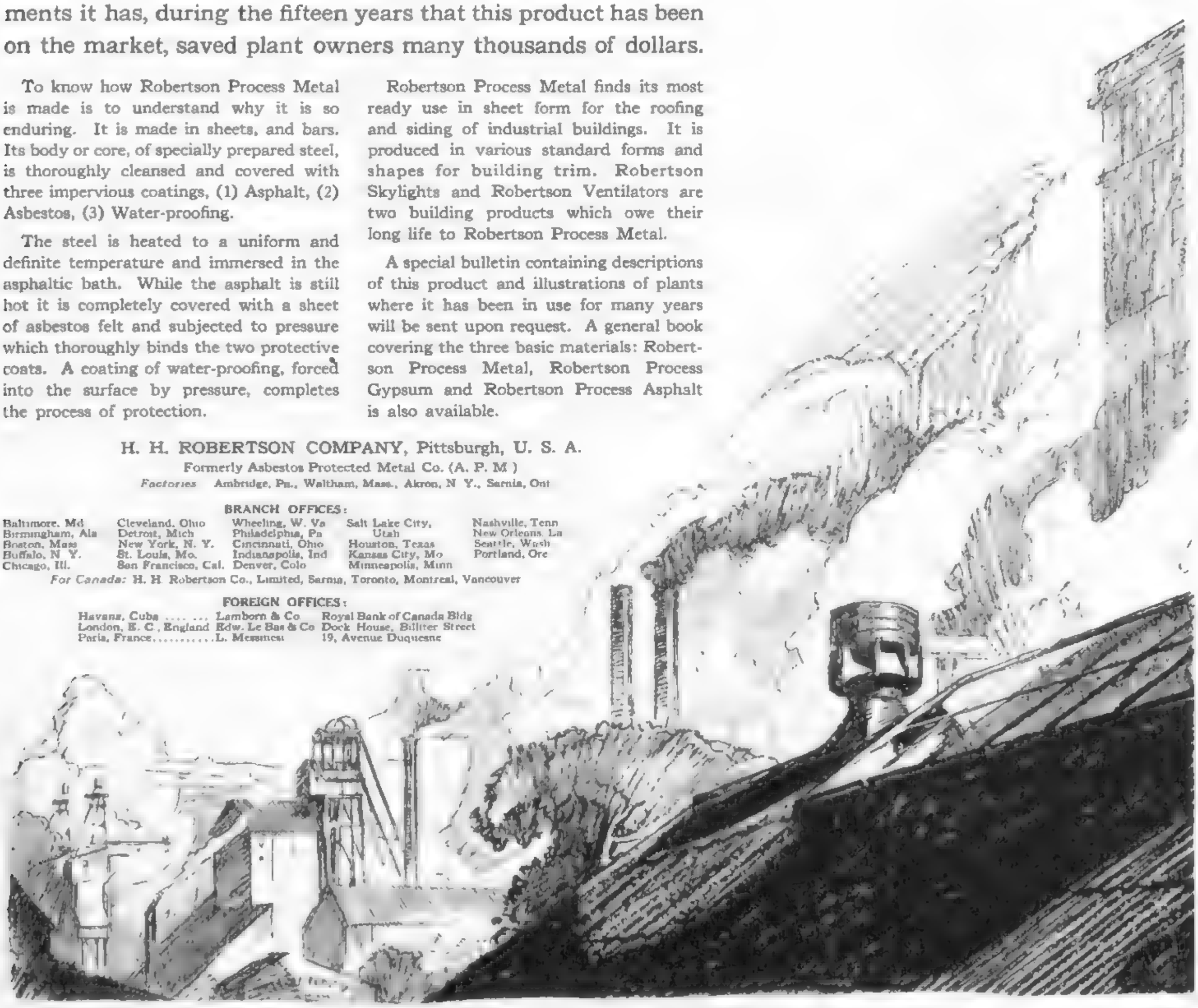
BRANCH OFFICES:

Baltimore, Md.	Cleveland, Ohio	Wheeling, W. Va.	Salt Lake City, Utah	Nashville, Tenn.
Birmingham, Ala.	Detroit, Mich.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Houston, Texas	New Orleans, La.
Boston, Mass.	New York, N. Y.	Cincinnati, Ohio	Kansas City, Mo.	Seattle, Wash.
Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Louis, Mo.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Portland, Ore.
Chicago, Ill.	San Francisco, Cal.	Denver, Colo.		

For Canada: H. H. Robertson Co., Limited, Sarnia, Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver

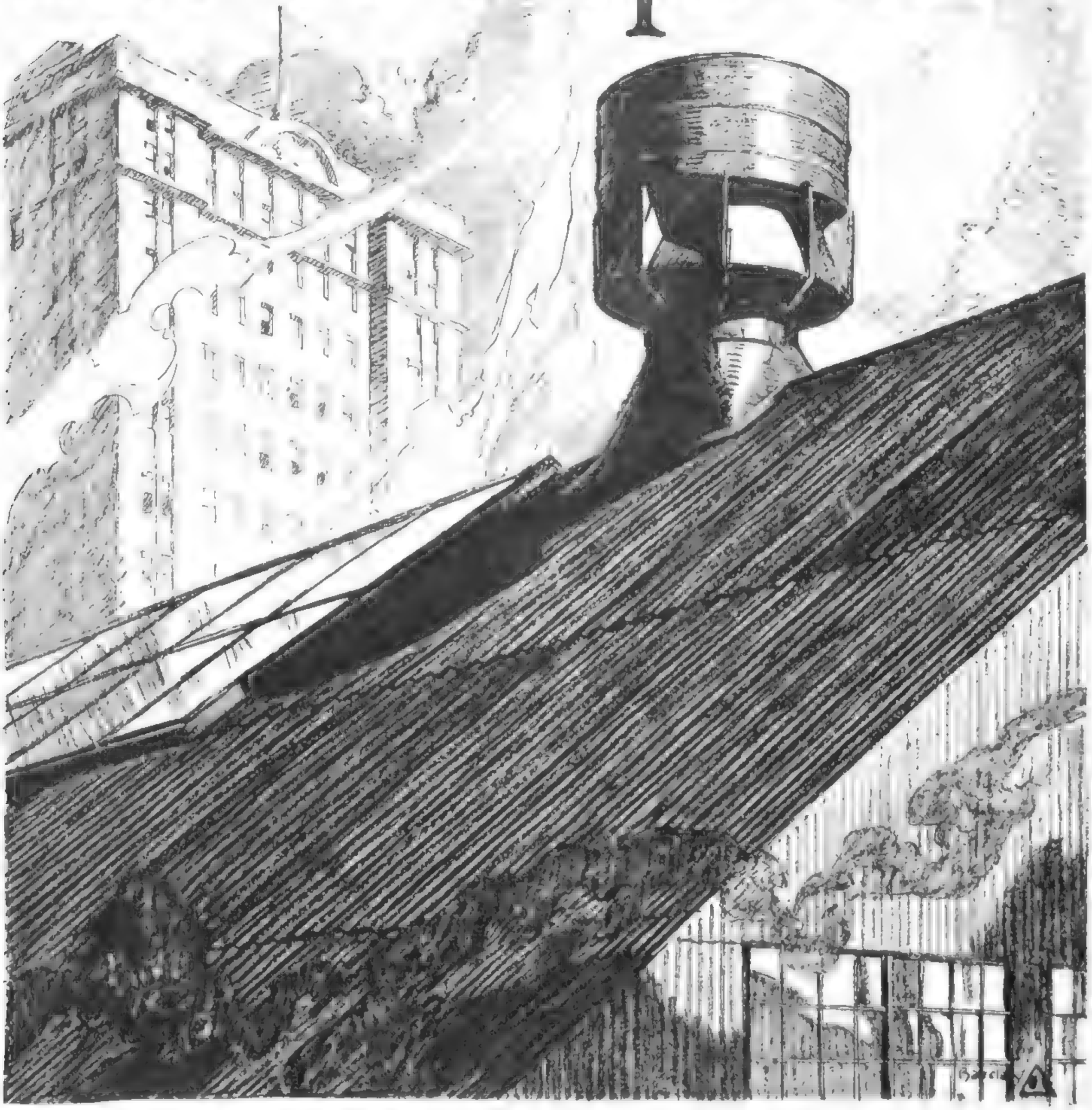
FOREIGN OFFICES:

Havana, Cuba	Lamborn & Co.	Royal Bank of Canada Bldg.
London, E. C., England	Edw. Le Bas & Co.	Dock House, Billiter Street
Paris, France	L. Messinesi	19, Avenue Duquesne



ROBERTSON
BUILDING PRODUCTS

Life of Exposure



PROCESS HIGHWAY MATERIALS

(Continued from Page 113)

I listened and was instructed, but my mind rested on Miss Crawford

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Oh, about fifty."

"Get out! She can't be!"

"Who are you talking about? Miss Harrow?"

"No. Miss Crawford."

"Oh! Why, I guess Miss Crawford is twenty-eight or twenty-nine; or thirty, maybe. How the devil do I know? Thirty, for a guess."

Just then Miss Crawford appeared, and we got a table and ordered some supper. There is a dancing floor in the Schoolcraft Rose Room, and a good band. I asked her to dance when the band began, and she said she'd like to. I hadn't gone once the length of the floor with her before I realized that Dowd was right. She could dance. We had another; and she danced with Dowd once. I'd have stayed until the lights went out, but she suggested going, and we got a taxicab and took her home. She lived on Touschard Avenue, I discovered, with the Pettingills. Professor Pettingill is our most distinguished economist. He wrote a book on practical economics that weighs four pounds.

"Where did you learn so much about politics, Miss Crawford?" I asked after the taxi began rattling to its destination.

"Why, I have been in politics all my life. My father was a state senator for several terms, and I lived at the capital with him, and after that he went to Congress for six years, and I lived in Washington. I began to absorb politics when I was a little girl and have been interested in it ever since. Father died when I was twenty and I struck out for myself. I had been a sort of secretary for him between school terms in Washington, and had learned typewriting and stenography. I took some special studies and then Governor Plunkett offered me a position with him. I stayed there until his term was ended, in January, 1916, and after that went with the State Council for Defense. When the war ended I came here because I have many friends here; and Mr. Dowd found me—or I found Mr. Dowd. Anyhow I am much interested in this work, and that's all there is to tell."

"Isn't she a corker?" asked Dowd as she ran up the steps of the Pettingill house.

"She sure is!" I replied with a fervor that made Dowd turn and regard me interestedly.

XII

"GOING to see Hunkins to-day?" dad asked me at breakfast.

"Yes, sir."

"What's your decision?"

"I'll take it if he doesn't make any conditions or try to tie me up with promises."

"It will seem odd to have you on the board. I'm taking it for granted you will be elected. Know any of your future colleagues?"

"I was on a committee from the Country Club once that had a meeting with Pendergrast about a water extension we wanted."

"How did he strike you?"

"I don't remember much about him."

"Well, you'll know plenty a year from now. I've fussed with that outfit, off and on, for a good many years. However, there's no need of my delineating those statesmen for you. You'll have a chance to find them out first hand. What do you think of Hunkins?"

"He isn't much like my idea of a political boss."

"Queer fish, Hunkins. Worth watching. Well, I've got an appointment at nine-thirty." Dad rose and started to leave.

"Wait a minute, dad," I said. "What do you think about it? Is it a good thing to do or not?"

"That all depends on you, son. You can be useful or not as you choose. You are going into an atmosphere of small politics, and of the most practical kind. It may be a good starting point or it may not. That is up to you. Certainly there is plenty of opportunity, and a big-enough future. Good luck!"

It seemed to me that dad was rather evasive. However, as he said, it was up to me. I read the News until ten o'clock. There was nothing in it that concerned me, except a brief paragraph that the candidates for the vacancies on the board were to be selected that day.

At ten o'clock I called Hunkins on the telephone:

"Good morning, Mr. Hunkins. This is Talbot speaking."

"Good morning, captain. Are you coming over to see me?"

"Whenever it is convenient."

"Please come at noon, if that will suit you. I shall be busy until that time."

Noon suited me, and I was at 76 Martin Street at twelve, exactly. The maid showed me into the room that was lined with the red and yellow and brown and green books. A few minutes later I heard the outer door close and Hunkins appeared.

"Good morning again, captain," he said. "Will you come into my private retreat?"

I followed him to the inner room and sat down in the solitary chair at the end of the desk. I was nervously apprehensive over the meeting. It marked a new and strange step for me. Hunkins was smiling and affable. He lighted a cigarette, fussed with some papers on his desk, as if giving me a chance to get settled into the environment, and then turned and asked: "Well, captain, have you made a decision?"

"I have, but there are a few things I want to talk over with you before I tell you what it is."

"All right. For instance?" He sat down in his chair, leaned back and looked at me attentively.

"You realize that this is rather a sensational thing for me to consider."

"Sensational? What is sensational about a young man of your standing and character going into politics and taking a place on the Board of Aldermen?"

"That's just it. You know the Board of Aldermen doesn't stand very high in this city, isn't respectable ——"

"All the greater virtue then in our endeavor to inject some into it, don't you think?" he interrupted, smiling at me reassuringly.

"Maybe so, but that isn't the point."

"That seems a very good point to me, but perhaps I'm obtuse. What is the point?"

"That there must be some reason for my going into this sort of thing."

"Well, isn't there? Surely you are not going into it without a real reason; or a number of them. You are not going into it for recreation or as a new form of sport or as a slumming expedition or anything like that, are you? Pardon me, I am not trying to forestall your conclusion."

"I mean a reason on your part," I blurted. This suave boss was gently joshing me, I thought.

"On my part? Why, what other reason do you need than the palpable ones that there is a vacancy on the board from your ward, that I as the humble instrument of my party offer you the nomination for that vacancy. Certainly I would not make the offer if I did not consider you eminently capable of taking on the duties of the place; and imparting distinction thereto, I may add."

"Thank you," I said with such irony as I could command. "But I wish you would answer my question. Why did you select me for this place?"

"My dear captain, I have just answered that. If you think there is anything ulterior in my offer you misjudge me."

"Isn't there?"

"Not a thing."

"Do you mean that you are not obligating me in any way if I take it, not asking for any promises or tying any strings on me?"

"You've been reading what my commentators in the daily press say about me. Sometimes a political boss—the designation is theirs, not mine—may be actuated by perfectly simple obvious motives, though it is very hard to make the political writers understand that. They insist on his being Machiavellian at all times. That makes their copy more interesting. Now then, if you want this nomination you can have it without any promise of any kind to me, without any obligation other than your small political assessment, without a single string of any sort tied to you. Is that straightforward and plain enough to still your qualms?"

He looked at me squarely and spoke sincerely. I was uncomfortable but I persisted:

"It seems so, but how am I to know it?"

I said that before I thought how it would sound. I blushed over my rudeness.

"Oh," I stammered. "I am sorry—I beg ——"

He laughed. "Don't mind me," he said. "I am only a so-called boss, and naturally one of the most despicable of creatures. I realize perfectly what your attitude of mind is toward me. That attitude of mind in you, and in those like you, comes largely from what you hear, not from what you know. However, I accept it as one of the necessities of the situation. It doesn't annoy me. It amuses me. Perhaps if we are associated your view may change. Possibly not. At any rate let us get back to the *res gestæ*, as the lawyers would say. You want to know how you are to be convinced that what I say is true?"

"Not at all," I protested. "I didn't——"

"Don't make any excuses. The reputation my friends of the press and the opposition have made for me justifies your doubt. I repeat, if you take this nomination, as I hope you will, you are not obligated to me in any way, personally or politically; except, of course, I hope that you will vote as an organization man on party matters if any come up. But I do not ask even that. You are entirely untrammeled, untied, unhampered so far as I am concerned. I cannot make it more definite than that. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. We are now on a basis of full understanding as to pledges. Is there anything else?"

"Am I supposed to join any organization or anything like that?"

"Not unless you want to. Of course you will be expected to look after the aldermanic affairs of your ward, as well as take your share of the general committee work, and there will be ward politics of one sort and another, but you'll find out about those as you go along."

I had a dozen things to ask about when I started to meet Hunkins, but I couldn't think of anything more then. So I said nothing.

"How about it?" asked Hunkins. "Will you run?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad to hear it. You will be assessed one hundred dollars for necessary campaign expenses. The election will be in three weeks. You won't have to make a campaign."

"Why not?"

"I understand you will not be opposed by Pendergrast. He couldn't win anyhow, and won't try."

"Suppose he does put up somebody?"

"Then we'll turn in and beat him."

That was all there was to it, except some talk we had about various details. I was there less than thirty minutes. As I left I couldn't resist the temptation to make one more trial at discovering why Hunkins picked me for the place.

"I wish I could know, Mr. Hunkins, just why you are making this experiment with me."

He laughed. "Can't entirely disabuse your mind that there is a catch to it, can you? Well, there isn't. Any mystery that shrouds it is supplied by yourself. It's a straight, open, political proposition with me. I want a candidate. You fill the bill. There you are. However, if that doesn't satisfy you, remember what old Don Quixote said: '*El tiempo es el descubridor de todas las cosas.*' Do you know Spanish?"

"Only a few cigar-box phrases."

"Well, what the Don had in mind when he made that remark was that time is the discoverer of all things. Suppose we leave it on that basis. I shall ask you to come to the ward committee meeting Monday night, when the nomination will be made. I'll attend to the newspapers. The reporters will be here this afternoon. Good-by."

I walked along Martin Street in a dubious frame of mind. A queer fish, this man Hunkins, as dad says. Fancy a political boss handing me Cervantes in the original! I can't make him out.

Mindful of Steve's cautions about the afternoon newspaper reporters I secluded myself until four o'clock, and then went down to Dowd's office. Dowd was there, and Steve.

"Well," I said as I entered, "I'm a regular politician now. I'm as good as elected to the Board of Aldermen, Hunkins tells me."

"Had your talk?" asked Dowd.

"Yes; had it at noon."

"Did he try any funny business?"

"Not a thing. He explicitly says he asks no pledges or promises, and holds me under no obligation of any kind except he hopes I will vote with the organization on party matters and wants me to give the ward a hundred-dollar contribution."

"That's a wide-open and comparatively inexpensive program," commented Steve.

"What's he driving at?" asked Dowd, half to himself, half to us. "I can't figure it. Something in his mind, that's sure enough. However, sufficient unto the day is the nomination thereof. Going to see Hunkins to-night, Steve?"

"Yes."

"Sound him a little, will you? It's a mystery to me, but I'm glad it happened. Interesting man, isn't he, Talbot?"

"He certainly is; and educated too. He threw some Spanish at me as I left."

"Spanish?" said Steve. "He usually hands out Horace. He's a bug about Horace."

"Well, anyhow he's perfectly open and aboveboard with me in his talk, and I've accepted, on the theory that I can take care of myself or if I can't I deserve whatever I get."

"Good platform," observed Dowd. "Is there to be any campaign?"

"Hunkins doesn't think so. He says Pendergrast will not nominate, as he understands it, but if he does we'll go in and lick him."

"He won't," said Steve. "Pendergrast told me."

"I'm sorry," Dowd observed. "We might have stirred things up a bit. Oh, well, it's all right. We can begin stirring when you get on the board. Know any of those birds you will associate with?"

"Not one of them."

"Your impressions will be interesting."

"Why? Are they such frightful highbinders?"

"How about it, Steve?" asked Dowd

"They are an average lot of ward politicians," Steve replied, "except one or two. Cass is a high-class man, and so is Braden. The rest of them are ordinary. They are entirely dominated by Hunkins and Pendergrast except one wild Irishman named Kilmany, who is strong enough in the Thirteenth Ward to elect himself despite their opposition. Kilmany runs amuck whenever he feels liverish, and raises hell. He furnishes most of the copy, outside the routine, that is written about their meetings. Better tie up with him, George. He's erratic, but he's straight. Pendergrast is the operating member. He sits in the board. Hunkins deals from his room in Martin Street. He never is seen in the City Hall. It's an interesting game and you'll have a lot of fun with it. Also, that gang legislate for the city and have their importance."

"Is it as rotten as they say it is in campaign times?" I asked.

"No; nothing is. There may be some grafting in the matter of school sites and fire-house sites and street extensions and paving, and so on, but not half as much as the outs claim there is. By and large, it isn't so bad; only it's strictly political when it ought to be strictly civic. Still, there is large room for improvement, both there and in the executive end of the City Hall."

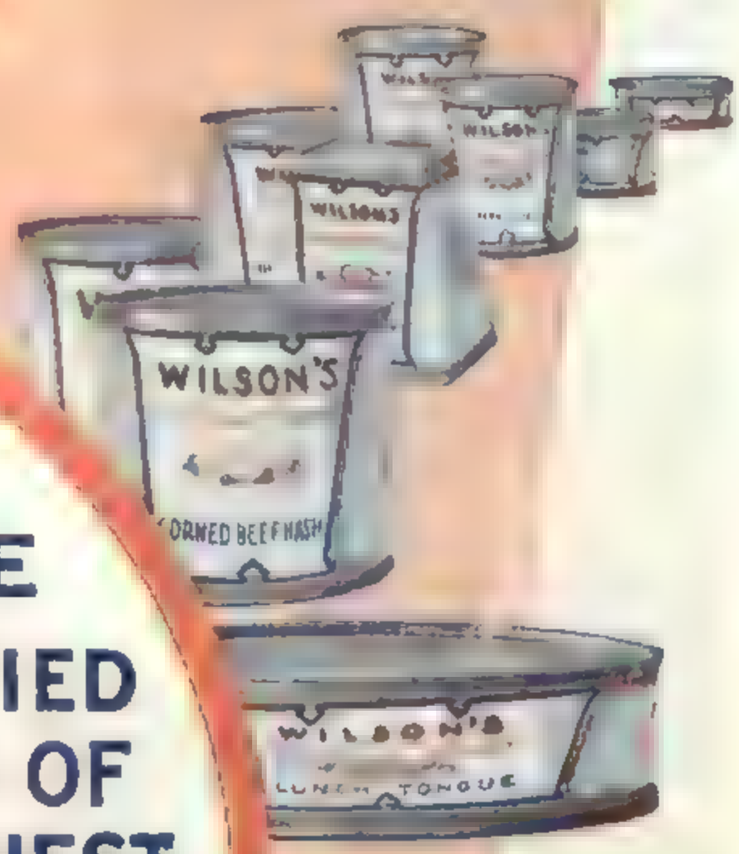
"Have at it!" exclaimed Dowd. "And now let's go somewhere where we can find the makings of a toast to the new member."

We found a place and made three toasts instead of one. Next morning I got up early and sent out for a News. There it was, a half column of it, written in Steve's friendliest vein. I read it six times, each time with increasing interest and a refreshed sense of importance. After the sixth reading I saw myself nothing less than mayor, and didn't think the governorship so far off as it might be. Steve had touched up all the high lights.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WILSON'S

Certified CANNED MEATS

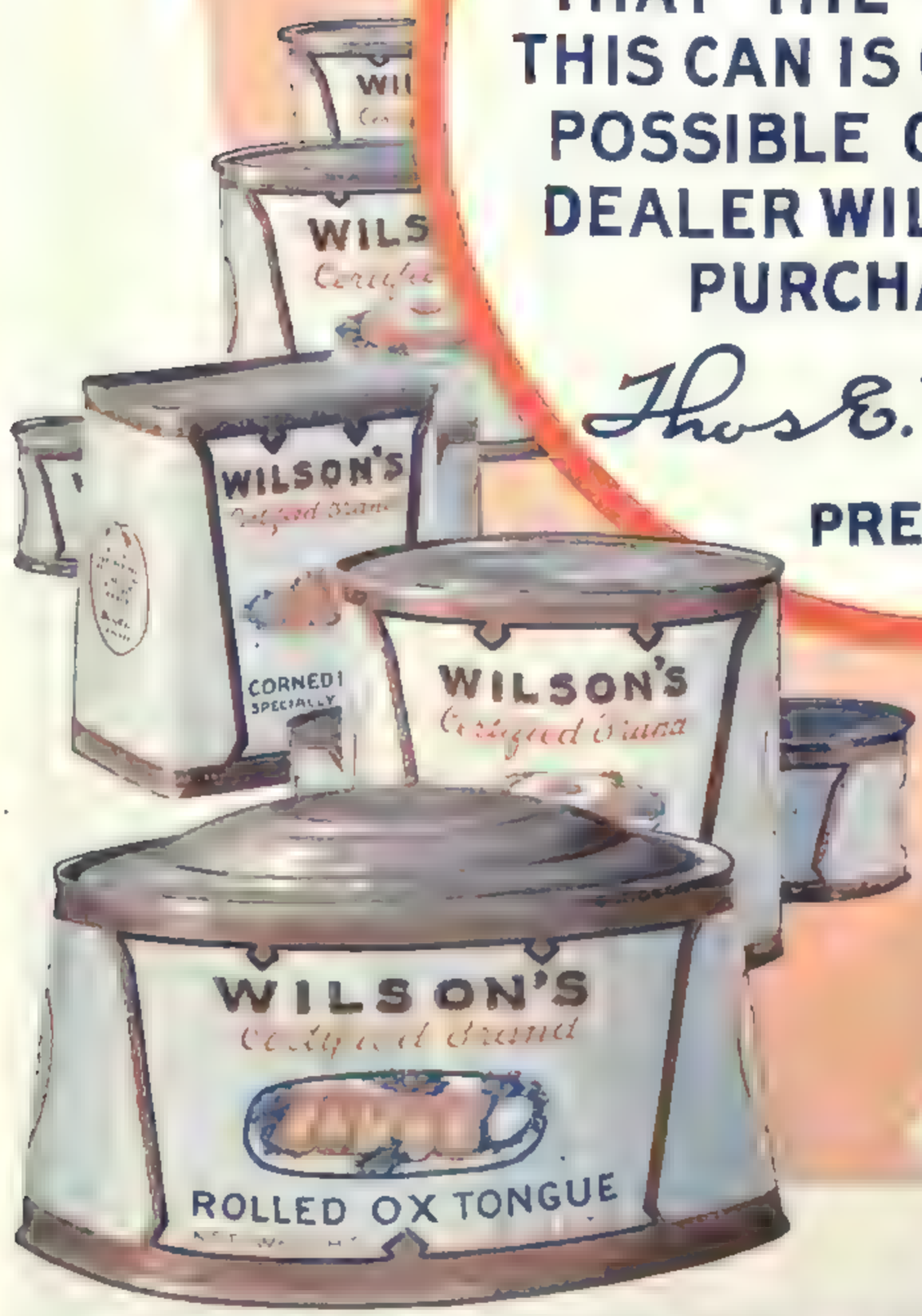


OUR GUARANTEE

IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS CAN IS OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE QUALITY, YOUR DEALER WILL REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE.

Thos E. Wilson

PRESIDENT



Among the canned meats added to the Certified line and sold under our "money-back" guarantee—reproduced in center of this page—are:

Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Rolled Ox Tongue
Vienna Style Sausage
Lunch Tongue
Luncheon Tongue
Pure Pork Sausage
Sliced Beef
Sliced Bacon
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract

Flavor that tempts, quality that pleases you

THE mere fact that these canned meats bear the Wilson *Certified* label tells you that they are without a peer. Pure, clean, properly cooked, they have a flavor seldom found. Not only are they most appetizing, but most economical, as they are wholly without waste. Their quality conforms to the Wilson standard and the Wilson policy, which is to make you the judge.

If your dealer cannot supply you with these and other Wilson products—all of which are selected, handled and prepared with the *respect* your food deserves—give us his name and we will stock him, as our distribution is national.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

The *last* is the wooden form upon which *shoes* are made. Unless the *last* is shaped correctly, the *shoes* will not fit

The Last and *the* Shoe

The Brown Shaping Lasts are scientifically designed — upon the lines of perfect feet — to support and protect the pliable bones and tender muscles of the growing feet.

They give to Buster Brown Shoes their foot-shaping qualities which prevent weak ankles, twisted bones, broken arches, and the other harmful foot ailments, so easily acquired during childhood.

Buster Brown Shoes are also renowned for style, for wear and for economy. Good stores everywhere sell them at $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up, according to size and style — high or low cut — button, lace and blucher.

Read "Training the Growing Feet", the book that tells how you can avoid untold suffering for your boy or girl. Mailed free.

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and for Girls and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

For Girls For Boys of 2 to 16

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

A CITIZEN OF THE ICE

(Continued from Page 15)

things, the little southern island of Guadeloupe in exchange for the whole Dominion of Canada.

"Man probably began his career as a subtropical animal. Until clothes and fire enabled him to drift northward he doubtless looked on the north with terror. And the tradition has come down, almost intact, to our own day.

"People who went to the Arctic made the journey in heroic mood, their souls attuned to the meeting of fearsome obstacles. They expected to elude death by the narrowest of margins, or to perish as martyrs to the glorious cause of human advancement.

"As the majority of mankind—even of heroes—prefer life to martyrdom, and as the zeal for exploration continued to urge men to Arctic travel the thing presently reduced itself to a mathematical system.

"Ice-resisting ships carried the expeditions as far north as any vessel could go. Then the provisions and fuel were transported the rest of the way, either on men's backs or in dog-drawn sleds. It was all worked out like a sum in arithmetic. The explorer computed beforehand how much food, to the ounce, each man and each dog was to eat daily; how much fuel was needed for warmth and cookery; what burden each man or dog could carry, and how far."

Lessons from the Eskimos

"In some cases the calculations went further. After all the dog food had been eaten a certain number of the sled dogs could be kept alive and on the job by the flesh of the other sled dogs; and if need be the last dogs were to be eaten by the men of the party.

"We used to read with thrills of horror how Richardson and his handful of surviving comrades struggled southward through the ice fields and fell greedily upon the bones and the scraps of leather which they found in deserted Indian camps on their way toward Great Slave Lake. It did not seem to occur to them or to their biographers that these men might just as well have secured and eaten the living animals from which such leather and bones had been obtained by the Indians. They were better armed for hunting than were the savages, and the game was plentiful and easy to shoot.

"The two ships of Sir John Franklin's last expedition were ice-caught near the north coast of Canada, between Victoria and King William Islands, in a splendid hunting country. For two years the expedition was stranded there. Its members saw the Eskimos, all round them, living in comfort. They saw how the Eskimos shot bears and harpooned seals.

"But the white men profited by none of these object lessons. When their cargo of supplies was nearly exhausted they deserted the ships and set out over the ice—dragging heavy and useless boats along with them—in the hope of reaching some settlement to the south. They carried all the food they could.

"And they began to die of starvation almost within sight of the abandoned ships!

"They perished, every one of them—more than a hundred men in all. They perished from hunger and cold in the same stretch of country in which hundreds of Eskimos were living and bringing up families and taking care of their aged and infirm and enjoying every needful comfort. The white men had good guns and steel knives as against the Eskimos' bows and arrows and stone knives. Yet they were not able to kill game to keep them alive.

"Perhaps their European stomachs revolted at the thought of gorging seal meat—which, by the way, is excellent fare—but assuredly it would have been preferable to the cannibalism to which the Franklin refugees were driven.

"In a nutshell, the fact remained that more than one hundred stalwart Europeans suffered themselves to starve to death in a land where thousands of natives were waxing fat.

"Then came Dr. John Rae's expedition in that very same region. Rae was sent out to find what had become of Franklin. He had camped with the Indians in various parts of Canada, and had thus forgotten his inbred schooling as to the fearsomeness of the Arctic winters and the barrenness of the north.

"Rae wintered near the spot where the last of the Franklin crew had died of hunger. He and twenty companions had made ready for the ordeal by killing plenty of caribou and other game and by gathering vast heaps of 'andromeda tetragonia,' a resinous variety of heather which makes fine fuel. The whole party wintered safely and pleasantly, without the loss of a man and without an hour's privation.

"They might have fared still better and have spared themselves much useless work if they had chanced to know the value of seal oil for fuel. But they sustained life with entire ease at the same place where the Franklin expedition's unfortunates had starved and frozen.

"Doctor Rae made a full report of all this, but it attracted practically no attention. The news that he had wintered snugly—where the traditional explorer would have gone through heroic sufferings to a glorious death—did nothing to alter popular or scientific opinion as to the horrors of the north. He had solved the Arctic problem so far as he had attempted it. But his example had no effect on those who came after him. They continued to attack the north in the same heroically desperate frame of mind—and to suffer and die.

"Peary ushered in a saner period. Like Rae he made use of native food supplies, and he employed Eskimos to hunt and fish for him. Yet, as he tells us in his book, The North Pole, it was his principle to carry along on sledges enough food and fuel to take him to his destination and back again.

"Nansen acted on this same plan. But his transportation system was not equal to Peary's. His plan included the killing of dog after dog as the sledges became lighter from the consumption of food, and of feeding these slain animals to the other dogs to keep up the latters' drawing strength. He found, after he reached the walrus grounds off Franz-Joseph-Land—where one bullet can secure tons of food and of fuel fat—that an exclusive diet of fresh meat is sufficient and healthful.

"I tried to profit by the various lessons taught by Rae and Nansen and the rest. I proved during my first winter with the Eskimos that I could live and thrive on seal meat or on fish; that salt and bread and vegetables are not necessary to human health; that seal oil will keep any house warm in the iriest weather; that the building of the ideal Eskimo snowhouse is not—as explorers have gravely affirmed—a mystic art which no white man can master."

Life on Arctic Seas

"In short, I reached the conclusion that a white man could live anywhere in the Arctic for an indefinite time by following the simple methods of the Eskimos, and that he could do so with ease and to the improvement of his health.

"I had noted that people who explored in the south always came back with their health impaired, and that those who explored the north always returned with their health improved. And I was eager to put my theories into practice."

It was in 1907 that Stefansson made known his belief that "on the mainland of North America and probably on the Arctic islands a white man, equipped with implements that could be hauled on one dog sledge, could live indefinitely and travel anywhere without support from ships or provision depots."

He persuaded influential scientists that he was correct. The result was a scientific expedition, four and a half years long, on the north coast of Canada, the north coast of Alaska and in Victoria Island.

The success of this venture proved, past doubt, the correctness of Stefansson's forecast. He had made the Arctic safe for exploration and had destroyed the bogy of the north so far as land travel is concerned.

But the sea remained to conquer.

The bulk of the far north is made up of ice-covered ocean. Thousands of miles of white expanse stretch out beyond the land; vast areas of seamed and fissured ice of varying thicknesses, according to the presence or absence of currents underneath, which had been looked on as the veritable abomination of desolation.

Stefansson now announced that the Arctic seas would support human life as readily as would the Arctic islands or mainlands. To prove it he intended to strike out over this trackless expanse, with a few comrades and with a single sled of six dogs. He planned to stay there for years, far from any land, and to do so in the same comfort as on shore.

He set forth his scheme in detail. Nobody thought he was in earnest. It sounded like press-agent talk

(Concluded on Page 123)

An Arctic Relief Ship Frozen in the Ice

Most
Firestone

Miles per Dollar and the "Word of Honor"

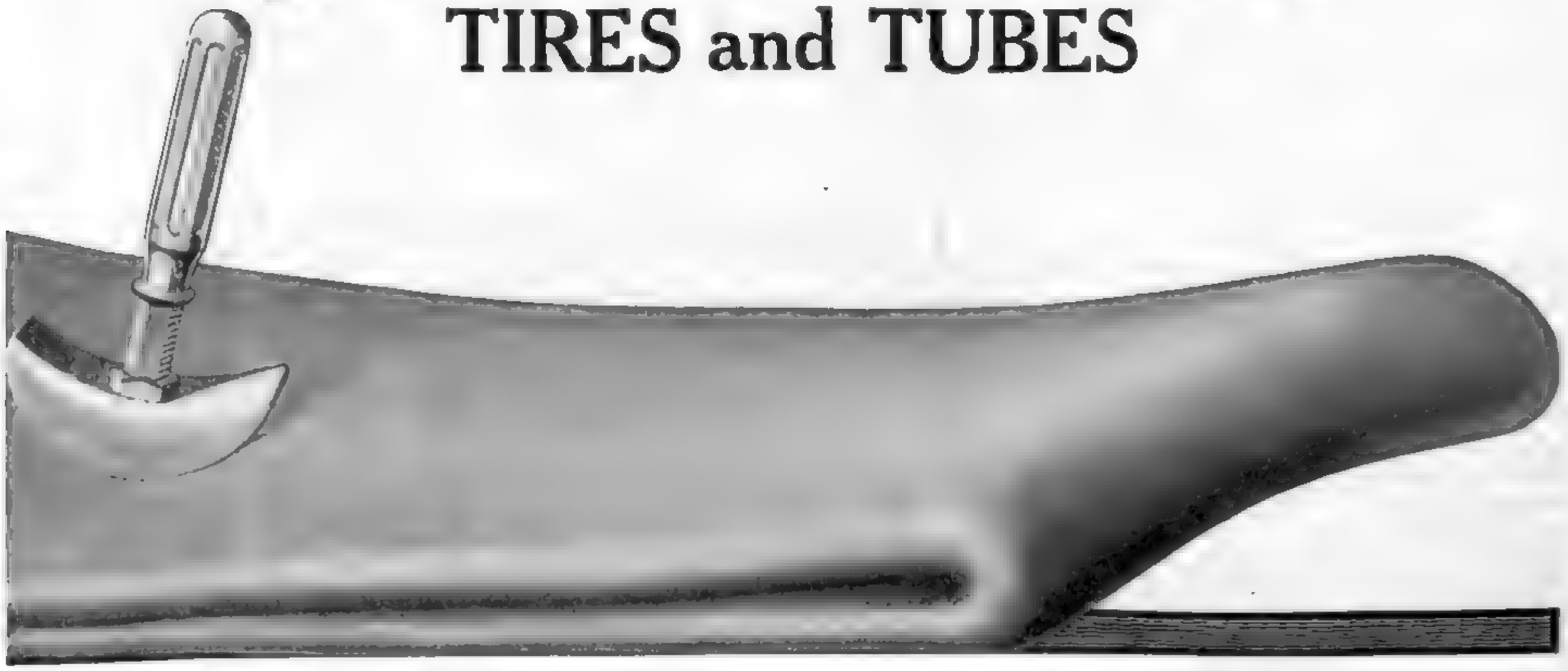
THEY go together and the name stands for both—the name of Harvey S. Firestone, President of the Company.

Specify this name when you buy a tire or tube; it means the *personal* element in service, the Word of Honor in tires and tubes.

Everybody's honor! Not only of the man who pledges his name but of every worker in the Factory. 90 per cent of them own stock in the business, and have a personal object in satisfying you. They stand or fall by the product.

Firestone

TIRES and TUBES



On April 30, 1803 the United States acquired by the Louisiana Purchase

ALL of its present area between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, together with other territory which in all more than doubled the original area of the nation.

Today an even larger territory than was conceived by the statesmen of 1803 is served by the great mills of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, which, located at points best suited to meet the nation's needs, offer a national service deserving for Lehigh the designation of "The National Cement."

ALLENTOWN, PA.
CHICAGO, ILL.
SPOKANE, WN
New York, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kansas City, Mo.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New Castle, Pa.
Omaha, Neb
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mason City, Iowa
Richmond, Va.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

The National Cement

LEHIGH CEMENT

(Concluded from Page 119)

or the vapidest boasting. Even some of the men who consented to make the perilous experiment with him thought he did not intend to do a tithe of what he proposed.

After detailing his plan and the probable length of his proposed absence he vanished into the north.

"Why didn't you tie the lunatic and bring him back with you?" demanded a famous explorer of one of the men whom Stefansson had sent home before making the final departure for the ice country. "Why did you let him commit suicide?"

No word came from the absentee. Not even to the most optimistic of us did it occur that he could possibly be alive. And we mourned for a he-man, a man we had liked and honored, a man whose calm faith in himself had for once outrun his saner judgment.

We fell to comparing his outfit with Peary's on the latter's final triumphant dash for the Pole.

Peary's ice-fighting ship, under command of Captain Bob Bartlett—fearless adventurer and loyal lieutenant to his adored chief—carried the Pole's discoverer to the farthest point where its blunt nose could make headway against the ever-thickening ice. Then began the freighting of supplies northward by relays of dog teams.

When the most northerly bit of stable land was reached, at Cape Columbia, there was still about five hundred miles of ice between Peary and the Pole.

For that five-hundred-mile dash Peary pressed into service 139 dogs, 19 sledges and 24 men. His oft-spoken slogan was "Food, food, and more food!" Therefore everything but food—on which the party's lives might depend—was shaved down to the lowest possible degree, to make way for the needful provisions.

A Contrast in Arctic Equipment

The twenty-four men had but one rifle among them, and the barrel of that was sawed off to lighten the weapon's weight. There was just one pair of field glasses in the whole party. There was no bedding and there was practically no spare clothing. The men slept in their day clothes.

The nineteen sledges were piled with food—and with little else. Even the supply of fuel was cut down to a minimum. This tiny quantity of fuel was so apportioned as to allow barely enough for cooking, and to keep the snow houses at an average temperature of something like ten degrees above zero.

Food rations were portioned out with rigid care—two pounds daily per man and one pound per dog. As fast as sleds were emptied they were sent back.

All this meant tremendous labor, great hardship and the loss of about sixty per cent of the overworked and hungry dogs. By means of it Peary reached the Pole, every mile of the dash representing toil and privation.

By contrast to this scientifically worked-out journey of the world's most successful explorer let us glance at the outfit Stefansson took along for an infinitely longer stay on the surface of the frozen Arctic seas.

Peary had gone on the assumption that he must travel over ice which could yield him neither food nor fuel. Stefansson assumed that the seemingly hostile ice would yield him both. Stefansson was the first white man to realize that on polar ice he was really "in the mouth of the Amazon."

As they carried neither food nor fuel Stefansson and his few men needed only a single sled and six dogs. They were going to live off the country—or rather off the sea—so they went strong on ammunition and arms. Each man had a rifle, and there was a spare rifle besides. Each man had enough warm clothing to last him for two years or more, and had several pairs of stout boots.

Besides this there were hunting gear of divers sorts, cooking pots, a stove that would burn blubber, a tent, a tarpaulin for turning the sled into a raft, scientific instruments, photographic equipment, writing materials, ample bedding, and so on.

All this outfit was packed with ease on the light sled without making too heavy a load for the dogs.

Out into the unknown fared the man whose friends were presently to give him up for dead. And during all the endless months of his disappearance from the world the most thrilling and agonizing adventure undergone by his party was when one of them slipped on the ice and sprained an ankle.

For the rest, the expedition was living on the fat of the land—or, more literally, the fat of the sea. Seals were abundant and easy to shoot. Their flesh was palatable. Their blubber made excellent fuel. As a variant on this diet there was an occasional polar bear to be shot as he blundered past the camp on his usual winter hunt for seals.

After the first month or so the party no longer missed the salt and vegetables that once had seemed so needful a part of every-day diet. They enjoyed seal meat, and ate ravenously of it. Nor did the lack of variety interfere either with health or with appetite. The freshness of the meat—especially when it was underdone—prevented scurvy, that worst scourge of the explorer who must live on canned foods.

When the weather was warm—at zero or above—the men slept in their tent, for snow houses have a lamentable habit of leaking and dripping, from interior heat, when the mercury is above zero. In colder weather—anywhere from ten to sixty below zero—they would build a true Eskimo snow hut. The building of this type of house was once supposed to be impossible for white men. Stefansson and three of his followers became so adept at the job that they could erect such an igloo inside of fifty minutes.

The seal-fat stove speedily warmed the tent or snow house to a temperature of anywhere from sixty to seventy degrees Fahrenheit. This, and the bedding brought along, enabled the party to undress and go regularly to bed every night. No one who has learned the difference in explorer comfort between sleeping in day garments and in changing them for night clothes will need to be told the added benefit to health and to spirits gained by this.

The explorer of tradition sat chattering in his furs before his solitary spark of fuel, and with numbed and mittened fingers scribbled half-decipherable pencilings in his diary. Stefansson, in shirt sleeves and slippers, wrote his diary with a fountain pen. He was as pleasantly warm and well fed when he wrote it as though he were in his own study—in ante-coal-conservation days.

Nor did the dark months of the winter affect his spirits and those of his men. Even when at noonday the outdoor light was barely strong enough for the reading of very large print they knew none of the weather blues which attack so many people in civilized climes during a week of rain or of gray clouds.

Stefansson cannot be made to see that months of dark or of twilight are depressing. He pooh-poohs the notion as bred of literature—claiming that poets once sang of the gloomy effect of darkness and that all the reading public has since accepted the dictum as true. To back his statement of the nondreariness of the Arctic night he points to the chronic cheeriness of the Eskimos and to the fact that he and his followers felt no inclination to mope.

Indeed, the only result of the months-long nights upon him has been to bring him back to the haunts of men with a strong preference for dusk rather than for sunlight, and for autumn rather than for spring or summer.

By way of sport, as well as to collect the needed supplies for light and warmth and provender, he improved on the native tricks for seal catching. Still working by precise calculation, he experimented until he proved that a seal cannot see more than three hundred yards ahead of it. Also that a man moving or lying on the ice will readily be mistaken by it for a fellow seal, especially if he be broadside-on to his intended prey.

Working on this hypothesis Stefansson promptly reduced the task of seal killing to a science. Creeping broadside-on toward the seals as they lay on the ice at the edge of their breathing holes, he was able to get within seventy yards of them before firing.

A Dead Seal May be Tricky

This close-quarters work was essential, for it was necessary to hoard ammunition. It was necessary, moreover, to plant the bullet in the brain of the victim and in no other part of the anatomy. A shot in the heart would kill with the same precision—but not before a quiver of the stricken brute would send its body sliding down the slippery slope of ice into the depths of the breathing hole and forever out of reach of the hunter.

A ball in the brain caused instant and motionless death, leaving the seal in the same spot as when it was struck, and causing no pain. This was but one of Stefansson's several methods of sealing. It gave him an unfailing abundance of fresh meat—and blubber.

The problem of drinking water was solved as easily as had been that of diet, and in the same way. Stefansson's first winter among the Eskimos had not only taught him that exclusive seal or fish fare would sustain life and health, but also that there is nothing more erroneous than the old superstition that the eating of snow to allay thirst is harmful.

One day, by reason of a blizzard, none of the men could go out to replenish a nearly empty larder. On that day the dogs were put on rations. The humans were not. With this single twenty-four-hour exception neither men nor dogs were confined to rations throughout the whole sojourn. They had all they chose to eat, and at any time they chose to eat it.

The dietary which put fifteen pounds on Stefansson's spare frame did as much in its way for his companions and his sled animals. On the journey back to civilization the party stopped for a day or two at an Eskimo village. There one of the dogs caught distemper from some stray curs and died. A second dog choked to death trying to swallow a greased rag. With the exception of these two casualties the same dogs lasted Stefansson five years—a contrast to Peary's loss of sixty per cent of his sled dogs in a few weeks!

The only perils of the long and unromantically comfortable sojourn were the semioccasional areas of ice whose underlying current was sluggish. Here the ice had frozen too thickly to permit of seal hunting. But the signs of such areas were soon as plain to Stefansson as are those of a near-by desert to land travelers, and he learned to skirt them.

"There was nothing hazardous or exciting about what we did," Stefansson told me.

"We simply used common sense. We knew we were in no danger. So we didn't worry ourselves sick.

"An American going to England would not load himself up with tons of ham and flour and eggs for his stay there. He would take along a letter of credit and then buy his ham and flour and eggs when he got over there.

"Our letters of credit were our rifles and ammunition.

"We figured that our cartridges averaged thirty to the pound, and that every pound of ammunition averaged us a ton of meat—and fuel. Speaking of fuel, our predecessors had not been able to heat their snow houses to any point of comfort because they were on fuel rations, and on the scantiest fuel rations at that.

"We were always so certain we could get the next seal in the same easy way we had got the last one that we were never on fuel or food rations, and we always burned enough oil to keep our houses or tents as warm as we wanted them.

"It was high time for someone to destroy the fear of the Arctic, because unless the conquest of the north by common sense had come soon its conquest by mechanics would have forestalled us.

"When the Wright brothers' first successful airship made its trial flight at Kitty Hawk, years ago, when Count Zeppelin made his first practical dirigible I think every one of us realized that it must be only a matter of time before the supposedly inaccessible spots of the earth—from the peak of Mount Everest to the geographic Pole—could be reached with ease by the air route.

"That time is surely coming. It may be at hand. The airship has crossed and recrossed the Atlantic. Soon it will cross the Poles.

"But in the meanwhile I have shown how the Arctic regions may be conquered by normal means.

"Our discovery has opened to humanity a new and rich expanse of country, a vast region whose resources are not yet tapped, and which in time will provide countless forms of wealth and industry and food supply.

"If the old and tediously difficult and danger-fraught systems of Arctic exploration are to persist in spite of what we have shown—then it will be because exploration is not a serious profession, but a mere form of sport, like fly-fishing or fox-hunting, where the main consideration is not the actual catching of the game but the catching of it in the approved sportsmanlike way."

THE LAUGH

(Continued from Page 11)

In Scaasi's equally frequent spells of high good humor the Boob was the inevitable butt of his elephantine wit and of his merriest and most homicidal practical jokes.

In all his mild life Guthrie had never known what actual and active hatred was, but he was learning. Into his nonrevengeful soul was creeping the germ of a right hearty and wholesome hate for this bully of his.

Again and again he was minded to throw over his job, but he stuck to it. For one thing, he was getting his board and lodging for nothing and a pittance of cash besides—cash which was swelling the fund needed for the buying of his garage, and which he augmented now and then by doing odd motor jobs in the evenings for Leder's successor at the All-Car Garage.

But the money aspect of the case alone could not have kept him in the Scaasi camp. Something else was holding him there; something he did not analyze in conscious form. This bully was tormenting him. To run away would be to confess himself whipped. The idea went against the grain with Guthrie. Every time he thought of leaving it barred his departure.

There was another advantage, the Boob realized, in staying where he was. Scaasi was one of the best men in his profession. He was a ring Napoleon, crafty and brilliant. At his weight of one hundred and seventy-two pounds he was supreme. He had never been beaten. And now, tiring of the anomalous light-heavyweight class, he was planning a climb toward the regular heavyweight championship. Bob Fitzsimmons and other immortals no heavier than Scaasi had scaled to that height, and Scaasi saw no good reason for not following in their illustrious footsteps.

His coming fight with Kangaroo Brookins, the Australian light-heavyweight champion, would clear away the last formidable man in his class. A victory in that battle would force the world's present heavyweight champion to heed Scaasi's challenge. Wherefore, to this coming fight, as to a last all-important stepping-stone, Scaasi was bending his best efforts.

Guthrie, knowing all this, knew also that he himself was receiving rare—if painful—education in the art of fighting. He was receiving it from a master. That master might hate him, but the Boob was receiving the education none the less, and he profited by it in every way he could.

In his rapid, daily bouts with Scaasi he fell to studying his employer; to studying his every move and the ring reasons for that move. When the other sparring partner was taking his turn with the gloves Guthrie watched the bout in all its phases, and profited by what he saw. Mentally he dissected Scaasi's work to learn its causes and its results—and he learned them.

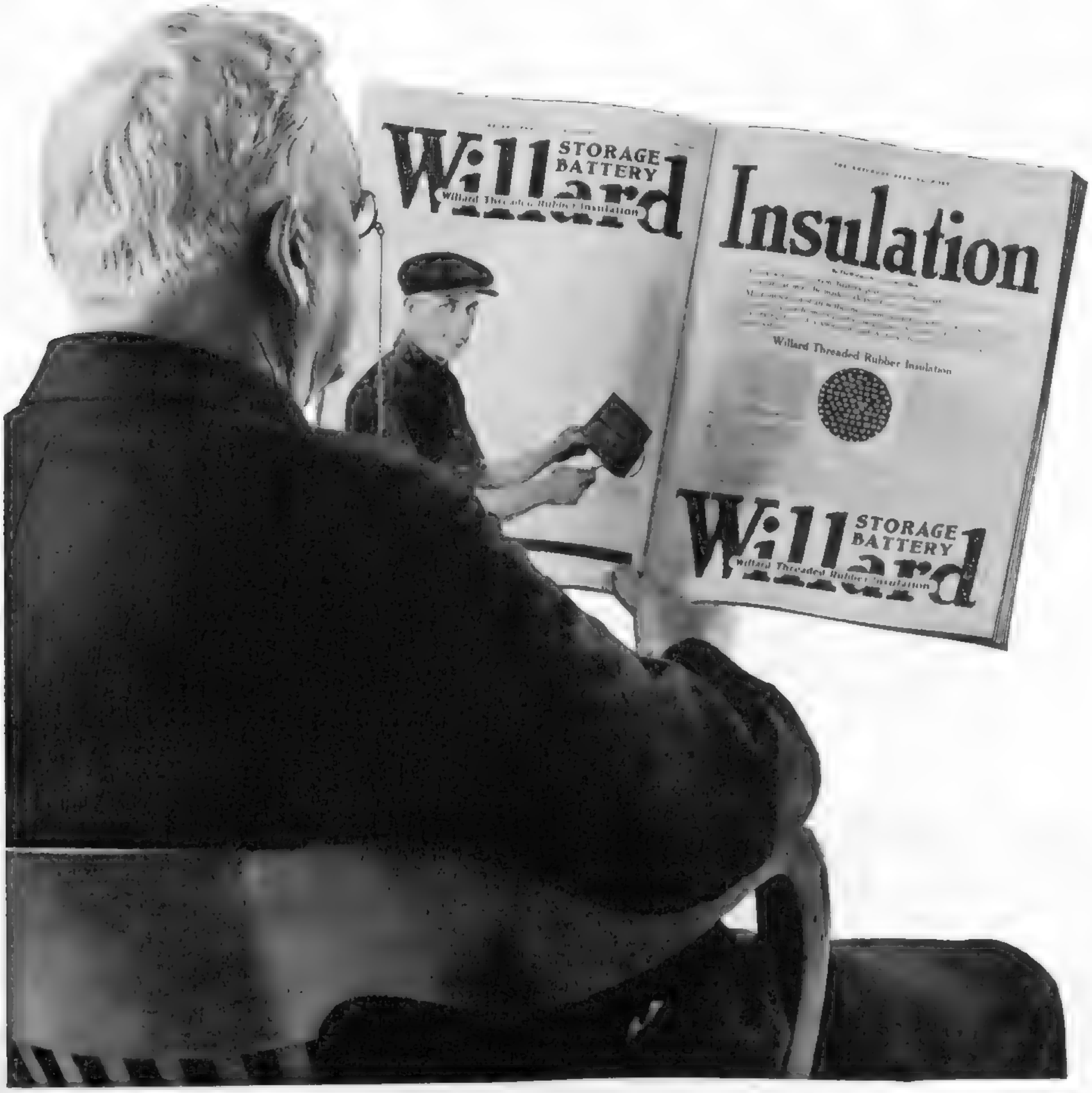
He learned, for example, the secret of that extra three inches of reach; and he grew to know by infallible instinct just when and how it was going to be brought into play. Revolving the maneuver in his own mind he wrought over it until he learned to block—or otherwise balk—the once-certain knock-out blow. Practicing privately with Doolan, he perfected his theories.

He did more. If he was a glutton for punishment, he was also a glutton for work. Never was he too tired or too busy to duplicate in his own person every day all the details of Scaasi's rigorous and scientific régime of training. Meantime he was boxing regularly with the champion,

(Continued on Page 126)

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation



WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Two Years Ago and Today

The story of a remarkable storage battery invention and what it is doing for Motorists

In the fall of 1917 readers of this journal read about a new Willard, a Still Better Willard, a Willard with an entirely new idea in battery construction — Threaded Rubber Insulation.

That Still Better Willard was not an experiment—for two years before that announcement to the general public it had been under the test of service. A car builder who saw its wonderful possibilities put it on 35,000 cars. Today he is still putting it on his new cars and has been followed by many others. And the demand of car owners for these new Willards has kept us busy in finding factory capacity to meet it.

But it was not announced to the automotive world till 1917, after it had demonstrated its unprecedented resistance to the ordinary causes of battery trouble, battery depreciation and battery short life.

What is the Secret of Threaded Rubber Success?

Inside any battery are these important elements—*Plates*, which Willard had already brought to high perfection: *Acid Solution* or Electrolyte, and *Insulation*, on which, more than on any other thing, a battery's length of life depends.

Insulation had always been the big problem with any storage battery. Ordinary materials wore out before the plates did. Re-insulation was bound to come sooner or later, and when insulation began to break down the plates were injured.

But Willard, for the first time, found a practical way to use *rubber*, the one ideal insulating material, by piercing each rubber insulator with 196,000 tiny threads to permit passage of the electrolyte.

Many of the first Willard Batteries with Threaded Rubber Insulation are still in use after four years. Even when abuse or neglect has shortened their lives they have shown their superior durability.

The government ordered 140,000 Willard Batteries with Threaded Rubber Insulation for signal service, aviation, motor transport and other work in the war.

No motorist can now afford to be unacquainted with this subject—for some day he will need a new battery, and surely he wants the *best that his money can buy*.

Get booklets "The Wick of the Willard" and "A Mark with a Meaning for You" from the nearest Willard Service Station.

(Continued from Page 123)

and each bout was a lesson—a lesson whose principles he absorbed with avidity.

As a result the erstwhile novice was blossoming into a formidable boxer. His mighty body was becoming like whalebone and tempered steel. He was hardened to a point where murderous punishment no longer bothered him.

Not that he was becoming a fighter—that he would never be. His new education did not suffice to give him the tiger heart of the successful pugilist. Even yet he could not watch, without wincing, the occasional bouts between Scaasi and the helpless Doolan; bouts which always resulted in the agonized collapse of the roustabout. These bouts were becoming more and more frequent as Guthrie learned to avoid knockouts. Scaasi in his ugly fits felt the need of having some victim to slug to senselessness; and nowadays the lot fell to Doolan.

An item of interest gleaned by the Boob was Scaasi's worship of money, an adoration shared by his manager. Niggardliness was a second nature to him. By the hour, in leisure time, he would pore over his bank book or seek to scale down his slender training expenses. His chief reasons for deciding to go into the regular heavyweight class were that the big money lay there and that he had almost exhausted such revenue as remained in his present class.

It was their joint yearning for anything in the shape of a coin that led Scaasi and Vedder to plan an open-house afternoon at the training camp three days before the fight with the Australian. In other words, to throw open the training quarters to the public for an hour in the afternoon—at fifty cents a head—and to permit this much-favored public to see Scaasi at work with the skipping rope, the handball, the punching bag; and, as a climax, to let it see him box two rounds apiece with each of his sparring partners.

The plan was good enough, but the townsfolks' reception of it was not. Ticket sales lagged. Fifty cents was a lot of money in hard times for people to pay for the privilege of watching a thin man skip rope or spat a handball or swat an inoffensive bag or spar tame rounds with tamer employees.

So again Scaasi and Vedder went into executive session and next day the rumor crept about town that the sparring bouts were not to be at all tame—in fact, that a genuine knock-out was promised.

This put a new turn to the whole affair. And on the appointed afternoon several hundred boys and men, with a goodly sprinkling of wholly respectable—if silly women and girls, filed through the impromptu wicket into the grounds of the old Ryerson place.

The number had been increased by a last-minute whisper that the promised knock-out victim was to be their fellow townsman, young Guthrie. No one in the crowd had any dislike for the Boob. Indeed, they did not yet know that he was a Boob, and his repute had been augmented by news that he was sparring partner to a champion prize fighter. But if anyone must be knocked senseless it is far more interesting to see that mishap befall somebody one knows than a total stranger. And the word brought a goodly addition to the pile of fifty-cent pieces.

The onlookers watched apathetically as Scaasi went through an uninspired imitation of his various bits of daily training routine. But the bovine faces brightened as Scaasi stepped into one corner of an improvised ring and Guthrie took his place in the opposite corner.

Doolan rang a bell and the bout began.

The first round was fast and exciting. Here in the presence of his old friends Guthrie strove to do his very best. It was pleasant, after all these weeks of bullying and jeers, to box for people who knew and liked him. For their sakes he put up the liveliest bout he could, and a mighty lively bout it was. Scaasi was forced to work his hardest to keep on even terms with his opponent.

So ended the first round amid a hum of approval from the audience. After a minute's rest the second began. Here again Guthrie kept his antagonist busy, and the blows began to grow heavier and less airily scientific. The local constable fidgeted, and hoped the town council might not hear of the affair. For to his unsophisticated eyes it was beginning to look much like a real fight.

Guthrie countered a left lead with a swing. Scaasi sought to block the blow. But much of its force broke through his tardy guard and landed flush on his face. To Guthrie the glove seemed to go too high to do any damage. But under its impact Scaasi's knees knocked together and his wide shoulders sagged. His arms dropped almost to his sides. In an instant he had lost his splendid pose of power and was reeling like a stage drunkard. He stumbled forward.

Guthrie, stung by his foe's plight, threw out his own arms instinctively to steady the falling champion. As he did so he heard a bellow of stark warning from Doolan. Then he saw Scaasi's limp body tense itself. But he saw and heard too late. Before he could grasp the meaning of the change—before instinct could make him fall on guard—he felt himself double like a jackknife under the force of a blow between chest and wind.

With his seemingly groping right foot thrust forward, Scaasi had shot his left fist out in a shoulder-swinging, cross-body blow that carried not only all his strength with it but the set of his hundred and seventy-two pounds as well. His gloved fist crashed into Guthrie's unguarded front.

At the parting of the ribs there is a spot about the size of a silver dollar. It is a nerve center known to old-time fighters as "the mark" and to science as "the solar plexus." The right kind of blow, delivered there with sufficient force, has the same effect on the body as might the sudden taking out of the backbone. The brain remains hideously clear, but the rest of the system is as impotent as is a new-born babe's.

Such a blow in 1897 transferred the world's heavyweight championship from Corbett to Fitzsimmons. Such a blow in the gymnasium of Kid Scaasi sent Guthrie to the floor, on his back, writhing spasmodically, not one of his muscles under control, his mind wide awake but powerless to control the remainder of him.

There he lay while Vedder rattled off the count of ten and while a mutter of displeased astonishment ran through the onlookers.

"See that, ladies and gentlemen?" declaimed Scaasi, standing over the anguished man and haranguing the spectators. "You've all heard tell of the yellow streak, and now you're seeing it. You see this feller's eyes are wide open. He isn't knocked out. He's as fit as any of you, but he's had enough. That's what's called laying down, ladies and gentlemen. I promised you a genuine knock-out to-day. I done my best to keep my word, but the Boob beat me to it. How can I knock out a feller who won't stand up to be hit?"

Delicately he applied his toe to the Boob's quivering ribs, exhorting him the while to rise and play the white man. His throat muscles paralyzed, Guthrie could only snarl in weak fury.

A woman laughed. It was a nasty laugh. It pierced the crowd's looser volume of chuckles and mutterings as a solitary mosquito's whine pierces all the other sounds of a summer night.

It was the laugh of a fool—heartless, shallow, cachinnatory—and it went through Guthrie's soul like the breath of hell. It was the crowning touch to the last and dirtiest of all Kid Scaasi's myriad practical jokes upon him. It caught the crowd, serving as the keynote and incentive to the wholesale guffaw that broke out from all quarters at sound of it. That laugh was to sting and scorch Boob Guthrie's inner ear for many a long day and for many a longer night.

Doolan and one of the other handlers, at a nod from Scaasi, lifted him from the floor and carried him into the next room. When he could stand unsupported he gathered his few belongings and slunk out of the training camp by the rear exit, catching the first train from town.

Four mornings later Guthrie read in a newspaper that Kid Scaasi had put the Australian light-heavyweight champion to sleep in the eleventh round and that he had issued a challenge to the heavyweight champion of the world—a challenge he and his manager were now considering.

The same newspaper said that Kid Scaasi was about to fill in the time until the arrival of a reply to his challenge by making a theatrical athletic tour of the Middle West.

Guthrie had heard Scaasi and Vedder discuss this tour and its details a score of times. That day the Boob made a flying visit to his home town to draw a slice of his savings out of the local bank. Then he disappeared. No one missed him.

The chief feature of Kid Scaasi's tour was an old one, even in those days. He and a sparring partner boxed an exhibition round or two nightly, as star act of the Jersey Lilies' Burlesque Show, and the champion gave brief samples of his prowess as a bag puncher. The ultimate swat of the bag, by scheduled arrangement, always snapped the frayed sash cord and sent the leather spheroid soaring out into the audience. But all this grand-stand work was a mere by-product of the tour's real aim.

When the show was to open at any mining or mill town the advance man plastered the place with announcements that Kid Scaasi, light-heavyweight champion of the world, would pay the sum of two hundred dollars cold cash to any local fighter who could stand against him for four consecutive rounds.

This hackneyed offer, by the way, was the salvation of many such tours. It always filled the theater to the doors at extra prices. And almost never in the history of four-round offers has there been any need to pay the promised prize money. Most mining or factory communities at that time had at least one man who had so often trounced his fellow laborers that he had acquired delusions of grandeur. While he did not necessarily regard himself as championship timber, yet he and his admirers were cheerily certain he could keep his feet for four rounds against any living scrapper. And the lure was passing strong.

To whale the head off a fellow miner or mill hand is a strangely different thing from pitting oneself against a professional pugilist—as these local paladins were forever finding out, long before the conclusion of the fourth round. Yet in the very next town the bait would be grabbed for just as eagerly the following night.

The touring champion played safe. Two hundred dollars was not enough inducement to bring any able fighter to the hick town to dispute the offer. Yet, to make certain, Scaasi inserted in his challenges the word "nonprofessional."

The Jersey Lilies' Show opened in Pitvale, the ten-thousand-population hub of the region's coal fields. Pitvale for a week had been placarded with the champion's sensational offer. A goodly group of grimy and muscle-bound miners had quarreled and fought and trained for the honor of competing for the golden two-hundred-dollar guerdon. The opera house was choked with sweating and jostling men.

At the close of the tepidly obscene performance the stage was cleared. The advertisement-spotted curtain rose on a roped arena with Kid Scaasi reclining gracefully on a stool, R. U. E. To the footlights strode Vedder, gloriously attired. While stage hands laid a runway from the apron to the foot of the orchestra's middle aisle, Spider proclaimed:

"Ladies and gentlemen of Pitvale: You have all heard of the champion's generous offer to the athaletes of your beautiful city. Kid Scaasi will now take on any gentleman in the audience for a four-round go. If the aforesaid gentleman can last four rounds against the champion—straight Mark's of Queensb'ry rules—we will forfeit to him the sum of two hundred dollars cash. In case you doubt our good faith, I'll say we have posted the money with a fellow citizen of your own—Mr. Mark Speyer, sporting editor of your Chronicle noospaper—who has kindly consented to ref'ree the bout and to turn over the cash to the man who can last out. Vol'nteers may now step up on the stage. First come, first served. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you."

Before the last sentence was half spoken a big fellow in sweater and baggy trousers and sneakers had already left his front-row seat and was ascending the runway in two jumps. So quickly had he moved that he was on the stage before the first of the local aspirants had had time to stand up.

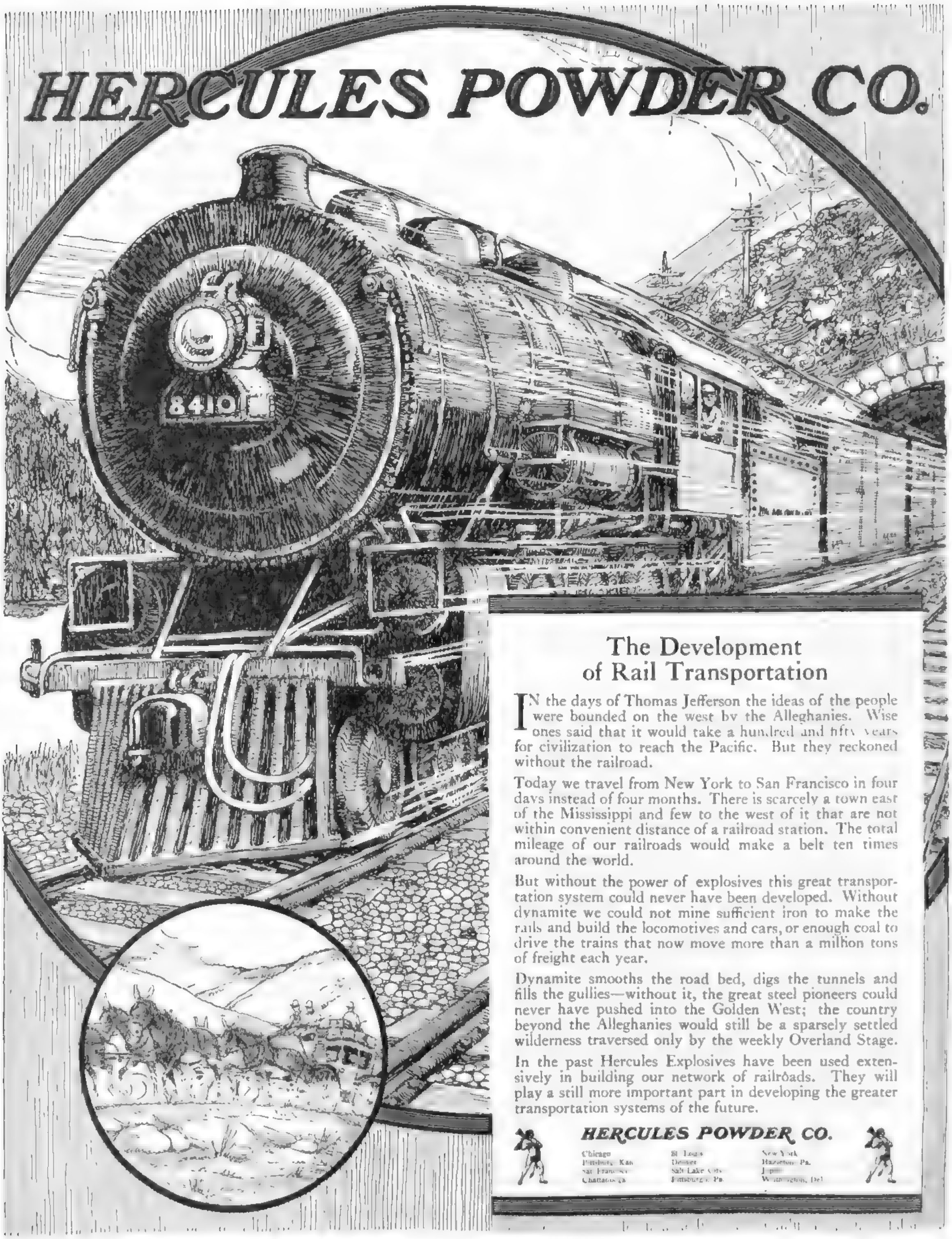
Crossing at once to where the sporting editor stood, he said loudly enough to be heard all over the house:

"I am a nonprofessional. I am a garage hand. Here is an affidavit from the mayor of my city to prove it. And I'm first to take up the challenge."

(Concluded on Page 129)

There He Lay While Vedder Rattled Off the Count of Ten and a Mutter Ran Through the Onlookers

HERCULES POWDER CO.



The Development of Rail Transportation

IN the days of Thomas Jefferson the ideas of the people were bounded on the west by the Alleghanies. Wise ones said that it would take a hundred and fifty years for civilization to reach the Pacific. But they reckoned without the railroad.

Today we travel from New York to San Francisco in four days instead of four months. There is scarcely a town east of the Mississippi and few to the west of it that are not within convenient distance of a railroad station. The total mileage of our railroads would make a belt ten times around the world.

But without the power of explosives this great transportation system could never have been developed. Without dynamite we could not mine sufficient iron to make the rails and build the locomotives and cars, or enough coal to drive the trains that now move more than a million tons of freight each year.

Dynamite smooths the road bed, digs the tunnels and fills the gullies—without it, the great steel pioneers could never have pushed into the Golden West; the country beyond the Alleghanies would still be a sparsely settled wilderness traversed only by the weekly Overland Stage.

In the past Hercules Explosives have been used extensively in building our network of railroads. They will play a still more important part in developing the greater transportation systems of the future.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago
Pittsburg, Kan.
San Francisco
Chattanooga
St. Louis
Denver
Salt Lake City
Parkersburg, Pa.
New York
Bacineton, Pa.
Japan
Wilmington, Del.

What Aladdin Means to You

Every Aladdin *Enameled Steel* utensil carries the big red label.

Every Aladdin *Aluminum* utensil has the name and mark stamped on the bottom.

Aladdin Cooking Utensils are distinguished by these six main points of superiority—

1—Actual capacities by government standards
2—Double lips on saucepans
3—Smooth, comfortable handles
4—Notched ears that keep bails cool
5—Round, easy-to-clean corners
6—More pleasing and practical shapes

Aladdin features mean greater usefulness and a brighter kitchen. Look for the Aladdin quality mark when buying cooking utensils.

Progressive hardware, house furnishing and department stores sell Aladdin. See your dealer or write for Aladdin Aluminum Catalog E-719 and Aladdin Enameled Steel Catalog F-719.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
7601 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

ALADDIN
COOKING UTENSILS

Also manufacturers of Perfection Oil Heaters, New Perfection and Puritan Oil Cook Stoves

(Concluded from Page 126

He was stripping off his thick sweater as he spoke and kicking his legs free of the encumbering trousers. Now he stood out in white jersey and trunks—and in such perfect condition as to cause a grunt of surprise from the referee.

At first sound of Boob Guthrie's voice both Vedder and Scaasi had wheeled about and stared with mouths ajar. Then they looked dully at each other. After which Vedder trotted across to where his principal sat and the two jabbered together in excited undertones. The referee glanced at them in wonder as the colloquy grew extended. The crowd shuffled its feet. One or two galleryites began to whistle. Boob Guthrie grinned sweetly and lolled back on his stool.

"If you were four-flushing on that cash offer," he called over to Scaasi, "say so! Don't keep us in the air all night."

The gallery applauded and added sentiments of its own. Someone in a box yelled: "Fake!"

The undertone that ran and grumbled through the whole house brought to an abrupt close the hot discussion between Scaasi and his manager.

"We gotta go through with it!" declared Vedder, hoisting his principal to his feet. "They're li'ble to wreck the place if we don't. That sporting editor is cor'spondent for a bunch of met'pol'tan papers, he tells me. He'll smear the story all through 'em. You gotta do it, Kid. And for the love of the Lord, *get him!* You gotta!"

With a conciliating wave of the hand Vedder stilled the rising tumult in the house and announced that the champion would be very glad to meet the unknown.

The crowd settled down to the treat, and the bout began.

Scaasi wasted no time in fancy boxing or in trying to show up his mild-faced adversary. There was no shadow of doubt in the champion's mind that he himself was by far the better man of the two. In a finish fight, or even in ten rounds, he would have been willing to stake his worldly fortune and hopes on the outcome. But there is as much difference between a four-round go and a ten-round fight as between the first three innings of a ball game and the whole game.

The champion knew himself for the better man. But he was far from certain that he could pound the Boob to senselessness within the brief time allowed for the task—and two hundred precious dollars hung on that dubious result, which had been the theme of his whispered talk with Vedder.

With all his wiry strength, with all his wild-beast ferocity, with all his ring generalship and craft, Scaasi tore into the Boob. Guthrie, for the most part, stayed on the defensive. Not a move, not a ruse of his enemy but was familiar to him by long and costly study. He foresaw the efforts to draw him out, to catch him within the scope of that deceptive reach, to lead him into trap after trap. To Guthrie it was all old stuff. Not in vain had he followed for weeks the champion's every mental and physical maneuver in the ring. The experience was standing loyally by him.

The Boob made no effort to force the fighting. He was well content to last out the required four rounds. Now and again he found himself enacting his old rôle of chopping block. But his condition and his new-learned skill enabled him to bear up under any assault he could not block.

The audience was howling with bliss. The referee was looking perplexed. Once, between rounds, he took another furtive glance at the affidavit Guthrie had handed him. This unknown was holding his own against the redoubtable Kid Scaasi in a way that promised to keep him on his feet for at least four rounds, in which case the referee foresaw a sporting-news item worth telegraphing to all the papers in his string.

At the beginning of the fourth round Scaasi purposely ran into a right-hand body blow of Guthrie's. The champion swayed on his heels and lurched forward as if half stunned. The Boob, smiling in pure joy, took advantage of his foe's mock distress to land a half hook on the other's jaw and to dance away safely out of reach before the indignant Scaasi could realize that the same trick could not be played, even upon the Boob, in two successive bouts.

Then, throwing boxing to the winds, Scaasi roughed it, striving frantically to save his two hundred dollars in the less than three minutes left to him for such salvage. Guthrie covered up under the hurricane and outrode it.

He was still fighting on steady feet when the bell ended the final round. Without a word to Scaasi, who stamped blasphemously back to his corner and to his manager, Guthrie took off his gloves and stepped up to the referee. The latter, still staring quizzically at him, counted out into his palm ten withered twenty-dollar bills, and asked:

"You say you're a garage helper—where did you learn to box like that?"

"Oh," replied the Boob vacuously, "that wasn't such a much. Three or four of us back home gets to playing with the gloves sometimes of an evening. I'm not anywheres near the best of the bunch back there. But I sized up this Scaasi lad to-night and I figgered he wasn't such a much either, so I took a chance. Why, some of the boys at the garage could have licked that four-flusher in two rounds. Thanks for the cash, mister. Good night!"

The gist of this modest speech was telegraphed duly to various metropolitan newspapers an hour later; as part of the vivid tale of an untrained garage helper who had had no trouble at all in staying with the much-vaunted Kid Scaasi for four fast rounds.

The world's heavyweight champion, reading the account next morning, telephoned his manager on long distance and disgustedly bade him send a curt refusal to Scaasi's challenge.

"Say that I ain't in this game for easy exercise," he exhorted the manager. "Tell 'em after folks have read that piece in the papers, a fight between me and Scaasi wouldn't fill a telephone booth at ten cents admission. He's a chunk of cammumbear. Tell 'em that, too, if you c'n get anybody to spell out the word for you."

Spider Vedder that same morning read the Pitvale Chronicle's story of the bout as he and Scaasi waited in the hotel lobby for train time. Indeed, he and Scaasi read it together, helping each other over the longer words. For, though the millennium of higher education has approached to the point where the average prize fighter nowadays can sign his own "signed statements" for the press, the road of perusal is still a bumpy one to many of the craft.

They were just finishing the reading when Boob Guthrie strolled into the lobby and came over to where they sat.

"Well?" said the Boob.

Both men looked up, at the pleasantly voiced salutation. Scaasi went purple and scrambled wrathfully to his feet. Vedder intervened to avert a row. They had had quite enough publicity in Pitvale.

"What the blue hell do you want?" he snapped at the intruder. "Clear out of——"

"I don't want anything," was the gentle retort. "But I thought maybe *you* might. If you don't I won't butt in on you—not till your show hits the next stop. Then you'll see me on the stage when you call for local volunteers. And at the next stop after that—and at the next. Those are the only three where your offer is posted so far and where your cash is put up with the sporting editors. By-by!"

Unconcernedly he moved away. Scaasi in black rage made as though to rush at him.

Vedder, blessed with an infinitely closer approach to mentality than was his principal, thrust the latter sharply back into his chair and pattered off at full speed in the wake of the departing Boob. He caught up with Guthrie in the doorway.

"Say, look-a here!" sputtered Vedder in a tone he sought to make friendly. "What was that crack you sprung just now about trailing us and crabbing our show? You'd never go doing such a dirty trick as all that, old scout?"

"Mr. Vedder," said Guthrie, halting and beaming down on the wiggling little man, "I'm the last chap in the world to do a dirty trick to anybody. Least of all to a fine pal—like the Kid. I'm just after a pokeful of easy cash—that's all. And this seems a comfortable way of coining it. I've taken the bother to look up your dates. That's why I'm here. That's why I'll be at the next place—and the next and the next. By that time you'll have to pull down your offer or lose two hundred dollars a night. Without that four-round bout your show will be a frost and you know it—after the way I've showed your champ up and the way I'm going to keep on doing it at the next three towns. He won't be able to get a sailor dance-hall purse for a fight by that time."

"Say!" quavered Vedder, green and sweating. "You—you say all you're after is easy cash. Ain't there –ain't there some way you and me can fix this thing? Ain't there? Say, be a good feller and lissen now! Let's talk this over."

A half hour later Vedder rejoined his scowling principal. The little manager was actually grinning. As they set forth for the station he opened his soul on the theme closest to it.

"Well," he chuckled, "I got it all fixed. It's a cinch! He's dead easy—the Boob—like all cheap grafters is. Here's the notion: This rotten noospaper yarn is due to go all over the country. And it's due to do pretty near as much for the Boob as the same kind of a yarn did for Jack Munro, the time Jeff boxed all comers, out to Butte; and Munro happened to knock the big feller down. That put Munro on the sporting map, even if he didn't stay there long. And ——"

"Stop drooling about Jeff and get to us!" exhorted Scaasi. "Where do I come in on ——"

"I'm getting to that. It seems there's to be a big athaletic carn'val down to Merleburg, only about three miles from the Boob's home town. It's to be next month. The Boob's sore at the way you showed him up that day at the training camp. He wants his home folks to know he ain't a dead one. He wants me to fix it up for you and him to box six rounds at that carn'val, so ——"

"No!" stormed Scaasi. "What d'ye take me for? There's no money in carn'vals. And I won't go six rounds with the Boob. If it was ten, now ——"

"Hold on!" soothed Vedder. "You don't get the drift of it. The Boob's willing to have you put him out, but he don't want it done till the last round, so the home folks can see he ain't a one-round dub. He says it's no disgrace to be knocked out clean in six rounds by a champ like you. But he's sore on the way you made his neighbors think he was a quitter that day. He wants that wiped out. He'll lay down peaceful in the sixth round. And he wants five hundred dollars for doing it. If we won't fall for that he swears he'll foller the show and ——"

"Five hundred dollars!" shouted Scaasi. "You're crazy!"

"I'm so crazy," assented Vedder, "that the check I'll give him, just before him and you go into the ring, will be drawn on the Pine City Second National. We've got a balance of nine dollars and sixty-five cents in there. He didn't hold out for a certified check. Most likely he never heard of one. He ——"

"But even at that," protested Scaasi, "I can't see why I ——"

"I'm doing the seeing for this outfit," was the calm reply. "You've got a black eye because the Boob lasted four rounds with you. Well, I'll change that black eye to a gold mine. Here's the idea: The story is going to be sent out that you got dead drunk here and couldn't keep wide enough awake to stop an amachoor that boxed with you. The amachoor is so swelled up that he wants a six-round go with you. You take him on for that at the carn'val and you put him out. That cleans the slate and shows you was drunk when you met him here, and it leaves you with as big a rep as ever. Get it now? And for a bout like that we ought to be able to make mighty soft terms with the carn'val c'mittee."

Bit by bit the gist of the scheme dribbled through Scaasi's brainpan. He smote his manager on the shoulder at last in high approval.

"And you say I'm s'posed to give him just a love tap when the time comes for him to go out?" he asked. "Well, Spider, when that signal comes and he leaves his jaw open for the tap, the Boob is sure due to think the Chicago Limited has tapped him. By the time he wakes up that nine dollars and sixty-five cents of yours will have rolled up five hundred dollars in compound int'rest. Write to them carn'val folks to-day!"

For five lively and spectacular rounds the Scaasi-Guthrie bout had danced along. The carnival throng was enthralled by the snap and dash of it. The cliques of sporting men, who had been drawn thither by news of the match, were eying the Boob with wondering interest. From the first minute in the ring it had been apparent to them and to the correspondents that this was no untrained garage helper. There was something behind the whole affair that piqued their curiosity.

Guthrie was fighting gamely and well. If he was not the peer of his adversary, at least he was making Scaasi do his best. Once or twice in the earlier rounds the initiated thought they saw openings whereof the tigerlike Scaasi might have availed himself and did not. But, knowing what the champion had at stake, they acquitted him of stalling.

Then the two came up for the sixth and last round. They met in the ring's center. For a minute or more they were at it in hammer-and-tongs fashion at close quarters. Then for an instant they sparred. Then—loudly, resonantly, clarionlike—Vedder at the ringside blew his nose.

Obedient to the signal, Guthrie waded awkwardly to the attack, his guard low. There was a glint in Scaasi's half-shut eyes as he blocked the Boob's loose swing and countered with his right for the jaw.

Into that lightning-swift punch went every atom of the champion's strength and hate. He braced his whole body for its delivery. No longer needing to look out for guard or counter, he smote as though he were attacking a punching bag.

But Boob Guthrie's jaw was not there when the right lead whizzed toward it. The Boob's head had bent suddenly forward and to the right, impelled by a similar motion of his entire frame—a motion whose supreme force centered in the piston drive of his left fist.

Scaasi's wet glove grazed Guthrie's darting head. Guthrie's left fist found its goal in the champion's purposely unguarded solar plexus.

Scaasi was moving forward at the time from the momentum of his own wasted blow and he helped thus by thirty per cent the impetus of his opponent's onslaught.

Kid Scaasi, light-heavyweight champion of the world, sat down in midring. This he did with much suddenness. Then, more slowly, he fell prone on one side. Twisting, purely through reflex action of his palsied muscles, he rolled over presently to the other side. His eyes were wide open—so was his mouth. A glare of ludicrous horror was frozen on his distorted face.

The referee, with the steadiness of clock ticks, was counting him out. The frenzied Vedder was scampering along the narrow outer edge of the ring, trying to fling a sponge of ammonia upon his principal's nostrils.

Then came the count of ten and with it a roar from the spectators.

With one upraised hand Boob Guthrie checked the racket. With the other he shoved back Vedder from the effort to lift Scaasi to his feet.

"This isn't a knockout!" yelled the Boob into the milling mass of uplifted faces. "You saw I didn't hit him hard enough to smash a fly. You saw he didn't even try to block me. Look at him! He's wide awake. He just lay down. Don't blame him, friends! A man can't help being yellow if he's built that way.

"And now," he added, a sudden quiver making his big voice scale a half octave as he glowered across to where a group of flashily attired women sat—"and now laugh, some of you! Laugh! I've got that much coming to me!"

One inquisitive reporter, out of many of his guild who had sought Guthrie from the moment he jumped down from the ring, found him three hours later emerging from the doorway of the All-Car Garage, where once he had worked.

"Well, Big Fellow," hailed the newspaper man, "where have you been hiding yourself? You're a celebrity now. There are no less than three managers on your trail at this minute. The ring ——"

"Ring nothing!" scoffed the Boob joyously. "I've got a job! The man who runs this garage has promised me a third interest in it for the cash I've saved—I'm not counting a five-hundred-dollar check I've just mailed back to Vedder—and for the trade he says my name'll bring it after my stunt at the carnival. Say, old man, steer those managers off if you get a chance, won't you—unless they want some first-class motor repairing done?"

But as he turned back into the garage there was a little sick twinge at the Boob's heart through all his new joy. He had chanced to recall for the fiftieth time the anguish in Kid Scaasi's eyes as the champion lay writhing on the floor of the ring.

And the memory made Guthrie keenly unhappy. You see, he was not a fighter. He could never have been made into a fighter—except perhaps for a brief space, and by the nasty laugh of a woman whose face he never saw. Now that his bill was paid, he was just a Boob again.

The
EDEN
The Eden
Washes everything—blankets, linens and all fabrics in the same ideal way.
The

favorite with thousands of women

because it washes everything in the same ideal way that a woman washes her most delicate garments.

The big cylinder of the Eden Electric Clothes Washer lifts all clothes, blankets and linens gently up and down a countless number of times through hot suds in the same careful way that women wash their daintiest silks and laces. The Eden takes all the rub out of the tub and cleans clothes without friction.

The grimy overalls of the worker, the splattered clothes of the children, or stained tablecloths come out of the Eden as clean, as new, with a very much longer life ahead of them for not having been beaten and rubbed and frayed.

Handy to operate, easy to keep clean, the Eden saves clothes, hard work, temper and time—and enough money to make its cost seem small compared to its years of dependable service.

Every woman can enjoy the comfort and economy of Eden Dipt Laundering together with the many thousands of old Eden users, by buying an Eden the same way that Liberty Bonds were bought. The Eden soon pays for itself.

Investing a little every month in an Eden buys your liberty from washday worry and means an everlasting abundance of clean clothes and household linens.

See the Eden Dealer today or write us for interesting and beautifully illustrated book, "An Eden in the Home"

Brokaw-Eden Company, New York City
St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco

AN OUTRAGE OR TWO

(Continued from Page 9)

The telegram was one from his concern in River City, New Jersey. River City was as near to the Atlantic Coast as Paragon City was to the Pacific Coast. Nearly five days' travel lay between the two. Eli Parsons packed his grip and went below. He had plenty of time to make his train. He sauntered up to the desk to pay his bill.

"Look-ahere!" remarked Eli to the clerk. "I went to bed at eight o'clock last night. I slept till half an hour ago—straight goods."

"You didn't leave a call?" queried the clerk anxiously.

Eli shook his head.

"I was through," he said. "I'm not making any kick—I'm stating a fact. I slept till five o'clock this afternoon. Now tell me why!"

The clerk pointed out over the waters of the Sound.

"It's the Japan current," he explained. "It sets in close here. Keeps us warm in winter, cool in summer, and puts us all to sleep."

"It's the air, then?" queried Eli.

"In this place," said the clerk, "you've got to sleep. No such thing as overwork. No such thing as worry. You can keep going just so long, no longer. The Jap current gets you—you flop. You've got to flop."

"I flopped all right," laughed Eli, "for over twenty hours."

"You overdid things yesterday," said the clerk.

"Maybe I did," chuckled Eli. "First time I've worked this town. I'm taking twenty-three thousand dollars in signed orders back with me to New York."

"What's your line, Mr. Parsons?" queried the clerk. He handed over a cigar.

"Soap," said Eli, lighting his cigar.

"Soap!" echoed the clerk. "Do you mean to tell me that you cleaned up twenty-three thousand dollars in Paragon City in one day on soap?"

"Surest thing you know!" smiled Eli.

"Man," cried the outraged hotel clerk, "we make soap here!"

"You call it soap," said Eli.

"But I don't see ——"

"The point is here," said Eli. "You make Puget Sound soap. I cleaned up yesterday for just two reasons. The first reason—my line is New York soap. Second reason"—here Eli tapped himself upon the chest—"I'm selling it. Two lines of argument that you can't beat. You see?"

The clerk saw—he saw just how much Mr. Eli Parsons of River City, New Jersey, hated himself. He governed himself accordingly.

"Pshaw!" said the clerk. "You know, when you blew in here yesterday I didn't take you for a salesman. I figured out that you was Eastern capital. Something about the way you carry yourself—your manner of handling your words. Eastern capital for sure—that's what I thought."

Eli liked this line of talk. It soothed his nerves. It made him feel like purring. Besides, it gave him the opening for his inevitable confidential disclosure. Slowly he shook his head.

"Well," returned Eli, "I've got a certain line of capital—that's true."

"I figured so," returned the clerk.

"But not the kind you're thinking of," said Eli.

"I want to know!" responded the hotel man.

Eli Parsons drew from his wallet a time-worn photograph. "There," he said proudly. "There's all the capital I've got."

The clerk took the picture and gazed at it in apparent wonder.

"I s pose," he said, shaking his head in a puzzled sort of way, "this here is a bird's-eye view of the population of your home town, River City, Mr. Parsons. It must be quite a place. Who's this ferocious-looking young chap here?"

Eli chuckled some more.

"Oh," he said carelessly, "he's Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette."

"No!" cried the hotel man.

"Yes!" said Eli firmly.

"Well, he looks the part," laughed the clerk. "And who's the fellow next to him?"

"That," returned Eli, "is Paul Revere. Next to him is Nathan Hale. Here's Israel Putnam; there's Alexander Hamilton. And Patrick Henry is standing over there."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the clerk. "And how old is the young lady here, and what's her name?"

"The young lady," said Eli, "is my wife. She has no age."

"Of course," said the clerk, "but I meant this young lady here."

"She's Molly Pitcher Parsons," nodded Eli. "She's fifteen. She runs the rest of us."

"You don't mean to tell me," said the clerk, properly surprised, "that this is your family—you, your wife and seven kids? Glory be, man! Does Teddy Roosevelt know anything about you yet?"

"There's Teddy's letter," said Eli, producing it. The clerk read it, simulating much delight, and handed it back.

"That bunch," nodded Eli Parsons, tapping the picture, "constitutes my Eastern capital."

"I figure," said the clerk, "it takes a lot of Eastern capital to bring 'em up."

"You said a mouthful!" returned Eli. "But get this—that's the only kind of patriotism that counts in times like these. Intelligent American children of intelligent American parents. Big families—patriotism—did you ever figure out just why?"

"Don't know as I did," said the clerk, yawning behind his hand.

"Simple as selling soap," said Eli. "Listen! For fifteen years I've been earning enough money and spending enough money to bring up a family of seven children—nine of us in all. Earning and spending money for the support of nine. You get that, don't you? Figure this up from the time I was married up to the time those kids are self-supporting I will have spent maybe a hundred thousand dollars on my family.

"I shall have spent it right in River City, New Jersey."

"Fetch 'em out here—spend it here," said the clerk warm-heartedly.

"That's only the beginning," went on Eli Parsons. "Each one of my children is the potential earner and spender of a hundred thousand dollars—money earned intelligently, spent intelligently. That's over half a million more. Their children will earn millions and spend millions in the aggregate. You get me? Money the intelligent circulation of money—that's what makes a city. That's what makes a nation. Nothing else, just that. The rest is all talk. Are you a married man?"

"I am not!" said the clerk. He said it gladly—more shame to him.

"Look here," said Eli Parsons, "do you know what treason is?"

"Sure!" said the hotel man. "Sure I know!"

"What is it?" persisted Eli.

"It's—why, of course," spluttered the clerk, "it's treason! That's what it is—just treason! Sure I know!"

"Treason," went on Eli, "consists in levying war against your country here or in giving aid and comfort to her enemies. That's treason. Now listen! You can go out here on the corner, get up on a platform, utter the most damnable sedition that ever came down the pike. You can take a gun and get a gang with guns and try to overthrow the Government. You can start a revolution. You're a big fine-looking man. You might get a following. You might get away with it for a while. Eventually they'd hang you. Hang you for treason. And yet you walk the streets to-day and nobody touches you. And yet you are more detrimental to your country's growth than if you led a dozen revolutions a week. You're guilty as hell!"

"Guilty as hell?" spluttered the clerk.

"And you don't even know it!" cried Eli. "You can't see what's obvious to everyone. You're a fine big man. You've got a clear eye and clean skin. You are the potential father of half a dozen strong, clean, intelligent American citizens who will put millions of dollars into circulation; children who will multiply your earnings, your energy, your influence, your importance, your citizenship six times over. And you're not even married; and don't want to be, for all I know. Fiddlesticks! Maybe you call yourself a patriot! I don't! I call you a soldier who won't fight."

Eli turned on his heel. The clerk called after him.

"Look here, Mr. Parsons!" said the clerk. "Honest to goodness, I never thought of the thing in that way before! Honest to goodness, I'll go get married right away!"

Eli thrust his hand into his coat pocket.

"There," he said, "are three cakes of New York soap to begin housekeeping on. Go to it, man! God bless you! And," he added by way of further benediction, "I hope you have lots of 'em too. And—name one after me!"

Singularly enough, Walt Savacool did. Walt Savacool was that clerk.

To-day he's got four children and owns two hotels. And only yesterday, in the presence of a special writer who'd come to town to dig up Eli Parsons' past, only yesterday Walt Savacool dug up those three cakes of sample New York soap out of their forgotten hiding place in the Puget Sound Hotel.

"With his own hands he gave me these," said Walt Savacool proudly to the special writer from the East.

Meantime—to go back ten years once again—Eli Parsons shook the dust of Paragon City from his feet and took the night train for New York. He had made his most successful business trip. He had garnered orders where he had never gathered them before.

And Al Braley was dead. He liked Al Braley—shed some honest tears over him, in fact. Al Braley had been a friend to Eli Parsons. But Al had been ailing for a long, long while. Eli had expected this. In fact, for Al's sake partly but chiefly for his own, Eli was glad that Al was dead. Al Braley had been sales manager of the River City Soap Concern. And Eli Parsons stood just next in line.

Notwithstanding the success that lay behind him and the rosy prospect just ahead, Eli made the trip across without enthusiasm. He realized that he was very, very tired—dog tired. He had overdone it. But it was the last time. There would be no more trips, no more nights on trains. He couldn't sleep on trains. He hated trains; he had been fed up on hotels. He wanted to go home—stay home. And now the hour had struck! His time was now at hand!

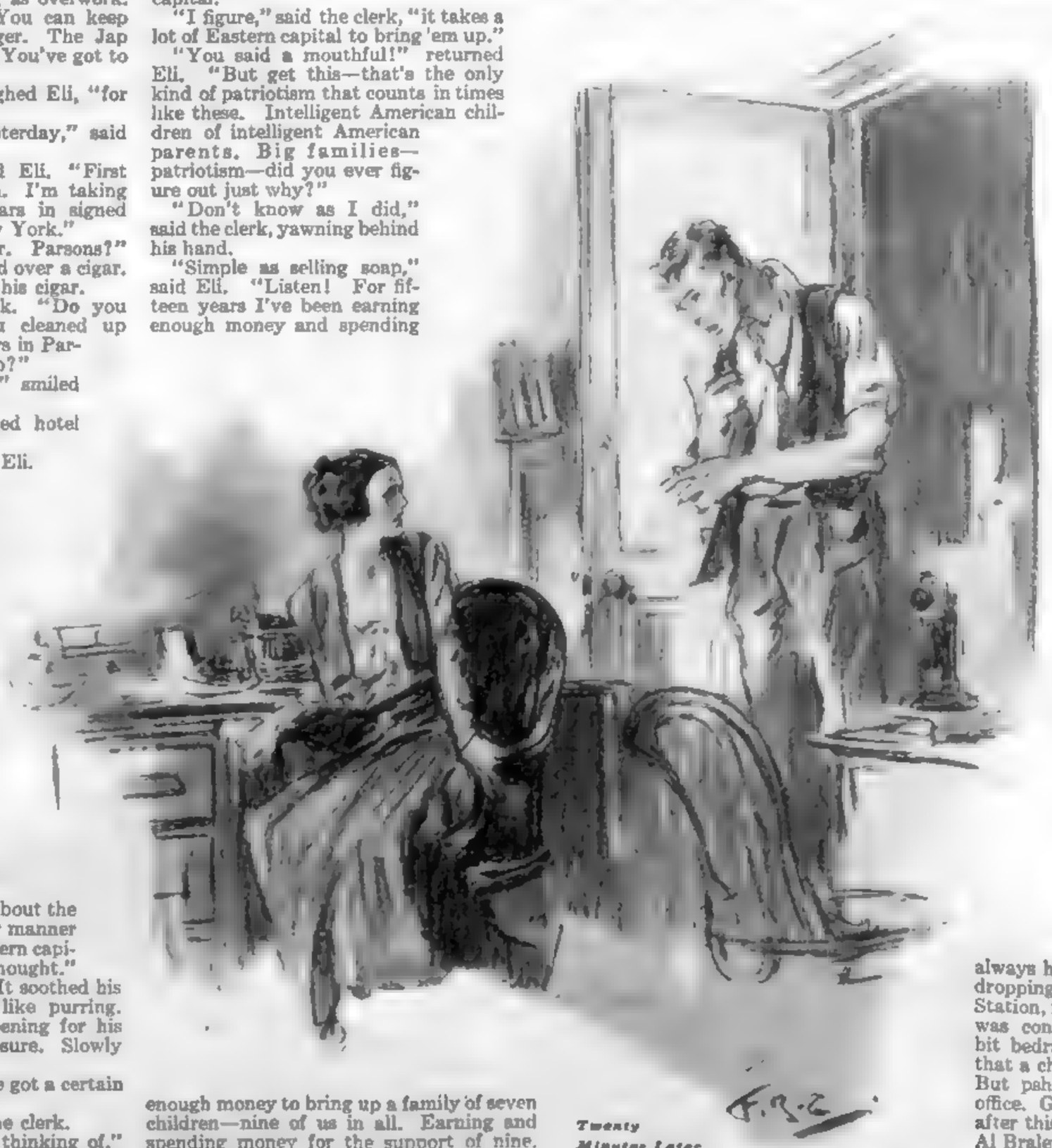
Two cloudbursts held his train up in the West. He missed a close connection at Chicago, but it didn't matter. He pulled into New York by noon on Tuesday. He reached River City by one o'clock in the afternoon. And the River City Soap Concern always held its meetings at two P. M. Eli, dropping off a local at the River City Station, found he had an hour to spare. He was conscious that he was dusty and a bit bedraggled; that he needed a shave; that a change of linen would improve him. But pshaw! They all knew him at the office. Gosh, but they'd be glad to see him after this record-breaking trip—now, since Al Braley had gone!

Brushing aside all sorts of congratulations at the office, he reached the room once graced by Al Braley's presence and thrust open the door. The desk—Al Braley's old desk—was covered with flowers. They were not funeral flowers. They breathed hope, gayety, good will to a living man. Eli's eyes glowed. He strode on to the desk.

Then he started back.

For the first time he saw that someone else was sitting at Al Braley's desk, a far younger man than Al, far younger than Eli himself. This thirty-year-old youngster wore huge rubber-rimmed spectacles—a new fad those days. He looked as though he had just stepped out of a bandbox. He nodded patronizingly as Eli approached.

(Continued on Page 134)



Twenty Minutes Later, Eyes Wild With Affright, He Dashed Into the Offices of the Daily Teller, Poured His Tale Into the Ears of Rose Lammer

DURABLE
DURHAM
TRADE MARK
HOSIERY

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is a product of industrial democracy — never of Child Labor. We have no strikes or lockouts.

For Men, Women and Children

Men are learning to buy hosiery as women do—to look for wearing-value as well as good looks.

Durable-DURHAM is the family hosiery of the nation, because women know its value. And they are teaching the men.

Durable-DURHAM wears longer because it is made stronger at the points where hard wear comes. It saves darning; it saves money.

Styles for men as well as for women include all fashionable colors and all weights from sheer mercerized lisle to heavy, warm fleecy-lined hosiery for Winter wear.

Durable-DURHAM Stockings for children are made to stand the hardest wear and tear.

Every pair of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is extra strongly reinforced. Legs are full length; tops wide and elastic. Sizes are accurately marked. Soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even. The Durham dyes will not fade. Look for the Trade Mark Ticket attached to each pair.

You should be able to buy Durable-DURHAM Hosiery at any dealers. If you do not find it please write direct to our sales department, 88 Leonard Street, New York, giving us the name of your dealer.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, DURHAM, N. C.
Sales Offices: 88 Leonard Street New York

DURABLE
DURHAM HOSIERY
Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

(Continued from Page 132)

"I'm Parsons," said Eli. "Who are you?"

Smugly the other man drew himself together.

"I'm Cowper," he returned, "formerly of the Amory plant in Chicago. I was appointed—meeting of directors at ten o'clock this morning—to take Mr. Braley's place."

Eli Parsons slumped uninvited into a chair. For a moment he stared at the other man in silence. Then quite perfunctorily he held out his hand.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Cowper!" he exclaimed. "You have stepped into the shoes of a very able man."

"So I'm told," said Cowper, a bit doubtfully perhaps. "And I congratulate you, Mr. Parsons. Believe me, this last trip of yours shows becoming progress—becoming progress, Mr. Parsons."

Becoming progress! Eli's trip had never yet been equaled in the annals of the River City Soap Concern. Becoming progress—that's all this smug young man had to say about that trip. Al Braley would have had out the fire department; he would have ordered a half holiday; he would have opened wine; he would have thrown his arms about Eli Parsons and hugged him. Eli stared at Cowper—he kept on staring. And Cowper stared at Eli Parsons. He had that right. He was Eli Parsons' boss. He stared at Eli. The fact that Eli needed a shave had bothered Eli just once—when he had dropped off the River City train. But now Eli could think of nothing but that need. Silently he compared his own appearance with the appearance of his new boss, Cowper. Cowper was everything that Eli wanted to be—that is, wanted to be from the business standpoint. He had pose, poise, repose of manner—he had an air of decided importance. Eli had none of these. Eli fidgeted about.

"I take it, Mr. Cowper," he said at length, "that you've settled down in River City."

Cowper smiled. "Easy!" he returned. "I can settle down wherever I can find a place to hang my hat."

Eli knew it—had felt it all along. This man belonged to a class that Eli hated. This Cowper was one of those men who thought of nothing but themselves and the jobs they held. He was a man with whom Eli had never yet been able to compete—with whom Eli could never hope to compete.

Cowper looked and acted like a million dollars—Eli felt like thirty cents. Eli Parsons, the best salesman that Washup Soap had ever had—in the presence of this paragon he felt like thirty cents. He was conscious that he was acting up—or down to his feelings along that line.

Mr. Cowper led the way to a new map which he had had hung upon the wall of Al Braley's room. It was stuck full of different colored glass-headed pushpins. The map and the pins all had to do with Washup Soap.

"I am extremely glad, Mr. Parsons," said Cowper, "that you happened in just now. I want you to cast your eye across this map. Washup Soap hasn't begun to scratch the surface of this country. Look at the Gulf territory—it's practically untouched."

"Ye-es," nodded Eli; "Al was always poling for the West."

"Who, may I ask, is Al?" queried Mr. Cowper.

"Braley," said Eli.

"Oh, yes; Braley," commented Mr. Cowper. "But Mr. Braley's dead, and the fact remains that that Gulf territory is still unexplored by us."

"Yes," nodded Eli. He trailed back to the desk in Cowper's wake.

"I want to open up that territory right away," went on Cowper, "and I want the best man I can get to do it for me. The best man we've got here happens to be you."

"Mr. Cowper," said Eli, "I'm glad to hear you say that I'm the best man that Washup Soap has got. Glad for one particular reason. I'm selling to the trade on a salary basis. I get no commissions, I get no bonuses. I've got a wife and seven children."

"Oh," said Cowper, looking him over again, disapproving of him more than ever, "that's the reason that ——"

He stopped. Eli felt that Cowper was about to say that that was the reason Eli looked like thirty cents. But Eli shook his head.

"No, that's not the reason I'm asking for a raise," he said. "I'm asking for a raise because I've earned it. Washup Soap owes it to me. And Al Braley half promised it to me last time I started off."

"He's not here to redeem his promise," said Cowper, "and I'm here under a policy of retrenchment. I am being paid my salary to keep expenses down. How much of a raise do you think you ought to have?"

Eli told him. Mr. Cowper merely blinked behind those huge glasses that he wore.

"Mr. Parsons," he remarked, shuffling some papers on his desk, "I want you to start next week on another trip—I think you're just the man."

"That Southern territory?" wailed Eli.

"Exactly," said Cowper.

"Why," stammered Eli, "it's hot as Hades down there—particularly now."

"That's no reason," said Cowper, "why we shouldn't sell them soap."

"I'd do much better in the winter," added Eli.

Cowper nodded, smiled.

"Mr. Parsons," he said, "I have been instructed by this firm so far as possible to retain the working force on hand. For some years I have been associated with several Chicago salesmen, young men who know my ways, whose capabilities I thoroughly understand. Naturally I work better with men I know. But I prefer to send you to the South."

Eli was startled—startled into acquiescence.

"Mr. Cowper," he interposed, "that Gulf territory is, as you have said, almost entirely new. I can only hope to break ground there—get acquainted with the trade."

"I think you ought to sell some goods—a man like you," said Cowper.

"How much," queried Eli, "do you think I ought to sell?"

Cowper had it all figured out on paper. There was no doubt about the man's efficiency. His schedule embraced the name of every dealer in the territory, with notes as to the possibilities and a brief memorandum in each case suggesting selling arguments—all that and a grand total in addition.

"A live man," he said to Eli, "ought to be able to sell the Gulf that bill of goods."

Eli stared at the sheet—he stared at Cowper.

"Mr. Cowper," he gasped, "no living man in the circumstances can sell the Gulf one half that bill of goods."

"You can," smiled Cowper.

"What about that raise in salary?" asked Eli.

"When you've sold the Gulf that bill of goods we'll talk about the raise," smiled Cowper.

Eli shook his head. "We'll talk about it now," he said firmly.

"Very well," said Cowper; "you sell the Gulf one half that bill of goods on this first trip—you'll get your raise."

"Put it in writing," said Eli. Cowper put it in writing and Eli went home.

"Well, mother," he said to his wife, "I made such a killing on the coast that Washup Soap has voted me its best man. I'm going to start off on another trip next week."

He said it bravely enough, but he couldn't fool his wife. Disappointment oozed from him at every pore. His wife looked him over. She saw nothing but a sick, discouraged man.

"Eli," she cried, "you were to have Al Braley's place!"

He told her all about it and she cried. Eli felt like crying with her. Thinking it over later, he wondered why he didn't.

"Where," she demanded, "do you go next week?"

He told her. She clicked her teeth.

"Eli," she cried, "it will be the death of you! You're all in now! You can't start off again! I'm going to ring up the president of your soap concern and tell him so."

Eli took a firm grip upon her hand.

"Listen, mother!" he exclaimed. "I often feel I must not tell you things. Please get the situation now and get it hard. If I lose this job I'm gone. I'm in the hands of a man who wants me to fall down. We're standing on the edge of a precipice. One false step and down we go. Hands off, mother! The die is cast! I go!"

He went. A few weeks later from a Southern port he sent a telegram to Cowper. "I've sold your whole dinged bill of goods instead of half," he wired. Then he stumbled up the steps of a train bound north. He reached his home a nervous wreck. Something had snapped. The last straw had broken his back. But he was still game. From his home he telephoned to Cowper.

"I wish," he said to Cowper over the wire, "that you'd have the cashier send me a two months' advance of salary at the new rate—at the new rate, Mr. Cowper."

"When'll you be in to see me?" queried Cowper.

"Couple of days," said Eli. "I'm fagged out. I need a rest."

"Drop in in a couple of days," said Cowper. "I'll see to it that you get your check."

Eli didn't drop in in a couple of days—he didn't get his check. As a matter of fact, he never got his check. As a further matter of fact, he wasn't interested in his check. He was interested in just one thing, one thing that he needed, one thing that he couldn't get.

"Gosh, doc!" he told his family physician. "I'd be all right if I could only get to sleep."

"You must get to sleep," his doctor warned him.

"I can't do it by myself," said Eli. "You've got to help."

"My kind of sleep won't do you any good," his doctor told him.

"Give me a hypodermic," commanded Eli. "I'll take the chances, doc."

He got one hypodermic and he slept, but it didn't do him any good. He got a second one—nearly got down on his knees to get it. That didn't do him any good.

"Now look here, man," said his doctor, "there's no use keeping this thing from you! You've got nervous prostration and you've got it bad. You're right—you've got to sleep. There's only one way to get to sleep. Knock off for a year. Take horseback rides."

"Knock off for a year!" laughed Eli—his laugh was that of a maniac. "Go down and tell that to my boss, young Mr. Cowper. Knock off for a year? That means knock off forever."

"If you don't knock off for a year, if you don't rest, if you don't seek a change of climate, if you don't do as I say," persisted his family physician, "you will knock off forever. One of two things will happen to a man like you: You'll end your days in a madhouse, or else you'll die the most nerve-racking death that ever came to any man. I've said it, Eli, and I mean it. My way is the only way."

Eli understood that his physician meant it. He sat down and wrote to Cowper, explained the circumstances, showed Cowper how he had broken down through his zeal for Washup Soap. Eli would rather have lost his right hand than make this plea to Cowper. It did no good. Cowper declined to recommend anything. Years later, when Eli could calmly review the facts, he realized that Cowper was not to blame. Cowper had been hired to get results. He had been instructed to get results. He couldn't earn his salary unless he got results, and Washup Soap was no eleemosynary institution. Eli knew that. But for the time being he hated Cowper—Cowper and all his kind; hated all the smug men who thought of nothing but themselves and their jobs—and that hatred, singularly enough, came to be the very mainspring of Eli's future career.

For the first time in his life Eli arrayed himself with a class against a class. His own class was well defined; so was the other. Just as there were two big political parties fighting each other tooth and nail, just as labor and capital faced each other with drawn swords, just as the wets were separated from the drys, just as clearly was Eli's class set apart from that other class that he rejected and despised. As in the twinkling of an eye he became the champion of the one, the inveterate foe of the other.

Meantime he must sleep. How could he get to sleep? Where could he get to sleep?

And suddenly like lightning out of a clear sky the thought of Paragon City smote him. Paragon City on Puget Sound, with the billowy waves of drowsiness rolling in with the never-ending sweep of the Japan current. Paragon City—the thought of it obsessed him. He couldn't get it out of his head. In sudden furor he rose—he had been fidgeting in a seat by the window, alone—and paced the room. He must get to Paragon City; they must all go to Paragon City. They all needed sleep. It seemed to him as though the whole Eli Parsons family was stretching forth its arms in a wild appeal for sleep. Hurriedly he figured up his bank balance. He made a rapid calculation as to how much money he could raise, for they must all go. He couldn't sleep without them. They must all go with him to Paragon City. They must shake off the dust of River City. They must get away from smug people like this young Cowper.

The figures were appalling. His resources were rapidly disappearing. They must be about it quick. They must take the train at once. The train—the thought of the train gave Eli pause. It nauseated him. He hated trains. He couldn't sleep on trains. That journey on the train would send him to the madhouse. He knew it, felt it!

He sat down by the window once again. He must think hard—hard and fast. He must get to Paragon City, but not by train. Next door the folks were moving. A corps of sweating negroes had filled a van with heavy household furniture—the people next door were on the move. Eli had heard mother say they were going somewhere out of town. The negroes, wiping their brows, shut tight the doors of the van. One of them leaped upon the high seat in front. He flicked a whip over the backs of a husky team of mules; off trotted the mules as though on a pleasure drive with a light road wagon at their heels.

Eli uttered a wild whoop that brought the whole family tumbling about his ears. His wife caught him in her arms.

"We're off! We're off!" cried Eli.

Within a week or so they were. Eli preempted a moving van, had it swung on light strong springs, shot its walls all through with big airy windows, fitted it with bedding, hung its light strong rafters with camping outfit and bought a pair of mules. A pair of strong mules, Eli bought; and a saddle horse for himself. And they were off!

His journey with his large family across the continent attracted some attention at the time. The River City papers, much to the disgust of Mrs. Parsons, nosed it out and featured it. Curious people along the route stared at the outfit, wondering.

Last week several people wrote in to the Paragon City papers—people of the Middle West, children then but grown-ups now—that they remembered with some glee that moving van. Some of them envied that family more at that time—all on account of that journey in the van—than they envy it now. Which, to say the least, is going some.

It was a long hard journey. Eli's saddle horse died en route. The mules held out to the bitter end. And one day in the middle of a balmy autumn Eli and his family stopped perforce within the limits of Paragon City. A wheel of the big van came off for the sixteenth time and one of the mules lay down to have a little think.

Eli looked about him. They had stopped on a city street in a sparsely settled neighborhood and—as luck would have it—in front of a dilapidated grocery store. The proprietor of the store came out and helped Eli get the van and the mules over to the curb. Eli had fifteen dollars in his pocket—he was down to that. But he was happy, for he knew that here a wonderful thing would happen to him every night.

Here he would sleep!

He turned to the grocer. "We're about out of provisions," he said. "I figure you can fix us up out of your stock."

The grocer could and did and got his pay.

"You live upstairs?" asked Eli.

"I sort of live there," said the grocer. "Fact is my family's in North Yakima, the other side o' the Cascades. I figure to join 'em as soon as I can sell my store."

"Got rooms to let?" asked Eli.

"Surest thing you know!" said the grocer. "I ain't moved my furniture."

He said it in a discouraged sort of way. Eli sensed that he hadn't moved his furniture because he didn't have the money. There is a secret silent language that only married men can understand.

"I think," said Eli, "that we'd like to sleep in beds."

They slept in beds. Eli slept by a window with the soft air from the Japan current brushing his face. He slept round the clock and then some more. When he woke he found his family scattered all about the little grocery store below. The grocer had taken good care of his mules.

"Great outfit you've got," sighed the grocer, eying the van with keen admiration. "I suppose you'll turn about and go back East in it in a week or so."

(Continued on Page 137)

Dubbelbilt Features: 1. "Cravenette" finish. 2. Retains shape. 3. Front won't break. 4. Seams won't rip. 5. Double thickness elbow. 6. Collar hugs neck. 7. Rip-proof pockets. 8. Buttons won't come off. 9. Guaranteed fabrics. 10. Pockets double-sewn.

Dubbelbilt Features: 11. Repair kit. 12 Resists water. 13. Sanitary lining. 14. Double seat. 15. Double thickness knee. 16. Seams won't rip. 17. Double-sewn pockets. 18. Buttons riveted on. 19. "Governor Fastener," makes knee straps adjustable. 20. Knee rub protection

Boys' DUBBELBILT Clothes

"Cravenette" Finished

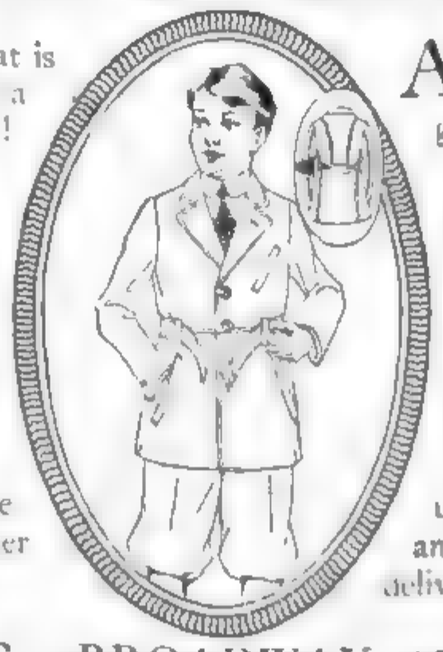
Guaranteed for 6 Months' Service

MOTHERS: This will tell you about a suit of clothes that is absolutely guaranteed *for six months' service*. Think a longer time than you ordinarily expect *any* boy's suit to last! Should a rip, hole or tear appear within six months after purchase, the makers stand ready to repair it.

Such a guarantee is possible because Dubbelbilt Clothes are doubly reinforced at all wear points. *Twenty* long-wear features, described above—any one strong enough by itself to make you want these sturdy clothes.

What's more, a Dubbelbilt suit always makes your boy look just a little bit better than the other boys you see.

$14.75 $16.75 –$18.75. Same prices throughout the entire United States. A wide assortment of styles for Fall and Winter to select from. Sizes 6 to 18 years.



ASK to see Dubbelbilt Clothes at the store where you usually fit out your boy. Examine our Walcloth all-wool fabrics good-looking grays, greens, browns and olive. Blue serge and mixtures, too. All guaranteed fast color.

Ask especially to see Dubbelbilt suit No. 7072 at $16.75. It comes in navy blue serge—all wool—Cravenette finished. Has a smartly tailored waist-seam coat with removable belt; full-lined knickers. See picture at bottom of page.

Ask also to see No. 7027—in good-looking long-wear corduroy, Cravenette finished. Similar style features. Price $14.75.

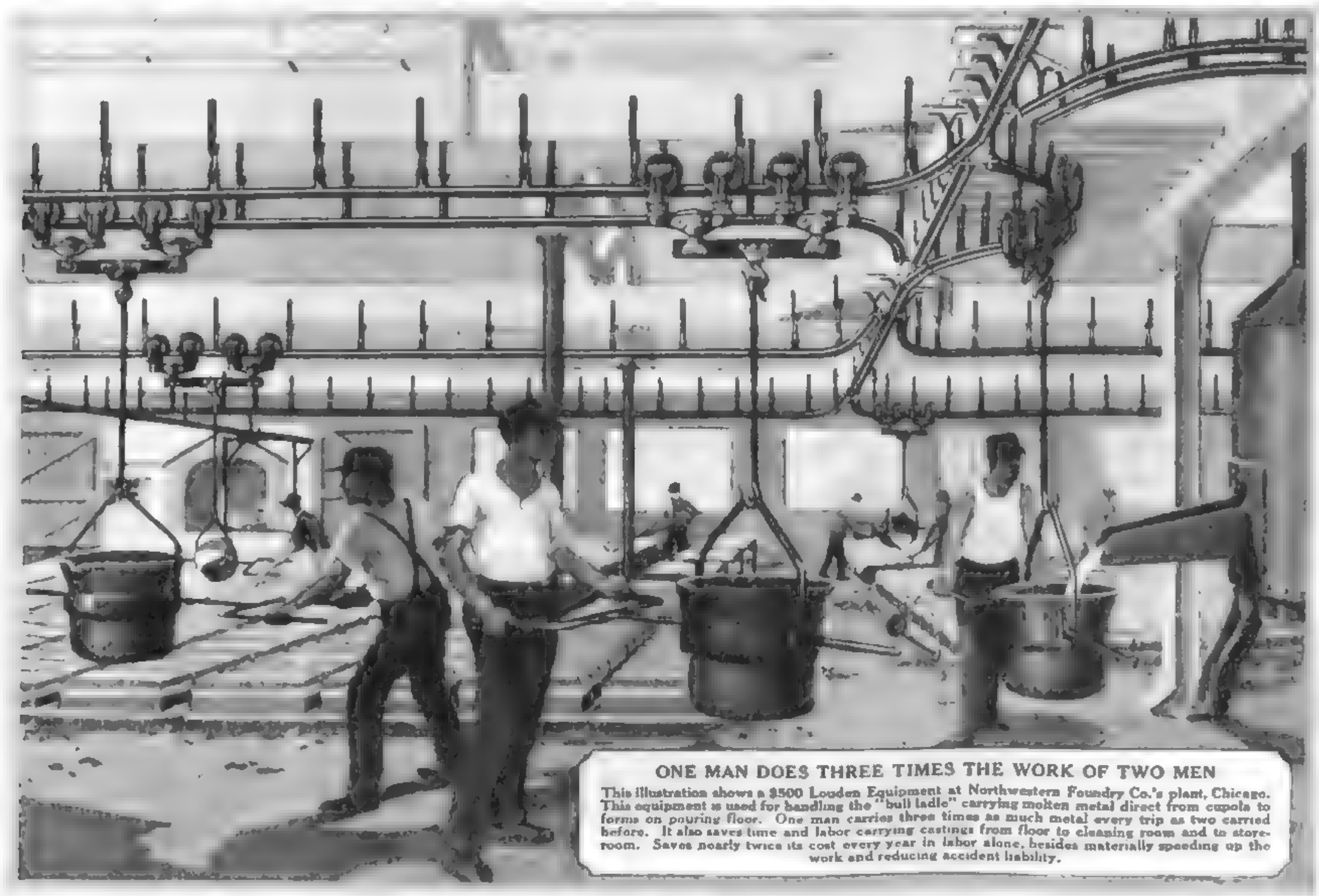
If your regular store doesn't sell Dubbelbilt Clothes, send us your boy's size and a money order for the amount mentioned and we'll have No. 7072 at $16.75, or No. 7027 at $14.75 delivered to you *direct*. Get *your* boy into Dubbelbilt Clothes.

DUBBELBILT BOYS'-CLOTHES, INC., BROADWAY AT 11TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In Greater New York, on sale exclusively at "The New York Boys' Shops, Inc."

LOUDEN

OVERHEAD CARRYING SYSTEM



ONE MAN DOES THREE TIMES THE WORK OF TWO MEN

This illustration shows a $500 Louden Equipment at Northwestern Foundry Co.'s plant, Chicago. This equipment is used for handling the "bull ladle" carrying molten metal direct from cupola to forms on pouring floor. One man carries three times as much metal every trip as two carried before. It also saves time and labor carrying castings from floor to cleaning room and to storeroom. Saves nearly twice its cost every year in labor alone, besides materially speeding up the work and reducing accident liability.

GIVING SATISFACTORY SERVICE IN EVERY CLASS OF INDUSTRY

Louden Equipment increases the productive value of labor *wherever* it is introduced. It is saving man power and increasing output in scores of establishments, including Iron Foundries, Brass Foundries, Textile Mills, Printing Houses, Fruit Houses, Packing Plants, Flour Mills, Pickling Plants, Tire Plants, Tractor Factories, Storage Rooms, Railroad Warehouses, Automobile Factories, Garages, Machine Shops, Assembling Plants, etc.

Meets Every Carrying Need From 40 Pounds to Two Tons

Whether handling coal and ashes for the boiler room or transporting materials, machinery parts or finished product in the factory, Louden Equipment is equally efficient—handles forty pounds or two tons with equal safety and expedition. Tracks and carriers go everywhere—pick up and deposit loads exactly where wanted—keep floors and aisles clear.

Quickly and Easily Installed at Small Cost

Louden Equipment represents a new and surprisingly simple, economical and efficient application of the track and trolley method of conveying—different from any other. It is not costly, not cumbersome, requires no engineering, no alterations in building. Track can be curved cold on the job to meet any service requirements from the simplest to the most complicated.

What It Is Doing For Others It Will Do For You

"We are using Louden Carrying Equipment throughout our factory for carrying material such as borings and turning shavings from machines direct to railroad cars. Since installing your equipment one man does the work of three men and in half the time."

Winslow Bros. Company, Chicago, Ill
By R. C. Roell

"We are glad to say that the Louden Overhead Carrying System in our factory has enabled us to handle several thousand feet more of material every day, with considerable less help and without congestion, than by the old style truck system."

Huttig Manufacturing Co
Muscatine, Iowa

Permit Our Representative To Show You

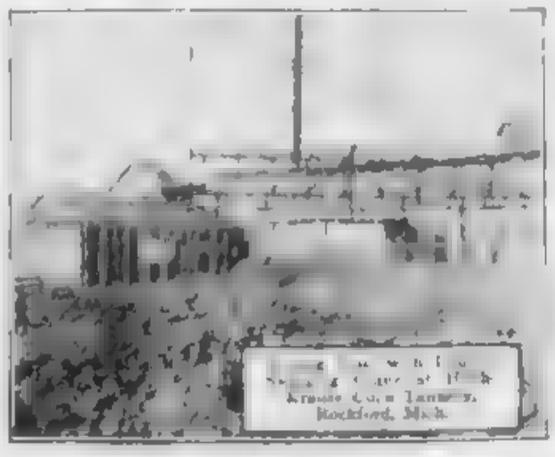
in what manner the Louden System will speed up and lower the cost of production in your plant—how it will eliminate man power and largely increase your total output. There may be a place in your plant—a department or possibly just one room—where an investment of a few hundred dollars would save you thousands every year. We have done this for others. Talk it over with our Efficiency man—no cost or obligation on your part.

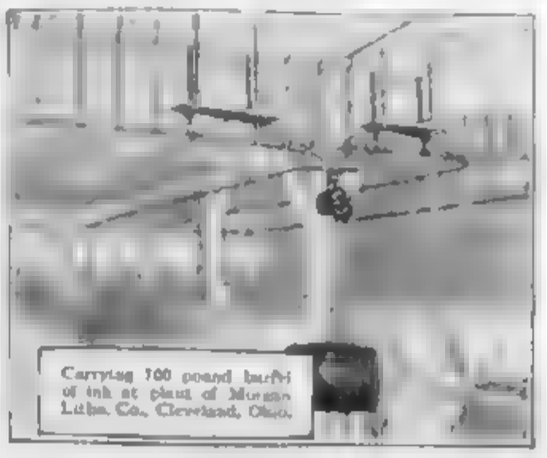
Illustrated Catalog Showing Many Louden Installations Sent Free On Request. Address Main Office

THE LOUDEN MACHINERY COMPANY

7502 Court St. (Established 1867) Fairfield, Iowa

Branches: St. Paul, Minn., Albany, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Boston, Mass., New York City. Canadian Factory, Guelph, Ontario





(Continued from Page 134)

"I'm here to stay," said Eli.

The grocer held his longing glance upon the van.

"I could get across the mountain with that outfit," he mused; "and over in North Yakima we could live in it—my family and me."

Eli started. He caught the man's drift. He recalled the man's remark of the night before. The man was only waiting until he could sell his business out.

"You don't mean," said Eli, "that you'd like to buy my outfit'"

"Can't buy it," said the grocer hopelessly. "I got no cash."

Eli looked about him. He smiled slowly.

"How'll you trade?" he asked.

The man stared at him, his face lighted up.

"You don't mean to say," he cried, "that you'll take my business off my hands and let me have your outfit, stranger?"

"I've got no more cash than you have," confessed Eli.

"You don't mean to say," demanded the grocer, "that you was athinking of trading even with me, stranger?" His eyes were dancing now.

"What have you got?" asked Eli.

"Lease on the whole shack," the grocer told him. "Got six months yet to run. And all paid up to date—one month in advance. I own the business and I own the stock. You can look it over for yourself."

Eli started to look it over. His wife—his worried wife—plucked him by the sleeve.

"Eli," she exclaimed, "you're not going to run this dinky little grocery store?"

Eli laughed. His laugh rang clear and true.

"No, my dear," he said; "the Parsons family isn't going to run it. They're going to eat it up. It's food—get that, my dear!"

Food and lodging—Eli made the trade. While they were taking account of stock, Eli stumbled over three heavy greasy five-gallon cans.

"What's in these cans?" asked Eli.

"Oh, that?" said the grocer. "That's just soy-bean oil."

"Soy-bean oil?" echoed Eli. "What's soy-bean oil?"

He unscrewed the cap of one can and thrust his finger into the oil. He tasted it—he smelt it.

"I don't rightly know," returned the grocer. "It comes from Shanghai. I inherited it from the chap that sold this store to me. For all I know, it's worth about a cent a thousand cans. They mix it with cheap paint for barns or something. If it bothers you you can chuck it out. There's no call for it round here."

After the deal was closed, after the grocer had trotted proudly off with his van and his pair of mules, after Eli had slept his full, Eli started out to get a job. There were no jobs to be had. Paragon City was suffering a decided slump, letting on, of course, all the while that it was perched upon the topmost wave of prosperity. There were plenty of people out of a job, but no jobs for them. Eli concluded that it was quite advisable to create a job for himself. With that in view he stepped one day into the office of the sales manager for the Puget Sound Soap Company, Ltd. He found the sales manager alone and Eli's heart sank momentarily within him, for the sales manager for this concern was just another Cowper—smug, sleek, well-groomed; just one of that class who thought of nothing but themselves—their jobs. Unconsciously Eli ranged himself on one side of an invisible chalk line. He knew instinctively that this swagger gentleman belonged upon the other side. Class against class—Eli felt that they would never mix. But in this particular instance he was doomed to disappointment. This sales manager was a Westerner. He looked over Eli's very satisfactory credentials; he welcomed Eli with outstretched hand. Through it all Eli felt somehow, however, that he was being fooled.

"For three years," said Eli, "I've been underselling you up and down this coast with Washup Soap."

The other man smiled.

"Well," he returned, "we'll get back at you one of these days. Watch out!"

"I have severed my connection," went on Eli, "with Washup Soap."

"No!" cried the other man, interested. "Then we can rest easy for a bit."

"I have an ax to grind," went on Eli. "I see no reason, from your standpoint, why New York should be able to undersell you on your own doorstep here. I know this coast. I know all the soap men on this coast. I know soap. I was brought up in a soap factory. I know the output from A to Izzard. I want to show you various ways of keeping money on this coast rather than letting it get across the continent. I can tell you how you can get the trade that Washup Soap has had."

The sales manager settled down into his chair.

"I'm interested," he returned; "go on."

Eli Parsons was a talker—he always will be. He went on—to the limit. He felt he was convincing his audience—he had it hypnotized. At the psychological moment in the course of his harangue, Eli Parsons asked point-blank for a job. The other man woke up, still dazed, however, by the vividness of Eli's various schemes.

"Mr. Parsons," he said frankly, "I have a hunch that you're just the man to carry on this campaign you've suggested."

"I'm sure I am," said Eli. He pressed the point. He put the other man into possession of his own personal history, showed him his selling record, made out a case. The sales manager was impressed—deeply impressed. There was no doubt about it. He looked Eli over just as Cowper had done some months before.

"Mr. Parsons," said the sales manager at length, "I'm going to be very frank, brutally frank with you. I don't like your personal appearance."

"You don't like my—face?" asked Eli.

"Your face is the best part of you," said the other man. "It's your get-up I object to. You're not well dressed."

"Of course I'm not," said Eli. "I've just come in from a saddle trip across the continent. I'm not rigged up to sell soap. I'm not selling anything just now."

"You're trying to sell yourself to me," nodded the sales manager, quoting glibly from some book on efficiency.

"Right!" nodded Eli. "You win! I'll tell you what you do. You make a job for me. You hold it open until this time to-morrow afternoon. By then I'll look the part—you'll take me on."

He took his credentials to the first trust company that he came to. He saw the cashier, told the cashier his whole story, drew his note and backed it up with a chattel mortgage on his grocery store. When he left the bank he had three hundred dollars in his pocket. Two hours later, his arms laden with bundles, he dived headforemost into a Turkish bath. He had a bath, a plunge, an alcohol rub, a shave, a shampoo. He had his hands well manicured. He donned his purchases one by one. When he had finished he was new from inside out, from top to bottom. He wore a sixty-dollar suit of clothes, a fifty-dollar overcoat, a seven-dollar hat and a ten-dollar pair of shoes.

When he presented himself next day at the sales manager's office, Eli Parsons looked like a million dollars. The sales manager gasped when he saw him.

"You are a man among men, Mr. Parsons," he said in tones of admiration. "You dress in admirable taste."

"Then," said Eli, his spirits rising, "your sole objection is removed."

"Entirely," nodded the sales manager. Then his eye dulled and his brow clouded. "But," he went on, "Mr. Parsons, I took this matter up with the firm. I put the matter up to them in its strongest phase. I am disappointed—the firm has turned me down. They cannot see their way to taking on another man. In fact they simply pooh-poohed all I said."

Eli turned pale. He glanced at his seven-dollar hat, his ten-dollar pair of shoes.

"Perhaps," he ventured, "if I could talk to them——"

The sales manager rose.

"Not a ghost of a show," he said. "The thing simply can't be done. Fact is we're laying men off instead of taking on."

"And there's no hope?" said Eli.

"Absolutely none."

Eli rose in turn.

"Well," he smiled, his heart sinking within him, "all in a day's work. I'm going to sell soap for somebody on this coast. If not for you, then for someone else."

"There is no one else on this coast," said the sales manager.

"I'm going to sell soap up and down this coast," repeated Eli; "and when I do, watch out!"

The sales manager waited for five minutes after Eli's departure. Then he opened the door of another room. A youngster of his own age stalked forth.

FREE—A Six-Dish Package of

Two-Minute Oat Food

Already Three-Hour Cooked

Use one-half cup to make four big dishes. The cooked oats are evaporated, so in boiling water they multiply five-fold.

Simply stir in boiling water. In two minutes the oats absorb the water and the dish is ready.

Then you have your hot oat dish, fresh and flavory. An oat dish that is super-cooked, yet ready in two minutes.

Hot Oats
In a Trice

After 25 years we have found a way to supply you a delicious hot oat dish, super-cooked, ready to serve in two minutes.

It is a dish which housewives long have wanted. It means that hurried breakfasts never need be oatless.

The greatest food you can serve is the quickest food to serve.

This Two-Minute Oat Food is now sold by grocers. A 20-dish package costs but 15 cents. And a trial package is sent free. See below.

Cooked
As Never Before

Two-Minute Oat Food is cooked by experts in our mills. It is cooked for three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

It is cooked as oats are never cooked at home.

Then we evaporate the oats. This preserves their freshness and their flavor.

When you replace the water the oats seem freshly cooked. And your hot oat dish tastes just the same as when it left our mills.

A New
Delightful Flavor

This high-heat cooking gives the oats a new exquisite flavor. So this new dish means more than convenience.

It means to children a new enjoyment, and in the food they need.

Don't wait to try it. This is something that you want. Ask your grocer for it. Or at least send us this coupon for a Six-Dish lot to try.

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor, and the patent is controlled by

The Quaker Oats Company

Mail This Coupon

For a 6-Dish Package if You Wish to Try It Before Buying

3182

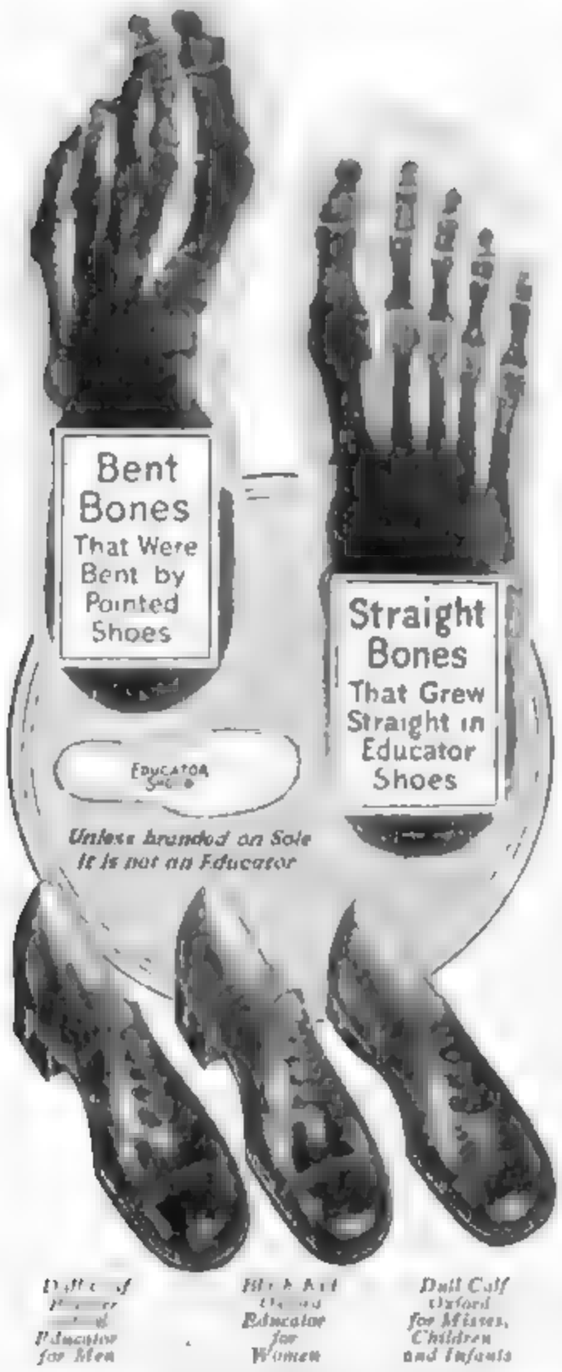
6-Dish Package Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1705 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food Free.

_____

_____


Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
Unless branded on Sole It is not an Educator

Made for Men, Women, Children

Goes the Army Shoe One Better

NOW that so many men are putting aside army "togs" to take up civilian life again, the question of shoes is paramount. Most men dread to give up the ease and comfort of the army shoe, but at the same time want shoes that have "looks."

Thousands of these men turn instinctively to the Educator.

For Educators are good-looking shoes, built to let the feet grow as they should. They do not bend the foot bones nor cause corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arches.

The whole family needs them. Every pair bears the word EDUCATOR on the sole. Always look for it. There can be no protection stronger than this famous trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer*.

A BOOKFUL OF FOOT NEWS called "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," free for the asking. Tells things every foot sufferer ought to know.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High Street Boston, Mass.

Makers of the famous All-America Shoe for Men—"The Shoe That's Standardized"

"Rance," said the sales manager, passing over a box of cigars, "I've got all of this son-of-a-gun's dope—A-1 dope at that. I took it up with the firm—I stuck to 'em, Rance. I stuck to 'em until I made a place for you. You go to it, boy, and make all the money you can."

Eli Parsons went back to his grocery store. He took off his new clothes and laid them away.

"Mother," he said, "I think I'll run a grocery for a while."

He impressed the family into service. In a mad wild scramble they set to work to making a new store of an old one—nine of them. They jerked all goods off the shelves, soused the whole place with soap and water, cleaned the windows, stopped up rat holes. They rejuvenated and reorganized the business. Eli looked round for paint. He found some in a can—bright red. He mixed it with turpentine, but it needed linseed oil. He found no linseed oil, but in his search he stumbled over the three cans of soy-bean product. He poured some of it into the can of paint, then he stopped. Once more he smelt that soy-bean oil, he felt of it, he tasted it. He forgot the paint. He took a large wash boiler out of stock, he cabbaged half a dozen cans of lye, he lugged the three cans of soy-bean oil into the back room. He spent two days over a gas stove. By the end of that time he had produced something—a few crude bars of very serviceable soap. On one of the empty cans he found the label of a local dealer—Wo Chong. He found Wo Chong in his warehouse on Yakima Way.

"What price on soy-bean oil?" he asked.

Wo Chong wearily shook his head.

"I am overstocked," said Wo Chong. "Soy-bean oil is a drug on the market. In my estimation it is a great mistake. I have much of it. I will sell it to you for a song."

"Sing low," smiled Eli.

Wo Chong sang low—so very low that it took Eli's breath away. He handed the Chinaman twenty silver dollars.

"Write me out a two-day option on your whole stock at that price," said Eli. "The chances are I'll take it off your hands."

Eli left the Chinaman, went down on the river front and hired one spacious room in an old loft building. He gave orders for a sign to be painted on the door. He went to a high-class printing shop and ordered high-class printing—a hurry job.

The next day—on paper—Parsons' Parallax, the Soap Without a Peer, was an accomplished fact. That day Eli Parsons arrayed himself like the lilies of the field, gathered up his literature and his credentials and went to call on the president of another trust company in town. He saw the president and didn't like his looks and came away without making known his errand. The third man whom he met he felt that he could trust. To this man he opened up the whole thing.

"With soy-bean oil," he said, "I can undersell any cake of soap that's made."

The president believed him. The bank gave him the line of credit that he needed. The coast is ever a good gambler—it loves a game of chance. Why not? The coast has built itself on chances. Eli spent the rest of the day in a hired car. He ordered his outfit and hired a man or two. He took up ten per cent of his option on Wo Chong's stock and cinched the rest for future use. Tired but happy, he went back to his store. Arrived there he rubbed his eyes in wonder. Eli's promulgated soap had nothing on the store. It was plastered with special-sale placards. It was underselling every grocery store in town. And it was crowded with customers—customers who were destined to come back, destined to stick.

Inside of three months Parallax Soap was ready to take orders. Eli made ready for his first coast-wide selling trip. Parallax Soap was ready for all takers. It came in bars—it came in cakes. And the Parallax Petite was a purple dream in a purple candy box. It looked good enough, smelt sweet enough to eat. Eli looked about him for an office man to handle things while he himself was on the road. He advertised one day, found a long line of men waiting for him on the next. The coast was long on applicants, short on jobs. He saw the men in order.

"Are you a married man?" he queried of the first.

"Not so you can notice it," said the applicant.

"Nothing doing," said Eli. "I want a married man."

He went on down the line until he struck a married man who seemed to suit.

"You look all right," said Eli. "How much do you want?"

"I'm worth forty dollars a week," said this man. He showed his record. He was a solid man.

"I'll pay you forty dollars a week—and clothes," said Eli.

"And clothes?" echoed the applicant.

"Parallax Soap," nodded Eli, "will see to it that you look your part. Your family need the forty dollars. You don't have money to spend upon yourself. But Parallax Soap has, and so you get the clothes."

"Good clothes?" stammered the man.

"First - class clothes," smiled Eli. "Clothes—well, clothes like mine."

Inside of a year Parallax Soap had paid off all its debts. Its advance orders spelled big money for it. Inside of two years Eli was underselling New York soap in the city of New York itself—and nobody knew just why. Nobody knew the history of the three cans of soy-bean oil, the cheap fat of the universe, that Eli found kicking round his grocery store on the day of his arrival. Nobody knew that Eli had corralled most of the Shanghai output for a song.

Inside of five years Eli was rich. He lived in a big house. He spent money liberally. He employed a large force of men and women. He had become an industrial army upon the coast. Washup Soap over in River City had become afraid of him. So far Eli had lived a private life. But not for long. An untoward domestic crisis forced him into the limelight. He became suddenly, unaccountably, the political champion of family and married men.

At times Eli was forced to neglect his household. For years his business took up most of his time. But his family was in good hands—in the hands of a born manager—Eli's daughter, Molly Pitcher Parsons. Long since, Mrs. Eli Parsons had handed the reins over to Molly's tender care. Mrs. Eli Parsons bought an electric, took the big vacation she had earned. Molly did the rest—Molly did everything. And one morning early, at a time in Eli Parsons' career when there wasn't a cloud on his horizon, Molly Pitcher stole into her father's room. Her eyes were red—she was forlorn.

"Father," she whispered, "Pat's been out all night. The hall light's burning—I just switched it off. He isn't home."

Pat was Patrick Henry Parsons, Eli's eldest son. Pat was perhaps inclined to have his way a bit. He wanted liberty or death. But so far he'd kept straight and he was engaged to be married to one of the finest girls in town. Eli stared at his daughter.

"What will you tell your mother?" he demanded.

"I've already told her that you sent Pat to Tacoma and Olympia for a two days' trip."

"Well, so I did," said Eli, catching the girl about the shoulders. "Molly, you're a brick!"

Molly was a brick. She was a tall, fine, rangy girl, quick-witted, bright-eyed, affectionate to a fault. And yet Molly so far had never had a beau. Cut out for a wife, with the instincts of a born mother, Molly never yet had had a bid.

"I think," Molly's mother had confided to Eli, "I think it's Molly's hips. Girls don't have hips any more and Molly can't hide hers. And she can't act like other girls. She'd be a wonder as a married woman. If she'd been born married she'd have been all right."

"Molly," said Eli, "we stick together in this. Mum's the word. I'll find Pat. I'll take the job myself."

He took the job himself. That night late he found Pat in Belle Bolter's gambling hell. Pat was sitting in at a roulette table, blear-eyed and tousled. A young woman leaned her bare white arm upon his shoulder. She smirked genially upon Eli as he approached. Then Pat saw him. Pat brushed the young woman aside and caught Eli by the hand.

"Pop," he cried unsteadily, "I think I've had enough of this! I wish you'd take me home."

Eli didn't take him home. He took him to a Turkish bath, had one himself, spent the night with Pat. He phoned Molly that he, too, had gone to Tacoma, tipping her off that everything was right.

Next morning he took Pat to a doctor's office, got him braced up. Pat came speedily to his sober senses.

"Pop," he cried, "how long was I in Belle Bolter's place?"

Eli told him.

"Good gosh!" cried the boy. "Does—does mother know?"

Eli tapped him reassuringly on the shoulder.

"She knows just what Molly told her—nothing else," he said.

"Molly's true blue," said Pat. Then he looked at his father with scared eyes.

"Tina!" he cried. Tina was his fiancée.

"Tina called up twice," said Eli. "Molly buffaloed her too."

"Thank the Lord!" groaned Pat.

Eli kept tapping him on the shoulder—the caress of a crony.

"Is it all over, Pat?" he queried.

"I've had enough," said Pat.

"All right," went on Eli. "Now, boy, we're going to turn this thing to good account. I've heard a whole lot about this town—a whole lot that I didn't believe. But I've seen the girls in the factory drop off one by one—heard stories about them. Their mothers and fathers have been to me. They say the town is rotten; and now you go off the handle. Pat, do you know this town?"

Pat hesitated for a moment. Then he nodded.

"I know it like a book," he said.

"Is it rotten?" queried Eli. For once he was getting information from a young unmarried man.

"Hell with the lid off," returned Pat.

"Good!" said his father. "You call up Tina—tell her you can't see her till tomorrow night. Tell her you're here at the works; that you've got to go to Everett—tell her anything you please. I've got a job for you and me to do."

That night, with Pat, he walked out of a cigar store down on the water front. He stepped up to a policeman who was standing at the corner idly swinging a stick.

"Officer," he said, "in the rear room of that cigar store there's a roulette wheel, a faro table and three other card games—all in full swing. Everybody's soused, but there's no liquor license on the walls. I've just been in there with this man. I'll make a complaint. I want you to arrest the proprietor. The law is being violated. We saw it violated. You will see it violated. It's your duty to make an arrest."

"Which cigar store is it?" queried the officer a bit uneasily. "I'll go along with you and see."

He went along—and saw. Eli saw him, watched him. The officer's first move was to look the place over from the outside. Then his gaze concentrated on a little placard hung in the front window, bearing across its face the words "Merchants' Protective League." The officer shook his head.

"If you want that place pulled," he said, "you'll have to get a warrant. When the judge gives you a warrant, then it's time enough to talk."

Eli didn't go to any judge. Pat had told him many things. He intended to wipe out the wickedness of a town in his own way—if he could. He placed half a mile between himself and that police officer. He sauntered up to another police officer who stood in front of another cigar store bearing another such sign.

"Officer," he said, "can you tell me where to go to join the Merchants' Protective League?"

"Surest thing you know!" said the officer. "Go to the Mobjack Building, Room 333."

The next day Eli donned his shabbiest suit of clothes and set out for the Mobjack Building. He sauntered into Room 333. He made known his wants.

"What do you run?" queried an official of the league.

"Grocery store," said Eli; "37 Lester Street." This was quite true. Eli still owned that store.

"I know," said the man testily, "but a blind pig—or bootlegger?"

"Blind pig," said Eli, hazarding a good reply.

"How much do you pull down a year?" queried the other.

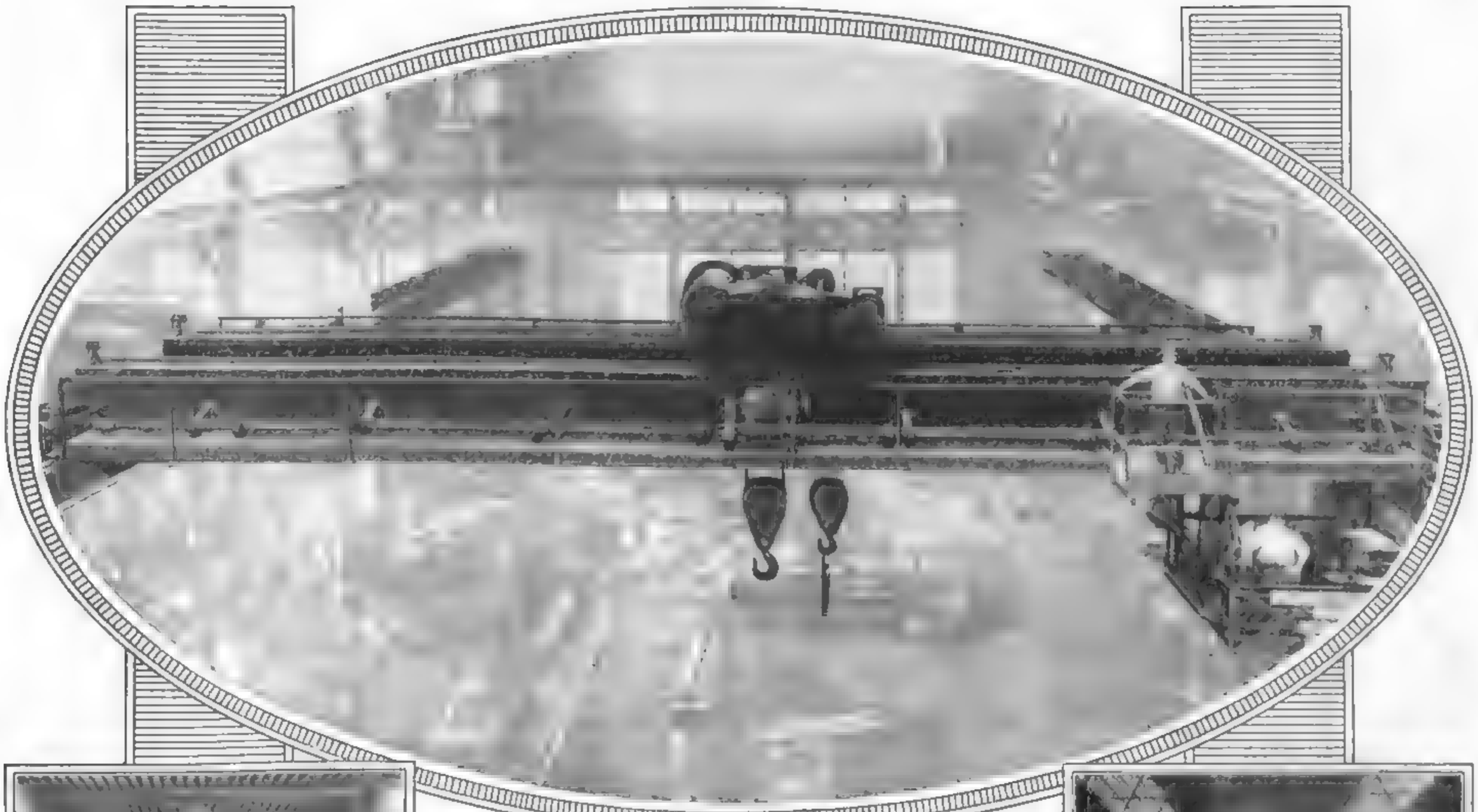
"On that line," said Eli, "two thousand a year."

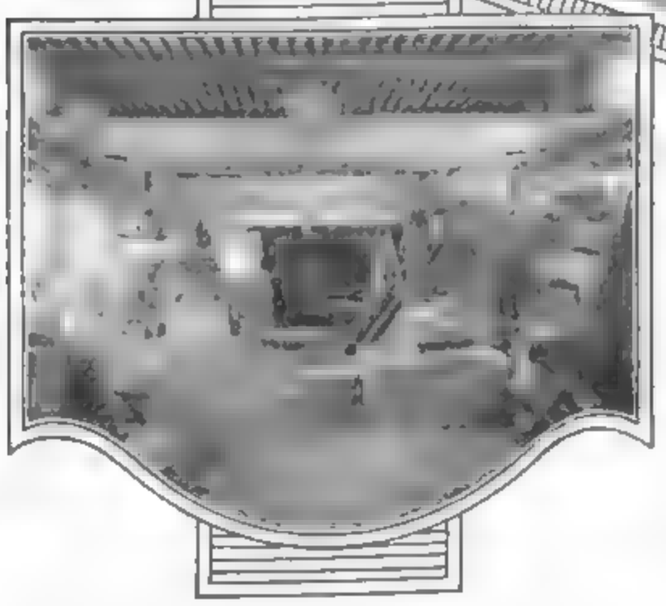
"Membership in this league," nodded the other, "will cost you ten per cent—two hundred plunks. If you're making more we'll find out. You play straight with us, we'll play straight with you."

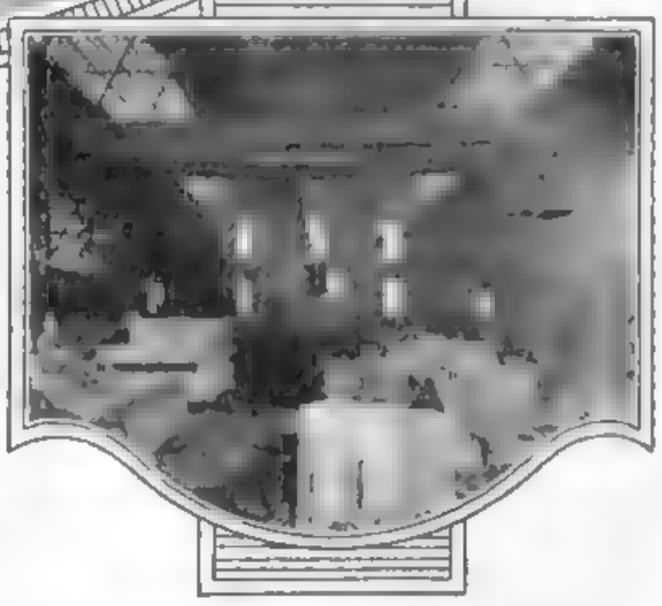
"Call it twenty-five hundred," faltered Eli.

"That's better," said the official. "Two hundred fifty gets you this."

(Continued on Page 141)







Not Only a *Crane* But a *Toledo*

No plant equipment returns its cost so quickly as the electric traveling crane. Saves labor, time, space and money. Enlarges capacity, increases production and pays a definite daily profit.

The name, *Toledo*, stands for that high degree of service which comes with acknowledged leadership.

Toledo standards guarantee scientific balance of weight to requirements, latest practice in design, positive engineering and structural accuracy—smoothness, speed and power with flexibility and economy in operation.

America's greatest industrial institutions specify *Toledo Cranes* upon the records of their sustained performance.

What are your requirements? What is your shop problem? Whether for light or heavy load—whether for one crane or one hundred—our engineers are at your command for counsel, plans or estimates.

Our bulletins, showing standard types, will be mailed to you at your request

THE TOLEDO BRIDGE & CRANE CO., TOLEDO, O.

Any Capacity—5 to 400 Tons—for Any Requirement

"ELECTRIC TRAVELING"

Toledo Cranes

A Garment Is Only As Good As Its "Insides"

A soft, lustrous lining carries an irresistible appeal to the æsthetic sense. But when "body" has been subordinated to beauty, friction rides roughshod over the fragile weave—clipping off the sharp, frail ridges where filling crosses warp. Speedy disintegration ensues and a tattered coat lining, no matter how aristocratic its origin, achieves the climax of dilapidation.

Don't let the lure of perishable beauty blind you to the permanent goodness of

Granite DOUBLE END Men's COAT LININGS

The lustrous quality and stalwart body of Granite Double End are imperishable because there are no ridges for friction to tear and dismember.

The reason lies in its new and exclusive construction—each "filling" thread laid *over* two and *under* two "warp" threads, as contrasted with the over-one-and-under-one weave of all other linings. Result—a smooth, waving, wear-repelling fabric of *double strength* that defies friction and thrives on service.

The rich, natural lustre of Granite Double End is smart enough for the most critical dresser. And this incomparable finish springs from the heart—not the surface of the fabric. Hence it is proof against the shine of ironing or the gloss of constant wear. The many handsome color combinations are dye-fast.

To specify Granite Double End to your clothier is to insure a coat lining that will outlast the coat.

Clothiers: Leading manufacturers are adding to the wear-reputation of their garments by using Granite Double End. Investigate.

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., Inc.
881 Broadway, New York

LESHER MOHAIRS

(Continued from Page 138)

Eli counted out the money. The other man passed him over a card.

"Hang it in your window," he said. "If you get into trouble you see this law firm. They do the law business for the league."

Eli took the window card. He pocketed the business card of the law firm—Coyle, Cantring & Coyle. He called in his personal counsel. Inside of two days he had the professional history of every member of the firm. Two of them had been graduated from the law office of the mayor. The third was the husband of the sister of the chief of police. The Merchants' Protective League was collecting hundreds of thousands of dollars a year from its members. If its members were arrested Coyle, Cantring & Coyle successfully defended them. It was as simple as A B C.

Eli Parsons took Pat to the office of the Puget Sound Press, the independent organ of the town. He explained to the editor that he and Pat, his son, had conducted a still-hunt for a week. They had names and places; they stood ready to testify that the town was running wide open in defiance of all law and order.

The next day the town woke up. The Law and Order League was formed. Eli Parsons became its head. As its head he challenged the police department to suppress crime. The police took up the challenge, visited the places in question, found no evidence of crime—found no evidence of any crime anywhere in town. They said so openly. Eli appealed to the mayor—the mayor backed up the police department. He told Eli through the public press to make any complaint he had to any magistrate and get a warrant issued and the police would serve the warrant and make the arrests.

Eli did nothing of the kind. He wrote the mayor a personal letter of a confidential nature. He said he had certain disclosures to make to the mayor which he preferred not to make public. He asked an interview at the Parallax Soap office. He couched his letter in such language that the mayor was impelled to accept the invitation. He came slinking into Eli's private office at half past five on a certain afternoon. Eli sat at one end of a long table busy. There was but one other chair in the room. That was placed at the other end of the table.

"Take that chair," said Eli pleasantly. "I'll be with you in a moment."

He went on with his work. He worked steadily for five minutes. Meantime the mayor's glance strayed about the office. Finally it lit upon the table in front of him. Then his gaze became focused upon three objects that lay arranged in order there. One was the protective placard of the Merchants' Protective League. One was the business card of Coyle, Cantring & Coyle. The third was a typewritten sheet of paper, very brief and to the point.

Eli finished his work. For the first time he looked the mayor squarely in the face. The mayor's eyes were frightened, his face was very pale.

"Do you—want me—to sign—this resignation?" asked the mayor.

"I do!" said Eli crisply. "Your health is bad, you need a rest. I know how it is myself."

The mayor hesitated for an instant. Eli rose and started toward him. The mayor seized a pen, hastily scrawled his signature upon the typewritten sheet, scrambled out of his chair, turned on his heel and left. That evening as the mayor boarded a train for Southern California, taking a good-sized fortune with him, Eli handed the mayor's resignation to the Law and Order League. The chief of police next day was missing. An election was at hand. The Law and Order League put up Eli Parsons as its candidate. He was elected mayor.

Vice still—of its own accord—flaunted itself in Paragon City. Eli raided Belle Bolter's gambling joint, arrested two others of importance. That was sufficient. The rest of them folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away. From that point on Eli's political progress was rapid and sensational. One memorable day, as an accredited delegate to the State Republican Convention held in Paragon City, Eli took the floor and demanded that a bone-dry plank be included in the platform of the party.

"The damn fool!" muttered Simon De Graw, one of his political allies. "To spring a thing like that in a state like this!"

Eli sprang it—defended it. He took the floor. He appealed to the women delegates, he appealed to the family men. When he had finished talking they put his resolution to a vote. It was carried by an overwhelming majority. A bone-dry plank in a Republican platform in the wettest of all wet states. Why? The time was ripe—that's all. The coast had filled up with Easterners who were shocked by and tired of the debauchery they found. The time was ripe. Eli had the knack of feeling as the majority of decent people feel. He knew how the others felt. The difference between Eli and the others was that Eli had the nerve to put his feelings upon record. He got away with it. He stuck to that dry plank until it was placed upon the statute books.

And then they made him governor. They made him governor—but he made himself something else. He became, as in the twinkling of an eye, the political leader of the party in power within his state; not the avowed leader. Simon De Graw was the state chairman of the party, but what Eli said usually went. And they none of them knew that Eli held a bludgeon up his sleeve. Even Simon De Graw didn't suspect what was coming. He didn't put two and two together. He might have done so, but he didn't. When lightning struck Simon De Graw finally, it smote him out of a totally clear sky. But it wasn't going to strike him or anybody else—just yet.

"Simon," said the governor one day in a confidential chat with his political adviser, "you don't seem to realize that the bone and sinew of this nation are its married men—its families. That doesn't hit you where you live."

"Yes, yes!" said Simon De Graw hastily. "Yes, Eli, I agree with everything you say in that regard. Yes, that's settled long ago. You settled it, Eli. We've—you've talked about it many times."

"I've talked about it many times," smiled Eli, "but it isn't settled—not to my satisfaction. I've settled it in my private business, that is true. My offices are filled with married men. I've proved them out. They suit."

"Yes, yes!" said Simon, yawning. He was honestly afraid that Eli had gone crazy on the subject. Here were a dozen things of supreme importance to be done, and Eli dawdled on about married men.

"Simon," went on Eli, "I won't rest easy until I see the State House filled with married men."

"Employees?" queried Simon.

Eli shook his head.

"The thing goes further. Senators, assemblymen, state officials, judges. Judges—even judges! I want to see all of them—married men."

"We can't force 'em to marry," grinned Simon.

"We can do something else," returned Eli Parsons. "We can put married men upon the ticket. We can elect married men to office."

"Let me have men about me who are married men," grinned Simon.

The governor frowned.

"This is no joke," he said sharply. His tone brought Simon De Graw up standing.

"Eli," he cried, "do you mean this? Is this thing a command?"

The governor eyed him sternly.

"So much so, Simon," he returned, "that if I can't get you to do my bidding—by George, I'll get someone else who will!"

After Simon had left the room the door opened, and Cowper, of the River City Soap Concern, stepped into the room. He was as jaunty as ever, but he was apologetic. He smiled a bit forlornly as the governor shook him by the hand.

"You told me to drop in when I came out to the Pacific Coast," said Cowper, "so I've dropped in. I'm on a selling trip. I want to find out why and how we can't get a look-in on your coast."

"Well," smiled the governor, "one reason is, I'm here to stay."

Cowper nodded soberly.

"I'll have to acknowledge," he went on, "that I made a big mistake when I put a young man in your place, governor. No use crying over spilled milk. I've learned a whole lot of lessons in the last few years."

"I've followed your record, Cowper," said the governor without any attempt to patronize his visitor, "and it's a cracka-jack. I wrote you with a purpose. I'm busy with affairs of state. I want a good man to run my business for me and run it well."

Cowper's eyes shone.

"What's it worth to you to have it run that way?" he queried.

Eli told him. Cowper considered for a moment. Then he nodded.

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

New England Conservatory of Music
BOSTON, MASS.
George W. Chadwick, Director
Year Opens September 18, 1919

Located in the Music Center of America
It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to [illegible] its complete organization and splendid equipment offer exceptional facilities for students.

Complete Curriculum
Courses in every branch of Music, applied and theoretical.

Owing to the Practical Training
In our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers.

The Free Privileges
Of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunity of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences and the daily [illegible] are invaluable advantages to the music student.

A Complete Orchestra
Offers advanced pupils in piano, [illegible] organ and voice an experience [illegible] public appearance with orchestra [illegible]

Dramatic Department
Practical training in acting.

Address Ralph L. Flanders, General Manager

Dentistry offers unusual opportunities.
Write to INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
Know about the opportunities of dental profession before deciding your career. The Indiana Dental College presents an exceptional opportunity to study dentistry at a moderate cost for tuition and living expenses. New college year begins September 29. Augmented curriculum. Able faculty. Clinical facilities unexcelled. Write for catalog and full details of opportunities for service and advancement in the practice of dentistry. Address
F. R. Henshaw, Dean
3 W. North St., Indianapolis

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys
Government Honor School
525 boys from 47 States last session. Largest private academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.
1,600 feet above sea level, pure dry [illegible] mountain air of the [illegible] Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure [illegible] spring water. High moral tone. [illegible] Military drill [illegible] developed [illegible] band, [illegible] athletics. Six [illegible] expensively equipped gymnasium, [illegible] athletic park. Daily drills and [illegible] open air. [illegible] home [illegible] refinement [illegible]. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Academy fifty-nine years old. $75,000 barracks, full [illegible], [illegible] fireproof. Charges $550. [illegible] free. Address
Col. WM. G. KABLE, Ph.D., Principal, Staunton, Va.

WENTWORTH

Military Academy, Lexington, Mo.
Oldest Military School West of Mississippi River
Courses of study include [illegible] and vocational instruction. [illegible] College or for life. Small [illegible] Expert individual [illegible] special qualifications in each student.
Separate School for Small Boys of 9 to 14 years
[illegible]
Address COL. S. SELLERS, Supt.
1812 Washington Ave. Lexington, Mo.
Showing the results of Wentworth training which has made the all-victorious Wentworth football team.

We have specialized 15 years in
Practical Electrical Education
[illegible] 4 years' [illegible] Course [illegible] Work [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Antiseptic and waterproof.

A first-aid preparation for cuts, scrapes and little skin injuries.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin."

Be sure you get New-Skin, not an inferior substitute. *Smile, but insist.*

All Druggists—15 and 30 cents.

NEWSKIN CO. NEW YORK

The Easy Way to Hang Pictures

More than 100,000 dealers in the United States can show you the easy, simple way to hang pictures and mirrors, without injuring wall paper, plaster or woodwork by using

A Packet Should Be in Every Room

MOORE PUSH-PINS

Glass Heads, Steel Points

For heavy pictures, weighing up to 100 pounds, clocks, clothing, etc., use Moore Push-less hangers, the hanger with the twist.

Sold by hardware, stationery, drug and photo supply stores everywhere **10c** per pkt

Moore Push-Pin Co., 125 Berkley St., Philadelphia

WEATHERWAX

Brick & Concrete Paint

Corrects and prevents white stains on brick walls. Makes concrete walls waterproof. Cannot peel from mortar or brick because it penetrates like a stain.

Send for color card and dealer's name.

THE REILLY COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON **PATENTS**

MUNN & CO.

620 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
625 F Street WASHINGTON D C
Tower Building, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"I'll take you up," he said. "I'll start in any time you say."

"I suppose," said Eli, "that you've got a family by now?"

"Not so you can notice it," said Cowper. "I'm an old bachelor by birth."

"Well," said Eli, chuckling in an unaccountable manner, "there are some good bachelors. I take it you're one of the best of 'em yourself. So we'll make it a go. You can start in any time you please."

They settled it in writing. All was pleasantness and peace. But Cowper would have been startled had he seen the baleful glitter in the eyes of Eli Parsons as Eli Parsons watched him leave the room. The class hatred still was there. And Eli—only Eli—knew whence this hatred eventually was to lead.

For the first three weeks in January—the three weeks that immediately preceded the notorious general strike, so-called—more than five hundred unknown mysterious characters made advent into Paragon City. They were all men—young unmarried men, floaters, irresponsibles, mercenaries; many of them army slackers; some plain and simple crooks—a crew of sinister irregulars. They came unheralded, unnoted. They slunk in by twos and threes from San Francisco, San Diego, Portland and Vancouver. By twos and threes they dropped off passenger trains, hopped off interurban trolleys, glided in on motor stages. Upon their arrival they immediately disappeared, were swallowed up.

Under the provisions of a coast-wide agreement in force at the time, Paragon City had become a closed town. Pursuant to that same coast-wide agreement, any human being could become a member of the labor unions in the city. There were two conditions only: One the payment in advance of six dollars yearly dues. The other—a condition imposed by Sam Bruno—a subscription for one year for the Daily Toiler, Sam Bruno's organ. This also cost six dollars.

The Daily Toiler was edited by Rosa Lammer, Sam Bruno's intimate. Rosa Lammer was a handsome black-eyed woman, a clever female firebrand. She was a Red. To do her justice, it must be said that she believed in the righteousness of her cause and trusted in the integrity of Sam Bruno. The five hundred mercenaries joined the local unions, but they sought no jobs. By twos and threes they took their orders from the man who paid them—Sam Bruno, chairman of Local Metal Workers No. 63. Sam Bruno trained them in squad by squad and man by man. Something was about to happen—a storm was going to break. It broke!

At eight o'clock on the night before the strike went into effect a limousine drew up at the outskirts of a silent mob of some three thousand men that choked all streets radiating from the Labor Temple. Somebody in the crowd chuckled.

"It's Eli's car," he said. Swiftly the news spread from man to man. "Eli—Eli's here!"

The door of the limousine opened and Eli Parsons alighted. He set his face toward the Labor Temple; the crowd parted to make way for him.

"Hello, Eli!" said somebody in the crowd.

Eli showed his white teeth, smiling.

"Hello, yourself!" he returned.

He stumbled over a man who stood in his way. The man apologized and thrust out his hand.

"Hello, boss!" he said. The man was Nels Larsen, a foreman of a Parallax Soap vat shed.

"Hello, Nels!" exclaimed Eli Parsons. "Why aren't you in the meeting there to-night?"

"I am a damn fool," returned Nels Larsen, shrugging his shoulders. "I have not been at any meeting. Always they call these meetings here at six o'clock and always a man like me must eat his supper. I eat at six o'clock and I hurry down. But always the meeting hall is full. I try to get in but I can't, so I have to stay outside."

Eli nodded—this was the kind of talk he wanted most to hear.

"Nels," he went on, "you go out to-morrow with the rest?"

"You bet, boss!" said Nels. "You bet I do! Sam Bruno is my leader—I stick to him. When Sam Bruno says the word, I do it. What he says goes with me."

Eli proceeded toward the Labor Temple.

"Going to see Sam, Eli?" asked the crowd. Eli Parsons said he was. Two husky shipyard riveters formed his bodyguard and forced a passage for him.

"Gangway there for Eli!" they exclaimed. They handed him over to the door man of the assembly room in the Labor Temple.

"I'm Parsons," said Eli tersely to the door man. "I want to see Sam—I want to get in there to see him now."

There was a parley; then the door was opened.

Eli entered the hall. The hall was poorly lighted, badly ventilated and reeked with the fumes of stale tobacco and contraband whisky. Sam Bruno from the platform railed at his audience.

"You loafers!" he yelled. "If I catch any man jack of you with a breath on him while this strike is on I'll send him down the skids.

"Not a drop of liquor, not a hand raised, not a gun fired! Get me? I'm saying this, you understand—not the police, not the mayor, not the governor! I'm saying it—Sam Bruno!"

He stopped short. He caught sight of Eli at the entrance to the hall. Sam beckoned to Eli. Obeying the summons, Eli made his way to the platform. Sam Bruno, a young giant of six feet two, massive shoulders, an undershot jaw, held out his hand and grinned his welcome.

"Well, how's Eli?" he exclaimed.

Eli didn't answer. He stood there, a pygmy alongside of Sam, looking—not at Sam but at the crowd. He shook his head.

"I don't know these boys," he said to Sam. "How many of them are there anyway?"

"This hall seats five hundred," returned Sam. He eyed the governor narrowly.

"Likely-looking bunch of boys," mused Eli, keeping his eyes on them, "but I don't know 'em, Sam."

"Boys," said Sam Bruno, holding up his hand, "Paragon City's grown so big that this gentleman don't know you no more than you know him. Boys, this gentleman here is the Honorable Eli Parsons. He's the governor of this here state."

Silence! No applause except from a handsome young woman with eyes of fire, who sat upon the platform, a reporter's notebook on her knee. She was Rosa Lammer, of the Daily Toiler. She held her pencil between her teeth and clapped her hands. Doing so, she winked at Sam. Eli didn't see that wink—five hundred others did.

Eli Parsons bowed.

"Boys," he said, "I'm not going to make you any speech." Rosa Lammer in the next day's issue of the Toiler said that this was the most satisfactory utterance Eli Parsons had ever made. But Eli wasn't through. He stepped down from the platform. He held out his hand.

"Boys," he went on, "I want you all to know that I've always been the friend of labor—never more so than to-day. I just want to shake hands with a few of you to show that we're all friends."

Sam Bruno nodded, wondering. Eli shook hands with fifteen or twenty men. Sam winked at them while this was going on. The men grinned among themselves.

"Soft stuff!" they whispered to each other.

Eli made his way back to the platform.

"Soft stuff!" he was whispering to himself. He had felt of their hands. There wasn't a laboring man among the crowd.

"Sam," said Eli, "I didn't come in here to make a speech. I just came in to talk to you."

Sam Bruno's private office was just behind the platform.

"You want a conference with me?" he nodded, leading the way.

"Wait!" returned Eli. "I want a conference with you, but I want it here upon this platform—now."

"You have the floor," said Sam.

The governor drew from his pocket a few sheets of typewritten paper.

"Bruno," he went on, "I am informed that at nine o'clock to-night you intend to place before this meeting a resolution"—he fluttered the sheets he held—"a resolution to take over the municipal functions and the city government of Paragon City. Am I right?"

Sam Bruno stared at him aghast.

"How in hell did you know that?" he cried.

"I know many, many things, Sam," said the governor. "I have here a carbon copy of that resolution in my hand."

Sam Bruno rushed into his private office and came back.

"Somebody," he exclaimed, "has played us false! Who stole that copy? Where did you get that copy, Eli?"

Eli sadly shook his head.

"There are always traitors, Sam—always traitors to a cause. That's not the point. I am informed that this resolution is to be adopted by this meeting at nine o'clock to-night. Is my information quite correct?"

Sam Bruno looked at Rosa Lammer. She nodded her head, glaring in defiance at the governor.

"Right!" said Sam. "That resolution will go through to-night."

The governor folded up the sheets of paper and thrust them back into his pocket.

"Sam," he said sternly, "in the whole history of the United States this is a thing that never has been done."

"Never has a general strike been done—till now," said Sam. "There are lots of things that never have been done—till now. That program you've got tucked away goes through."

There was a long silence. Eli stared at Bruno, Bruno stared at Eli.

"Sam," finally said Eli, "if you pass this resolution—to-night or at any other time—something will happen."

"You said a mouthful," grinned Sam.

"Something terrible will happen," went on Eli. "The citizens of this city and this state will rise en masse and hang you from the nearest lamp-post. Nobody can stop them—they'll hang you, Sam."

"I'd like to see them try it!" said Sam Bruno.

"I'll see them try it," returned the governor steadily, "for I shall be the first man to procure a rope."

Rosa Lammer with set lips took down his words. She placed the whole colloquy on record. Sam Bruno grunted in disdain.

"You get the rope?" mocked Sam.

"Mark my words," said Eli, "with my own hands I'll hang you by the neck until you're dead!"

As a matter of fact Eli Parsons, as governor, had no right to interfere as yet. The strike situation with all that it entailed was a matter strictly for the municipal authorities. But the mayor was ill in Southern California—Sam Bruno had banked upon that. And the acting mayor was a weakling and a sympathizer with the masses. Sam was banking upon that.

At ten o'clock next day the general strike went into effect. There followed two days of silence—ominous, oppressive silence. Then the acting mayor apparently caved in. He sent word to Sam Bruno that he would grant Sam and Sam's committee a hearing at the City Hall at midnight of the following day. Sam with a grin of triumph issued his commands. He had buffaloed the acting mayor. Now he would buffalo the people. His crowd once inside the City Hall, the acting mayor would never get him out. Sam instructed his followers to assemble at the City Hall at eleven-forty-five P. M. and to wait outside until he said the word. Meantime Paragon City held its breath—the whole country held its breath. Nobody knew just what might happen—everybody feared the worst.

At eleven-forty-five a thousand men clustered about the entrance to the City Hall. Not a drop of liquor was in evidence, no voice was raised, no guns were packed. This was a new kind of revolution that Sam had staged. He was working from the inside out.

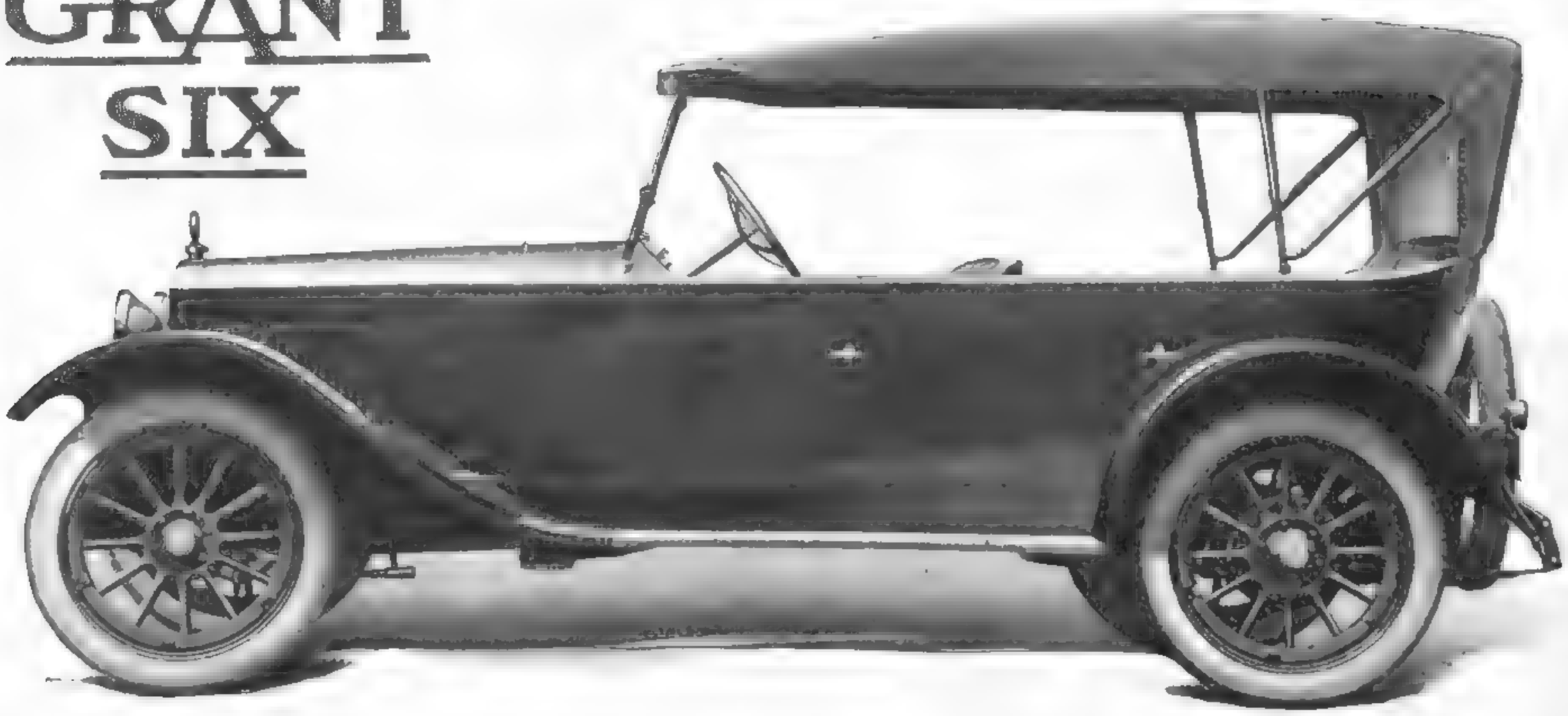
At twelve o'clock from somewhere behind the City Hall a shot was fired. Curiosity is far stronger than discipline. As one man, that crowd of a thousand men surged to the plaza behind the city buildings. And there they stopped, appalled! Just stood and stared at an object that had been erected in the middle of the lawn. The object was a scaffold—a platform some twelve feet in height, boarded about below; above it a gallows reared its ghastly head; a gallows with a hempen rope swinging to and fro in the night breeze. It stood out, a sinister poisonous thing. Searchlights from a dozen windows played upon it. The crowd gasped, motionless. Silence—ominous, disturbing!

A dozen more windows were raised from the rear of the municipal building.

"Let no one move!" cried a warning voice in stentorian tones. No one moved. There was ample reason. From those twelve windows the nozzles of machine guns were leveled at the crowd. Silence again!

(Continued on Page 145)

GRANT SIX



Announcing an Entirely New Model

A Larger and Handsomer Grant Six—Low-hung, Comfortable, of Surpassing Smartness

THE new Grant Six will compel the admiration of all interested in motor cars. Thousands who have seen it say it is the handsomest light six in the world. We want you to see it and judge for yourself.

It is a new Grant. It cannot be compared in size or power with any previous Grant model. It represents the culmination of all our experience in building over fifty thousand light weight sixes during the past four years.

In its mechanical fitness; in the quality of its materials and workmanship; in its capacity to stand up under hard work and achieve difficult tasks; in its vigorous strength and surplus power, it brings to you a new type of motor car ability.

And in its soft beauty of lines and finish, its luxurious upholstery of genuine leather, its wealth of comfort, its ease of riding, and the completeness of its equipment,—even to a power tire pump and motometer,—it brings you the full realization of your ideals.

We are proud of this car. You will be proud of it too. You will like its powerful motor, its deep drop frame with broad, full-width running boards. You will like the beautiful smart lines of the top, the rakish slant of the windshield, the restful tilt of the cushions, the handsome mahogany finished instrument board, and the wonderful comfort and completeness of every detail.

You will note that the springs are extraordinarily long, with oilless bushings. You will note many other features just as pointedly evidencing the basically high quality and up-to-the-minute design of this new Grant Six.

See the nearest Grant dealer at your earliest convenience.

Specifications

MOTOR—Six cylinders, over head valves. 3⅛ x 4¾-in. bore and stroke, balanced crank shaft; force feed oiling system. Fly wheel, starting gear clutch and clutch throw-out, completely housed

CARBURETOR—Improved Stromberg. Vacuum gasoline feed from 16-gallon tank in rear

STARTING AND LIGHTING—Two-unit starting and lighting system with exclusive capacity generator

CLUTCH—10-in. Borg and Beck disc clutch

CONTROL—Spark and throttle on steering wheel. Extra long gear shift lever with standard S.A.E. shift

STEERING GEAR—Irreversible; continuous jacket tube. Bearing surfaces of steering connections bushed. 18-in. mahogany, notched steering wheel.

FRONT AXLE—Columbia drop forged, standard I-Beam with extra strong steering connections.

REAR AXLE—Columbia three-quarter floating with 12-in. equalized brakes

SPRINGS—Front—37 x 2-in. almost flat under load; oilless bushings. Rear—semi-elliptic, 56½ x 2-in. almost flat under load. Oilless bushings

DRIVE—Ideal Hotchkiss with underslung rear axle

FRAME—Exceptionally strong, extra deep section

TRANSMISSION—Three speeds forward and reverse. Speedometer drive from transmission.

PROPELLER SHAFT—Tubular, double universals

RADIATOR—Black enamel finish, reinforced double shell construction with removable core; mounted on trunnions

FENDERS—Black enameled. Latest aëroplane type; crowned centers strongly reinforced. Anti-squeak pads interposed between fenders and frame. Headlights carried on steel brackets joined to fenders.

WHEEL BASE—134-in.

RIMS—Demountable

TOP—One-man type made of Neverleak fabric. Door-opening curtains. Single plate glass rear window

BODY—Reed, edge-grain finish, continuous front seat. Mohair cushion springs. Upholstery—genuine leather; semi-bright finish. Frenched

FINISH—Deep olive green body and hood, with outside nickel door handles; aluminum moulding between radiator and hood sides between hood and body. Wheels, green with white stripe

EQUIPMENT—Complete, including power tire pump, motometer, etc.

Five-passenger Touring Car $1495
Three-passenger Roadster $1495
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

On this same chassis will be mounted a five-passenger four-door Sedan and a four-passenger Coupé. Details will be announced later or sent you on request.

GRANT MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, CLEVELAND, OHIO

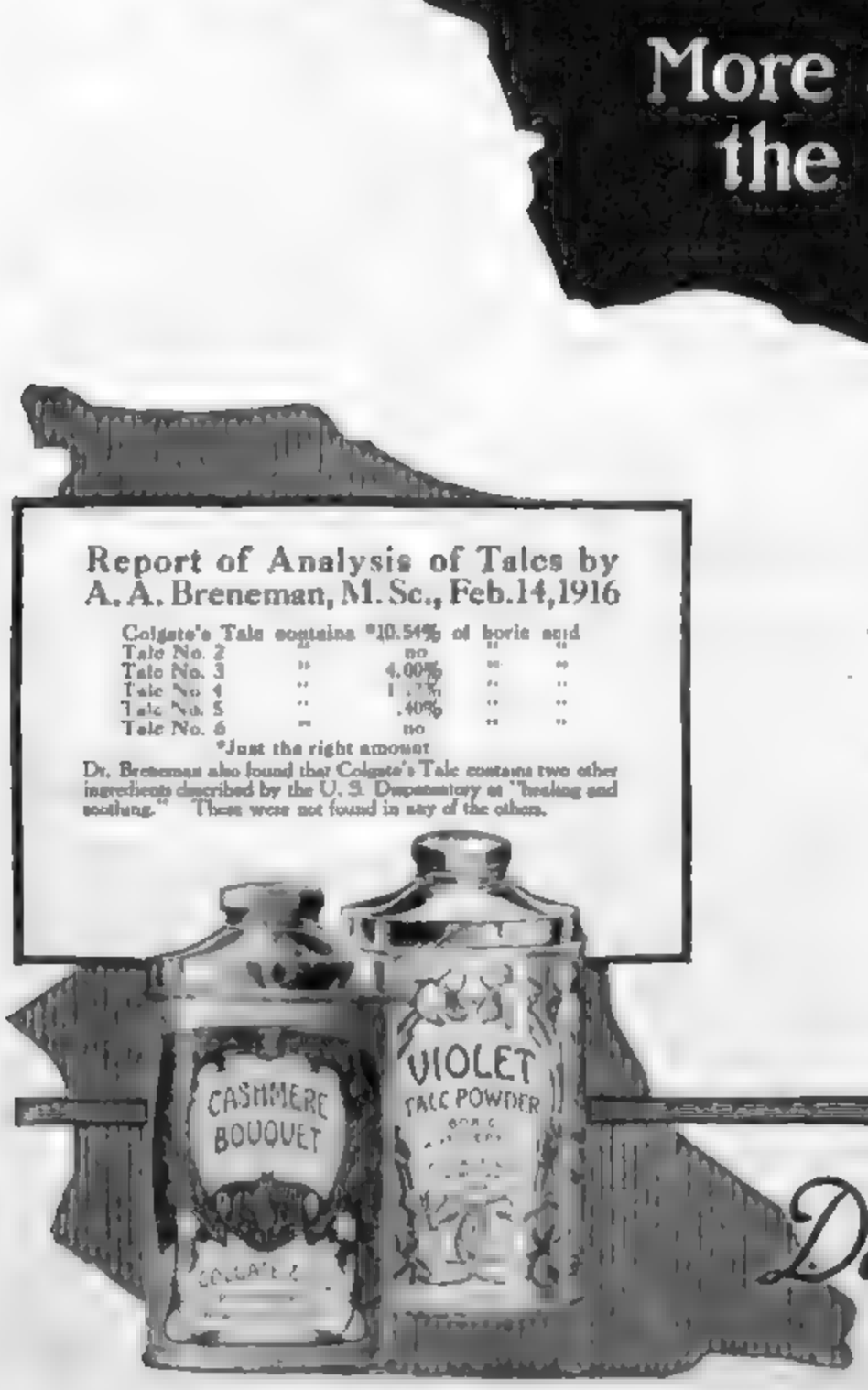
COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

Report of Analysis of Talcs by A. A. Breneman, M. Sc., Feb. 14, 1916

Colgate's Talc contains	*10.54%	of boric	acid	
Talc No. 2	"	no	"	"
Talc No. 3	"	4.00%	"	"
Talc No. 4	"	1.[illegible]%	"	"
Talc No. 5	"	.40%	"	"
Talc No. 6	"	no	"	"

*Just the right amount

Dr. Breneman also found that Colgate's Talc contains two other ingredients described by the U. S. Dispensatory as "healing and soothing." These were not found in any of the others.



MEN have always wanted comfort—but have not fully realized how much comfort the use of plenty of Colgate's Talc brings. Now they are learning fast.

In Country Club lockers, on shaving-stands or bath-room shelves, in seaside bath-houses—wherever something soothing, cooling and absorbent will bring men more comfort—there you find Colgate's Talc.

Use Colgate's frequently this summer and get more of the refreshing comfort it brings.

You will find your judgment in selecting Colgate's confirmed by the report made by Dr. A. A. Breneman, M. Sc., a prominent New York chemist. His analysis (copy of report sent on request) shows that Colgate's is the real boric powder—and you know the value of that mild yet efficient antiseptic. Colgate's contains just the right amount.

Colgate's Talc is sold everywhere—or a trial box sent for 2c in stamps.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. P 199 Fulton Street New York

Do you use talc often enough?

(Continued from Page 142)

A hundred armed men filed out of the building. They took up stations about the scaffold, their rifles clicked to cock. The crowd stiffened but stood stock-still. Four men appeared bearing a coffin painted black. Bearing it, they climbed up to the platform and laid it down beside the gallows. There was a five-minute wait. And then Eli Parsons issued from the building. An instant later and he stood upon the platform, bareheaded, clad in somber black.

And then came forth Sam Bruno!

Sam Bruno's hands were bound behind him. He was gagged. His feet were hobbled. He was helpless.

He was assisted to the platform. He saw the coffin, the gibbet and the rope. He started back in mortal terror. Then he stared helplessly at the crowd—his own crowd. The crowd stared back. But no one spoke, even in a whisper. No one stirred hand or foot to help Sam Bruno. He stood there on the platform, helpless and alone.

One of Eli's attendants stepped up to Sam Bruno, caught him sharply by the shoulder, whirled him about and thrust him directly under the gallows. With swift nervous fingers this man knotted the strong rope about Sam Bruno's neck. Then he turned to Eli Parsons, asking a silent question.

Eli shook his head.

"This is a one-man job," said Eli. "I myself will spring the trap."

Without formality he stepped forward; he grasped a lever. The attendant produced a large black cloth and started to adjust it over Sam's face. Then for the first time the crowd heard Sam Bruno's muffled voice.

"Wait!" pleaded Sam Bruno through the folds of his gag. "Wait! I give up!"

Evidently Eli Parsons knew what that meant. He was prepared for it. He beckoned to a man below; the man ascended to the platform. This man was a scrivener. With him he brought a pad of legal cap. He produced a fountain pen. Eli nodded to the first attendant. That man removed the gag from Sam Bruno's mouth. Sam glanced wildly at the crowd.

"For God's sake!" he cried. "You're not going to make me tell it here!"

The governor waved his hand.

"Adjust the black cap!" he commanded.

"For God's sake, no!" yelled Sam Bruno. "I give up—I give up here!"

What he gave up there no one in the crowd could know. For fifteen minutes, surrounded by a coterie of witnesses, Sam Bruno answered questions, wrangled, boasted, bullied, whined. But in the end he told the truth. Three times it became necessary to readjust the black cap over his face. Three times Eli Parsons grasped that lever. Three times Sam Bruno caved in, pallid with fear. The scrivener took down all he had to say—took it word for word. Then they read it to Sam Bruno. They unbound Sam Bruno's hands. In fear and trembling Sam Bruno signed the statement.

"Damn you, Eli Parsons," he growled in his throat; "you'll pay for this—you'll see!"

"Who'll make me pay?" asked Eli.

"I will!" snarled Sam.

"Adjust that gag and cap!" cried Eli Parsons. His order was obeyed. "Now," went on Eli, "we'll hang him anyway. I myself will spring the trap."

Without ado, in full sight of that shivering mob, he sprang the trap. Sam Bruno's squirming struggling body plunged down and out of sight. That was all—almost. Only a taut rope remained in view. A spasmodic jerk or two—the rope was still. Silence—for ten minutes! Then from some opening in the underneath inclosure of the scaffold a squad of men stepped forth. With them they bore Sam Bruno's coffin—with Sam Bruno in it.

With half-choked cries of horror the crowd started to disperse. It didn't succeed. It found itself surrounded by a crowd of full two thousand men—confronted by bayonets, threatened with cocked revolvers. That velvety lawn suddenly had become a prison. Only one man of that multitude was able to escape. Twenty minutes later, eyes wild with affright, he dashed into the offices of the Daily Toiler, poured his tale into the ears of Rosa Lammer—Rosa Lammer, who had held the presses waiting for good news.

Rosa Lammer listened to this man. She sprang to the telephone. She confirmed his story. Next day the Daily Toiler in a fit of frenzy published an edition of half a million copies—free copies; scattered them broadcast about the city; flung them to the four winds; mailed anathema and vituperation to the corners of the earth. Rosa Lammer did more. She wired to Washington. She cabled to France. She appealed to high heaven. A living incarnation of lawlessness, Rosa Lammer appealed to settled law and order, invoked the Constitution of the country, protested to all humanity against this outrage.

But she couldn't undo the thing that had been done. She couldn't alter the fact—Sam Bruno had been hanged by Eli Parsons. There was the appalling fact and the appalling fact appalled the people. In a state in which capital punishment had been abolished, Sam Bruno had been done to death without due process of law. Rosa Lammer demanded of organized society that Eli Parsons forthwith be boiled in oil.

And yet—save for this outburst of the Daily Toiler—there was still silence in the city until early afternoon. The general strike had left the presses of the other papers helpless. But not for long. At two o'clock on the day following the outrage a million extras made their appearance upon the streets. The dailies had broken a long three-day silence. And they were breaking it with thunder—thunder that rattled all round the world.

Curious thunder, this. Before these extras the populace fell back in wonder. There was not one word about Sam Bruno's hanging; not one word about the outrage that had been committed on the night before. But there were words—Sam Bruno's words, nothing else—just Sam Bruno's words. No editorial comment, no introduction. Just a jocular headline, a cheap witticism: "Sam Bruno Spills the Beans."

The headline was expressive. Sam had spilled the beans. He had told the whole story. He was no representative of labor. The five hundred mercenaries who had packed his meetings were no representatives of labor. Unknown to labor, unknown even to his close fanatical followers, unknown to Rosa Lammer, Sam Bruno had been all along a cold-blooded mercenary in himself. He was a paid contractor—that was all. Russian leaders, themselves mercenaries, had paid him fifty thousand dollars. Not for his followers, not for the cause. Fifty thousand dollars for himself alone.

Fifty thousand dollars! He had lived in luxury, he was living in luxury; he was spending his money upon a woman. Not Rosa Lammer—he was lavishing his coin upon a courtesan. He had received this fifty thousand dollars—he had collected thirty thousand more from fanatical followers in the Puget Sound district. He had spent it, was spending it, upon himself. His honest followers had gone without food to eat, without clothes to wear. He had done it all for money. With the fear of the gallows strong upon him, Sam Bruno had confessed it. Once a trusted labor leader, he had betrayed labor's confidence for eighty thousand pieces of silver. He was a traitor. He was a Judas.

The strike came to an inconsequential end that afternoon. It was all over—almost, but not quite. The next day they hauled Sam Bruno before two different tribunals to answer to two several indictments. Sam appeared in person! He was still alive! He hadn't been hanged—not by Eli Parsons or by anybody else. It is true a rope had been tied about his neck; true that a trap had been sprung; true also that he had dropped through a square hole in the platform—into the arms of half a dozen waiting men below. But that was all. His constitutional rights had not been invaded. No laws had been violated. Decency and law and order had not been violated.

But decency and law and order had been rocked—were rocking still. The whole world rocked—with laughter. It laughed with Eli Parsons. Eli had done something no one else had even thought of doing. He had played a dramatic trick upon the Reds. He had written farce comedy round them. He had made them his butt—the laughing stock of all creation. With raucous merriment he had hooted the Bolsheviki out of court. They had become ridiculous forevermore. He had outraged them with a joke.

A few days after the deluge Eli escorted his daughter, Molly Pitcher—winsome as ever but still quite unattached—to Dave

REES

DOUBLE WORM GEAR DRIVE

JACK

The Only Jack With Double Worm Gear Drive

Study the double worm gear as applied in the Rees Jack. Both the power and efficiency of the single worm gear mechanism are greatly increased because here end thrust and side strain are entirely eliminated. Note that both the worm and lifting ram are virtually floating. Small effort at the handle is transformed into great lifting power under the load.

ONLY by using the Rees Jack can you appreciate the convenience afforded in placing it under the axle without getting down in the dirt, and the rapidity with which a few easy turns of the handle raises the heaviest car.

The fact that the Rees Jack makes tire changing possible without soiling of clothes is a feature especially enjoyed by women motorists, and the assurance that the Rees can be depended upon in any emergency adds materially to the enjoyment of any trip.

Simply turning the handle of the Rees Jack raises or lowers the load with steady, hydraulic-like power. It cannot drop the load, holds it automatically at any height. The great power of the Rees is due to its correct mechanical principle, the Double Worm Gear, adapted here for the first time in any jack.

Rees Jack No. 1, for passenger automobiles, has a lifting capacity of 4000 lbs. With its folding handle it goes readily into any tool box. Price $9.00. Price west of the Rockies $9.50.

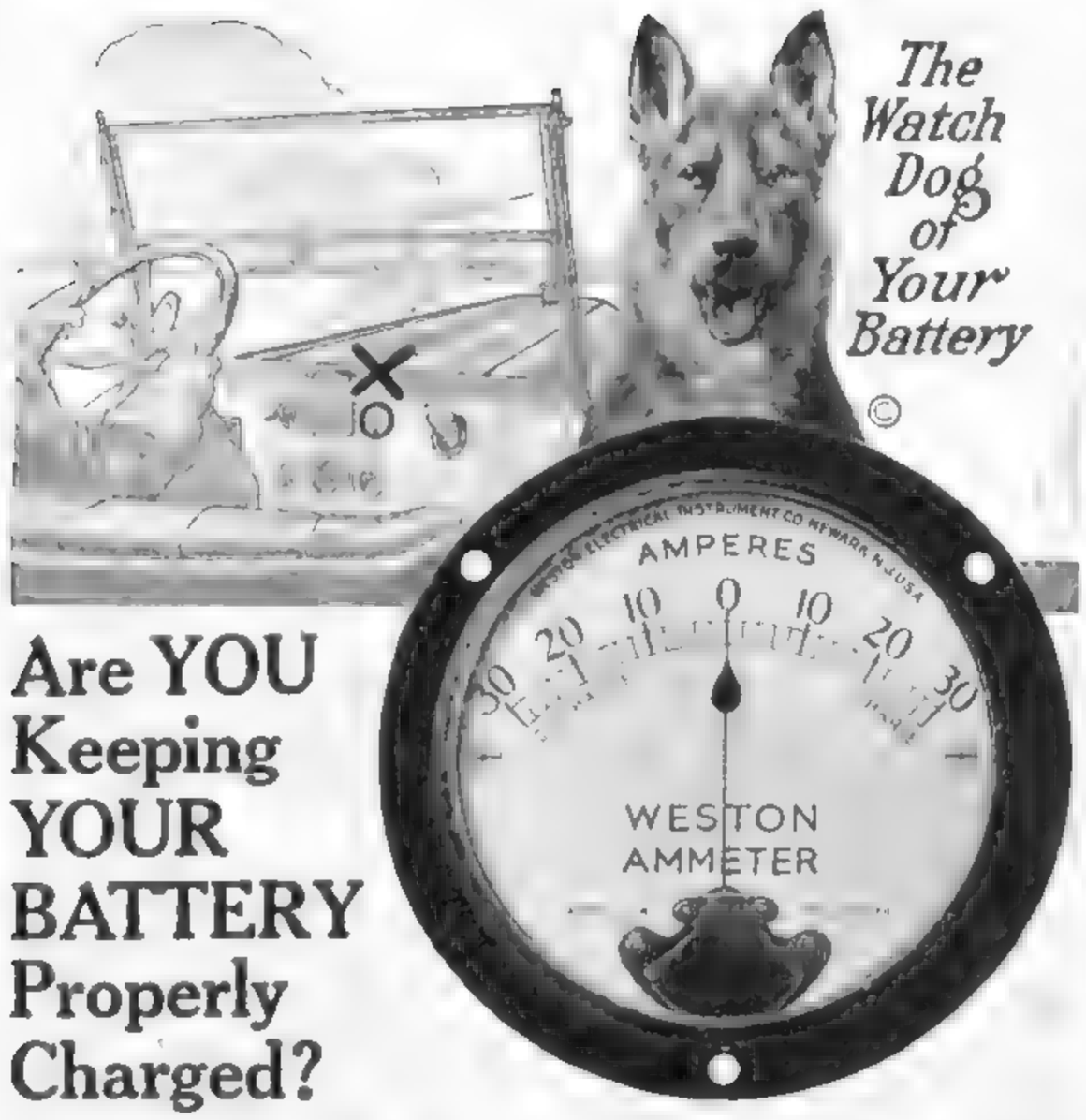
Iron City Products Co.

Department 15

7501 Thomas Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Manufacturers also of Rees Double Worm Gear Jacks for Truck, Railway and Industrial Uses.

If your dealer has not yet stocked the Rees Jack send check, draft or money order for $9 00 direct to us. The Jack will be sent you prepaid by Parcel Post.



Are YOU Keeping YOUR BATTERY Properly Charged?

YOU cannot properly care for your battery—and prolong its life—unless you know at all times the correct rate in amperes at which it is charging or discharging.

The Weston is the dependable Ammeter that tells you exactly how many amperes of electrical current your ignition requires—your horn—your lights.

It shows whether your generator is working and helps you to determine what the rate of input should be from your generator to keep the battery charged to maximum efficiency so that it may stand the tremendous overload placed upon it in starting.

Without a Weston Ammeter you cannot keep reliably informed concerning your electrical functioning. Your guarantee of Weston dependability and service is in "Weston" leadership for 30 years in the manufacture of electrical indicating instruments for every requirement.

Any Accessory Dealer, Garage or Battery Service Station can supply you with a Weston Ammeter. Illustrated leaflet showing the different types and finishes sent on request. In writing give model of your car.

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT COMPANY

NEWARK NEW JERSEY

Branch Offices

New York, Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, San Francisco, Buffalo, Minneapolis, Richmond, Cincinnati, Cleveland, New Orleans, Montreal, Winnipeg, London, Boston, St. Louis, Denver, Seattle, Miami, Toronto, Vancouver

To Garages, Repair Men and Service Stations

"Shorts", "grounds" and other troubles in an electrical system can be reliably and quickly detected only with accurate, thoroughly dependable testing apparatus.

If you are not equipped with Weston electrical testing instruments for this special purpose—in justice to the car owners you serve—you should be. Write for full information on Weston No. 280 Garage Testing Instrument and No. 441 "Fault Finder"—today.

Correctly Indicates Electrical Performance

WESTON AMMETER

For Dependable Service Outlasting Your Car

Loring's office in the State House. Dave Loring was attorney-general. For nearly ten years he had been Eli's private counsel.

"Dave," he said, drawing a document from his pocket, "for the time being, what I am about to show you constitutes a confidential communication. You can't talk about it yet—and Molly won't."

Loring glanced at the document curiously at first and then with deeper interest. Finally he stared at Eli Parsons.

"Great guns, man!" he cried. "This thing is radical—it's drastic!"

Eli smiled.

"Hasn't every important piece of legislation in the last two years been radical and drastic? Tell me that!"

"But this is startling!" cried the attorney-general.

"Startling or not," responded Eli, "what I want to know is this: Whipped into shape will that measure stand assault?"

Loring went through it with a fine-tooth comb. Finally he nodded.

"I can draw a bill along these lines that will stand assault," he said. "But what of that? You can't get any legislature to put it through."

Eli laughed.

"Man," he said, "I'm just as clever packing legislative halls as Sam Bruno was in packing labor meetings. Molly will have her women all in line. My crowd will back me up. This thing goes in as one of the governor's bills."

"A party measure," said Loring doubtfully.

"It's not a party measure," returned Eli. "But for fear they'll think it is I'll have Ostrom introduce it. He's a Democrat."

"Gad, you're clever, Eli!" smiled Dave Loring.

"I leave this bill in your hands, in Molly's and in Ostrom's," nodded Eli. "When I get back I want to take in hand a pen."

And then Eli Parsons degenerated from a man of action into a man of nothing but mere speech. He swept the countryside with talk. His political manager and all his friends watched his progress with growing apprehension. For this apprehension there were good grounds. Eli had selected for his speeches a comprehensive subject—the high cost of living. Not a word of Bolshevism, not a word of capital and labor, wets and drys, not a syllable about the League of Nations. And yet he drew the crowds.

The high cost of living is ever a live and lively subject. Even Simon De Graw had to admit that it might buffalo the mass. The difficulty lay in the fact that Eli fooled his people. He got a crowd together, so it seemed, under false pretenses. Once he had his crowd, he announced his only text—"Choose Partners." From his introduction to his final peroration he taught one lesson only: Marriage! He proved to his auditors beyond a reasonable doubt that matrimony, particularly at an early age, was the panacea for all ills, the solution of every social problem, the eradicator of irregularity and vice, the stabilizer of all civilized humanity. His was a voice crying in the wilderness:

"Go ye, choose your partner. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of your salvation."

Eli was an orator of parts. He painted marriage in the most glowing terms as the great adventure of all the romantic adventures of the universe. His audiences listened to him spellbound. He worked upon them, hypnotized them, made their eyes glow and their hearts beat quick and fast. And when his crowds scrambled forth into the night, married people clung together, satisfied that they had done their part; young men made up their minds to choose a partner; girls smuggled to their escorts, pleading to be wooed and won. This was while the spell was still upon them. But in the cold gray dawn of the morning after a different aspect presented itself. It remained for a cynical New York reporter to prick Eli's bubble.

"Mister Governor," he suggested with a satirical smile, "you have started out to reduce the cost of living. You end up by recommending matrimony. Don't you know that it is the cost of living that prevents young men from marrying—that leaves our girls without the homes that belong to them of right? Governor, how do you reconcile the matter? What is the answer?"

Eli Parsons stared blandly at the reporter and uttered his now-historic idiocy.

"My dear young man," he said, "never fear, for love will find the way."

Love will find the way! Back in Paragon City Simon De Graw tore his hair.

"One hundred and one vital national issues waiting to be discussed! One hundred and one vital political problems to be solved! And not a word about 'em! No! 'Love will find the way'!"

Eli never noted the smiles that people smiled behind his back. He gave no sign that he had read the comic papers. He kept on talking. Love will find the way—that kept his halls filled to the doors with curious crowds that came to scoff but remained to applaud Eli in the end. Only now there was a new note present in his harangues. There was a blackjack up his sleeve. It was invisible, but the crowds felt somehow it was there. And his perorations held a note of warning, sinister, mysterious: "Repent while there is yet time." In other words: "Keep your eyes on me and watch your step! Something is about to happen!"

He finished his tour and came back to a crestfallen city. He had blown up and fallen down. There was no welcome for him. He was glad of that. He expected to be busy. He became once more a man of action. The day after his return he nodded to Molly.

"Molly," he said, "I want you to come with me downtown to-day. I want you to watch me humiliate a man."

He drove Molly to the soap factory. With her he stepped into the private office of his general manager. His general manager was Cowper. Cowper was alone and sitting at his desk. He placed chairs for the governor and Molly.

"Cowper," said the governor sternly, "you're under a salary contract with me that has still seven years to run. I'm paying you twenty-five thousand dollars a year to run this business."

"Not going to fire me, are you?" queried Cowper, turning pale.

"Not only am I not going to fire you," returned Eli, "but I'm going to see to it that you don't fire yourself. Listen, Cowper! If you make the first move toward resigning, if you attempt to leave this job or the confines of this state, I'll get out an injunction, do you hear? You're here to stick for seven years."

"I want to stick for seven years," said Cowper.

"Cowper," went on Eli Parsons, "I made your acquaintance some ten years ago. I've never forgotten the impression that you made upon me or the impression that I made upon you. You were as you are now, a single man without dependents. You had nothing to think of but your job and yourself. You could afford to dress the part—to be well clad, well groomed, to keep physically fit and to stay young. You could get more money because you thought of nothing but your job and yourself. That's you. Talk about the high cost of living—it never touches you."

"Doesn't, eh?" smiled Cowper. "I paid twenty-three dollars for these shoes I'm wearing now."

"It doesn't touch a man like you," persisted Eli, "it surprises you—it shocks you. But it doesn't put its iron heel on your neck and keep your face grinding in the dust. Cowper, when I met you first I had nine people to support. I was earning less than you. To support nine people and compete with you I should have been paid five times your salary. But I couldn't get it—I couldn't get as much as you were getting. And I couldn't dress the part—I couldn't earn enough to keep always fit as a fiddle, to have first-class clothes, to keep wrinkles out of my forehead. You, with no cares upon your shoulders, had all the advantage. All the disadvantage lay with me. And yet my value to my country, to future business, to society, was eight times greater than you were yourself. And because my wife and I brought into the world seven intelligent new citizens where there had been none before—because of that, society and business said to me: Eli, you must suffer—you must give way to men like Cowper. Stand aside and let the gewgaws pass."

"Gewgaws!" cried Cowper, flushing.

"I defend the term," said Eli hotly, "and the gewgaws had me beat—they had me buffaloed. As time goes on the thing grows worse. To you—to your kind—the high cost of living is but a name. It's a millstone about the man of family's neck. Man to man, I want to ask you, Is it fair?"

(Concluded on Page 149)

His First Dress Suit

Bill, Jr. is conscious of a newly acquired dignity; little Jim is envious; Mother sits in rapt admiration; Betty has an attack of the giggles, and Dad, in spite of his sense of humor, realizes that this is a great day in the history of his son and heir. Faithful to his Kodak habit, he has taken a picture of *the* boy in his first dress suit —and now he is about to jot down the date on the autographic film.

In just a few years when he and Son are looking at the family Kodak Album, he will smile slyly and say—"William, you were *great!* Let's see, how old were you then?"

And the autographic film will tell.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

AUBURN TIRES

Personally WKM Initialed

CORD and FABRIC

Quality Proved by the United States Bureau of Standard Tests

These tests are so rigid that only a few tires out of nearly 200 makes "stood the test."

AUBURN WKM Tires passed and were placed on the government approved list, November 4, 1918—

	Government Requirements	AUBURN Test
Pure Para Rubber in Cushion and Friction	75 to 85%	91%
Pure Para Rubber in Tread	65 to 70%	80%
Tread elongated before breaking	450 to 500%	620%
Separation Test between Tread and Breaker	28 to 32 lbs.	64 lbs.
Separation Test between Cushion and Carcass	18 lbs.	30 lbs.

TO THE TRADE: Write for Proposition. Your territory may be open.

You've Heard About Emerson's Mousetrap Story—

"If you make a better mousetrap than your neighbor, though you build your house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to your door."
—*Emerson.*

The same is true about tires—

98 per cent of the dealers who first bought AUBURN WKM TIRES when they were placed on the market—several years ago—are selling them today and car owners who "try them once" continue to use them in preference to all others.

AUBURN WKM Tires are handbuilt—

with an extra ply in each size. They stand the hard wear, severe strains—sudden shocks, terrific impact of rough roads—and give motorists safety, satisfactory service and tire economy.

AUBURN WKM TIRES have that beauty of fine rubber, that extra material weight—extra thickness of side wall and tread, which (the minute you see and examine them) prove their superiority.

The price is low—the quality high

The reasonable price of AUBURN WKM TIRES offers—both to dealers and car owners—the best real tire value on the market.

CAR OWNERS: Write for booklet, "Tire Pointers" and name of AUBURN WKM Dealer

AUBURN MADE W.K.M. MARK

THE DOUBLE FABRIC TIRE COMPANY, AUBURN, IND.

Makers of AUBURN WKM "Duo" Cord and "Xtra-Ply" Fabric Tires, "Brazil Rubber" Grey Inner Tubes, "Interlock," Inner Tires and Tire Reinforcements.

(Concluded from Page 146)

Cowper smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Fair or not," he answered, "it's the way of the world. It's just—life. What can be done about it?"

Eli drew his blackjack from his sleeve—he seized his bludgeon firmly. He took a printed pamphlet from his pocket. He took in hand a pen.

"Cowper," he returned, "this can be done about it: When I sign this House Bill No. 934 it will become a law." He signed it—it became a law. He tossed it carelessly in front of Cowper.

"This can be done about it," went on Eli, "and that act does it, Cowper. That act confers direct benefit upon a certain class. Pursuant to that act this state will afford to citizens, residents of this state, fathers of dependent children, a liberal bounty, payable in quarter yearly payments, to be used for the support and maintenance of each dependent child. Get it—get it hard: a liberal bounty for the support and maintenance of each dependent child."

Cowper stared at him. "Do I understand," he queried, leafing over the act, "that the state will pay the cash?"

"Exactly," returned Eli; "the state will pay the cash."

"Where," queried Cowper, "is the state to get the money?"

For answer Eli made a rapid calculation upon a piece of paper. He smiled sardonically. The hour of his triumph was at hand. "The state," he said, "will get the money from the gewgaws."

"The gewgaws," repeated Cowper. It was a bad word. He didn't like it.

"For instance," grinned Eli, "in your case."

"My case," cried Cowper.

"Your case," went on Eli. "You are in Class A—a single man without dependent relatives and with an income of considerable size. In your case the result is somewhat startling but unquestionably quite sound. Of the princely salary I pay you and will pay you for the next seven years, Friend Cowper, the state will confiscate two-thirds. It will tax you two-thirds of your income, and leave you one-third to live upon."

Cowper stared some more. He drew a long breath. "I'll never pay that tax," he cried.

"Then," smiled Eli, "you will go to jail."

"No," went on Cowper firmly, "I shall not go to jail. And I shall decline to pay the tax."

"Good," laughed Eli; "you will make a test case of the matter. You will refuse to pay the tax—they will arrest you—you will employ counsel. Then what? Your counsel will argue the matter out before three state courts in succession—each one of them composed of married men. Courts composed of married men—courts that consistently for the two war years just past have complacently sustained the most radical pieces of legislation that ever came down the pike.

"You haven't got a chance. You're licked before you start."

"I shall not take all that trouble—let George do it," said Cowper, making believe to suppress a yawn. "What I want to know is this: When does this act go into actual effect?"

"On the fourth of next July," said Eli.

"Good," smiled Cowper; "that lets me out. I am to be married on the first day of the coming June. So there."

Eli glared at him. "You'll get married—to evade this tax?" he cried.

"No," chortled Cowper, "not to evade the tax—not that. Just to get the bounty, Mr. Parsons." He leaped to his feet, caught Molly in his arms and drew her to her father. "Look here, Governor," he went on, "this is a matter between Molly Pitcher Parsons and myself. All my life I've been looking for a girl like Molly, and I never found her until I came out here to live. Molly and I have had an understanding for—well, months."

Eli sank back helpless in his swivel chair. "Gosh hang it all," he cried, "everything I've done for the past ten years I've done to even up with you. Now, all my efforts go for naught. Gosh ding the ding-ding thing."

Two days later Simon De Graw came creeping into the sanctum of the governor. He found Eli quite alone, but swamped with telegrams—and a cablegram or two. Eli beckoned to the old war horse and handed him two wires.

"Simon," exclaimed Eli, "one of 'em is from the governor of the state of New York—the other is from the Internal Revenue Department at Washington, D. C. And both of 'em want copies of my act."

"Eli," cried Simon De Graw in tones of deep humility, "if so be you make up your mind to run for President, let me hold your hat and black your shoes and run your errands for you. Gol darn it, I thought I was past master in the art of grand-stand plays, but 'longside of you, Eli, I'm nothing but a doddering old maid."

YOU have pictured—every man has—the happy shave; the just right heft of the razor, the painless purr of the blade, the quick job, the silken skin.

That's the shave you have always wanted. That's a Smoother Face. A Smoother Face is a business asset; a social necessity; the daily habit of the fastidious; the mark of the Gem user.

Millions of Gem users on six continents know this shaving truth—

"The Blade is the Razor"

Gem Damaskeene Blades—keen as Damascus steel—have a durable delicacy of edge that actually gives a silken skin, a happy shave.

Specially tempered, hardened and ground, they are then patent-processed, tested and double-inspected. Only our 39 years of experience and "know how" could produce such blades!

The Gem frame—so simple to the eye and yet so vital to your shave—holds the blade against your face at the Universal Angle. No adjustment is necessary.

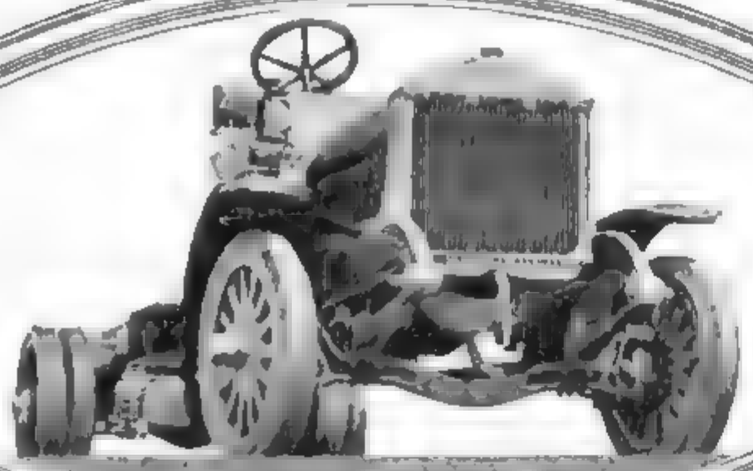
GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

Learn to know the Gem. Learn the comfort, the pride, the content of a Smoother Face. Fit a Gem Damaskeene Blade into a Gem frame and get the full service you can ask from any razor.

Every man should read the new folder "Smoother Faces and How To Get One." Shall we send you a copy?

The Standard Gem Set includes frame and handle, $1.00 stropping device and seven Damaskeene Blades in compact, velvet-lined case.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORP., New York
Canadian Branch: 391 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal



"The Nation's Freight Car"

BORN *of a realized duty;* bred of a national need; fashioned for burdens, not beauty; sinewed for service, not speed—leaping from specifications to Fame with its factoried acres, the Diamond T, freight-car of nations, delivers the dream of its makers!

When Uncle Sam called his defenders from mountains and prairies and seas, among the war's winners and enders were numbered his staunch Diamond T's; and still, with true battlefield vigor, they shoulder the burdens of Trade, outdistancing every "renigger," repeating the records they've made!

From 'Frisco to Mighty Manhattan, from Dawson clear down to Mobile, be it granite or cotton or satin, potatoes or bonbons or steel, it never asks odds of the highway nor seeks the concern of the driver, but rolls over mountain and byway one hundred percent an "arriver"!

So, pledged to a new world's assistance, and built to a proven ideal; each dowered with strength for the distance and ease for the man at the wheel—producers of friendship, not quarrels, and following no lead but their own—these Diamond T's win all their laurels on service, and service alone!

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR CO.
4519 West 26th Street Chicago, Ill.

Eight Models—1 to 5 Tons

THE REAL TEST

(Continued from Page 40)

"What I want to know is where my teacher has gone to—Miss Sybil?"

"I saw her go out into the garden some time ago," said the doctor. "By gad! But I'm sorry about this afternoon!"

The soldier pulled at his cigar.

"I am not well versed in the family history," he murmured; "and the connection is a trifle obscure."

"That damned dog!" answered the doctor. "Those two are heels over head in love with one another."

"And you think ——"

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, "Sybil is one of the dearest girls in the country. I brought her into the world. In many ways she is like my own daughter. But—she is a girl. And if I know anything about the sex she'd find it easier to forgive him if he'd stolen."

A peal of laughter from the quartet opposite made both men look up. Seymour was nodding his head resignedly and Madge Saunderson was clapping her hands together with glee.

"Don't forget," her voice came clearly across the room. "We'll pretend it's a bet."

It was at that moment that Sybil appeared in the window and the soldier let his eyes dwell on the girl approvingly.

"What a thoroughbred!" he said at length, turning to the doctor. "I'm not certain it isn't better—as it is."

"Damn it, man!" said the doctor irritably. "The boy is a thoroughbred too. What did you say yourself after dinner about the results having to justify the sacrifice?"

But the soldier only grunted noncommittally. It would doubtless be an excellent thing if theory and practice never clashed.

Sybil came slowly into the room, and Madge Saunderson rose with a meaning glance at Captain Seymour.

"Syb," she cried, "we've got the finest bet on you've ever thought of! I've wagered Captain Seymour five hundred of his most special cigarettes that he doesn't climb up Mill Down chimney in the moonlight, and he's bet me six pairs of gloves that he does."

For a moment a silence settled on the room that was broken by Lady Vera.

"But are you quite sure it's safe, my dear?" she remarked, searching for a dropped stitch. "It might fall down or something."

Miss Saunderson laughed merrily.

"Why, Aunt Vera," she cried, "there are men working on it every day! It's quite safe—only I bet he'll have cold feet and not get to the top—V. C. and all." She flashed a smile at the flying man. "And it's a ripping evening for a walk."

The doctor turned to his companion.

"I wonder what that young woman's game is?" he remarked thoughtfully.

"I don't know," answered the soldier. "I suppose you've got a good head for heights, Seymour?" he called out.

"Pretty fair, sir," replied the airman with a grin. "I don't mind twenty thousand feet, so I don't think Mill Down chimney should worry me much."

"The two things are not quite alike," said a quiet voice from the window, and everyone turned to see Peter Benton standing there with his hands in his pockets. "I've got a shocking head for height myself, but I never noticed it when I was flying."

"I think I will chance it," answered Seymour with a slight drawl, and having recently been supplied with Madge Saunderson's version of the dog incident his tone was understandable.

"Let's all go down and see he doesn't cheat," cried one of the girls, and there was a general exodus of the younger members of the party for wraps. Only Sybil, with troubled eyes, stood motionless, staring out into the brilliant moonlight, while Peter, lighting a cigarette, picked up an illustrated paper and glanced through it. And to the doctor, watching the scene with his shrewd gray eyes, the only person in the room who seemed ill at ease was the flying man himself.

"What would the world be like," he remarked to the soldier, "if woman lost her power to cause man to make a fool of himself?"

"Good Lord! My dear fellow," said the other. "It's only an after-dinner prank. That boy will do it on his head."

"I dare say he will," returned the doctor. "But it's cheap—and he knows it." He rose. "Shall we go down and witness the feat?"

"Why not?" answered the soldier. "It may stop Deering telling us again about his new play."

Half an hour later the whole house party was grouped round the base of the chimney. Close to, it seemed to have grown in height till it towered above them into the starlit sky. The girls were chattering gayly, standing round Seymour, except for Sybil, who stood a little apart, while the two Eton boys were busily engaged in deciding on the correct method of ascent. Seated on a pile of bricks were the four men, more occupied with a never-ending political argument than the performance of climbing the chimney, while in the background, standing by himself, was Peter Benton with a twisted bitter smile on his face.

He was under no delusions as to why the bet had been made—just a further episode thought out by a spiteful girl to show his conduct that afternoon in a blacker light. On the surface, at any rate, it was more dangerous to the ordinary man to climb this chimney than to go into the mill stream. And this was being done merely for sport—as a prank—while the other might have saved a dog's life.

With a laugh Seymour swung himself off the ground and started to climb. He went up swiftly without faltering; and after a while even the political discussion ceased and the party below stared upward in silence. In the cold white light the climber looked like some gigantic insect creeping up the brickwork, and gradually as he neared the top the spectators moved farther away from the base at the chimney in order to see him better. At length he reached the limit of the main scaffolding; only some temporary makeshift work continued for the few feet that separated him from the actual top. He hesitated for a moment, apparently reconnoitering the best route, and Madge Saunderson, cupping her mouth in her hands, shouted up to him:

"Right up, Captain Seymour, or you won't get your cigarettes!"

And Seymour looked down.

It would be hard to say the exact moment when the watchers below realized that something was wrong—all, that is, save Madge Saunderson and the two other girls who had been in the quartet.

It was the doctor who rose suddenly and said: "He's lost his head!"

And then a deathly silence settled on the group.

"Don't shout!" said the soldier imperatively. "Leave it to me!" He looked up and his voice, which could carry to every man in a brigade on parade, rang through the night: "Captain Seymour, General Hardcastle speaking! Don't look down! Look up, do you hear me? Look up! At once!"

But the face of the airman still peered down at them, and it almost seemed as if they could see his wide staring eyes.

"Hell!" muttered the soldier. "What are we going to do?"

"Let's all shout together!" cried the actor, but the general shook his head.

"No good!" he cried. "You'll only confuse him."

And it was then that the quiet voice of Peter Benton was heard. He was talking to Madge Saunderson, who with the two other girls had been whispering together, ignorant that he was close behind them in the shadow:

"Do I understand you to say, Miss Saunderson, that Captain Seymour is only pretending?"

Everyone looked at the three girls.

"You had no business to hear what I said, Mr. Benton," she answered angrily. "I wasn't talking to you."

But the doctor appeared interested, and very few of either sex had ever hesitated for long when he became serious.

"You will kindly tell me at once whether this is a joke," he said grimly.

For a moment the girl's eyes flashed mutinously, and then she laughed—a laugh that rang a little false.

"If you wish to know, it is," she answered defiantly. "I wanted to find out if Mr. Benton would consider a human life worth saving."

(Concluded on Page 153)

MICHELIN

MICHELIN TIRES
Not High Priced

Because of their superior quality and remarkable durability an impression exists that Michelin Casings and Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes are high priced.

To satisfy yourself that this is not so, just compare these favorable prices with prices you are asked to pay for other tires of anything like equal quality

	UNIVERSAL TREAD FABRIC CASINGS	RING-SHAPED TUBES
TYPICAL SIZES	MODERATE PRICES	MODERATE PRICES
30 x 3½	$21.50	$3.95
32 x 3½	24.50	4.20
31 x 4	27.90	4.50
33 x 4	34.50	5.50
34 x 4	35.75	5.70

	UNIVERSAL TREAD OVERSIZE CORDS	RING-SHAPED TUBES
TYPICAL SIZES	MODERATE PRICES	MODERATE PRICES
34 x 4	$51.25	$5.70
34 x 4½	58.00	7.10
35 x 5	68.00	8.30

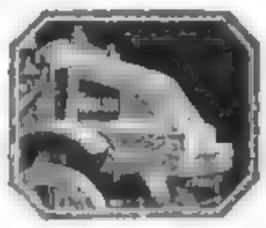
Prices on other sizes in proportion—ask your dealer

Michelin Tires are made in one quality only—*The Best*

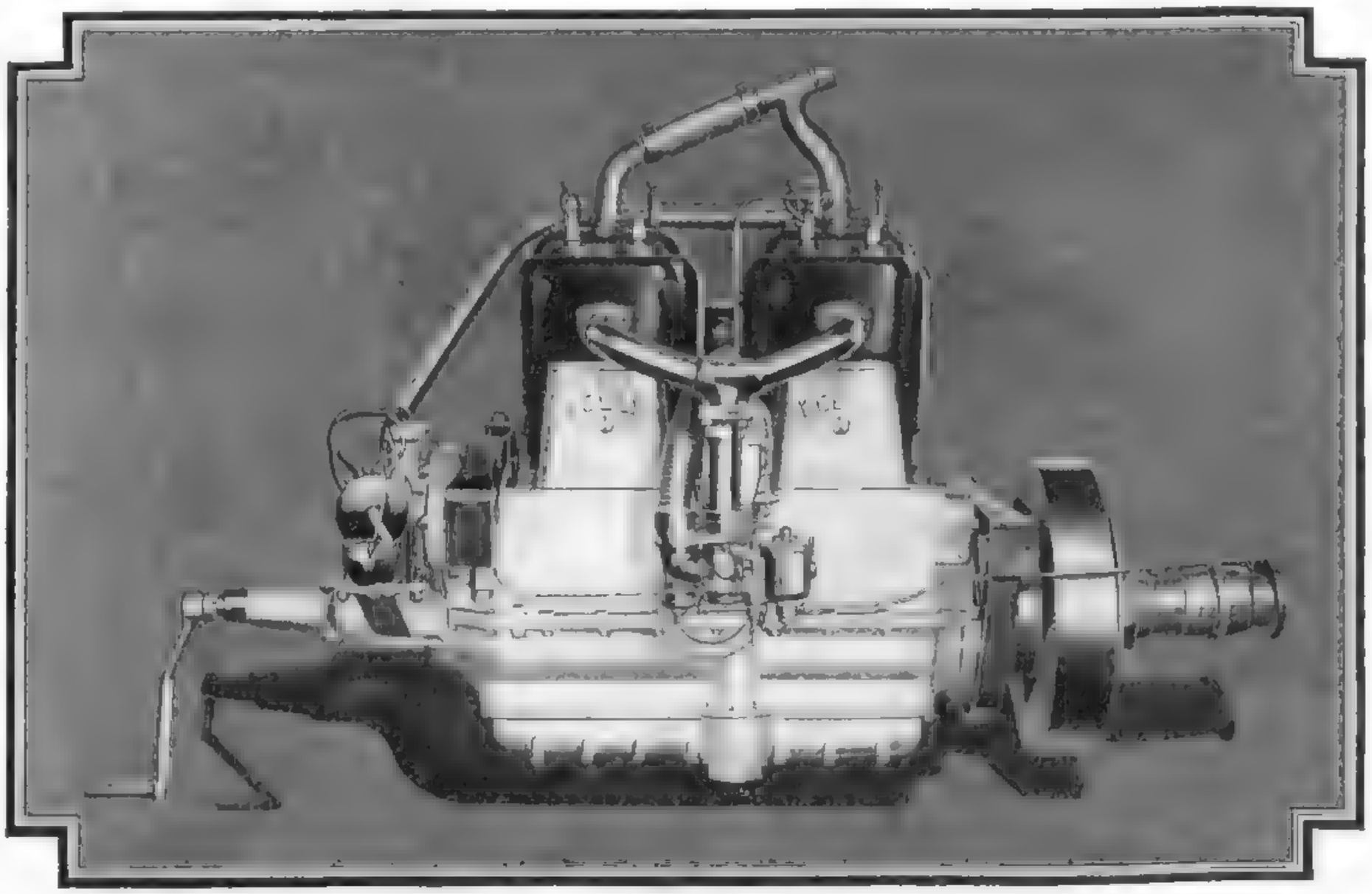
MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Michelin Tire Co., of Canada, Ltd.
782 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal
Dealers in all parts of the world

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS



The Big Brother to the Railroads



The Series K Engine

THE reputation of Kelly trucks for excess power to meet all conditions of load and road has made the series K engine famous. Yet, it has other features of even greater importance to owners, because of their effect upon the operating cost sheet—a vital point, though little considered by the truck purchaser unless he has had experience.

Unlike the average engine, all bearings in the series K are scraped in by hand—expensive, but insuring long life.

Instant access to all its parts makes adjustments and proper daily care easy, thus obviating "time out for repairs"—the bugbear of other engines.

All of which has been made possible only because the K engine was designed and is built in Kelly-Springfield shops. It is not merely assembled. As a unit combining best materials and most careful workmanship, it represents the manufacturer's full responsibility for superior service.

The Kelly-Springfield engine is one of the important reasons why Kelly trucks *work* while many others are being *worked* upon.

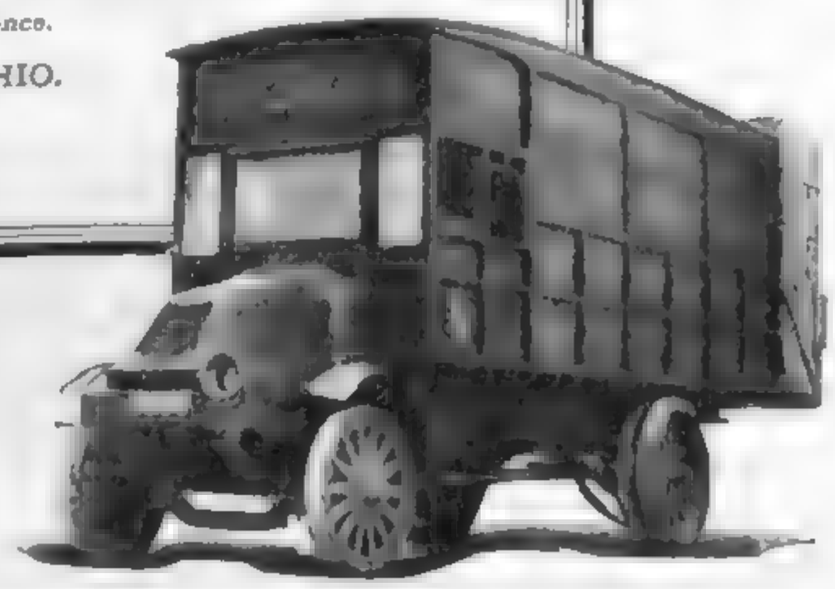
Write for name of nearest Kelly user, and get first-hand information about actual performance.

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Builders of High-Grade Motor Trucks

"Our Kelly Truck has covered 110,500 miles in 6½ years, often overloaded, over rough roads. Still running 10 to 15 hours every day. Its exceptional engine power has always pulled it through. Motor easy to clean and adjust because easy to get at. Lay-ups negligible, excepting one week for general overhauling."

Wagner Fireproof Storage & Truck Co.
By J. S. Wagner



(Concluded from Page 150)

She laughed again—as the four men with one accord turned their backs on her.

"Perhaps it would be as well, then," said Peter calmly, "for you to tell Captain Seymour that the charming little jest has been discovered and that he can come down again."

She looked at him contemptuously. Then raising her voice, she shouted to the man above.

"You can come down, Captain Seymour! They've found out our little joke."

But the airman, deaf to the girl's cry, remained motionless.

"Come down!" she cried again. "Can't you hear me?"

But Seymour's face, like a white patch, still peered down, and suddenly a girl started sobbing.

"It would seem," remarked Peter, "that the plot is going to be successful after all."

The next moment, before anyone realized what was happening, he was climbing steadily up toward the motionless man at the top.

There was only one remark made during that second ascent—and it came from the doctor.

"You deserve, young woman," he said quietly to Madge Saunderson, "to be publicly whipped through the streets of London."

Thereafter silence reigned, broken only by Peter as he paused every now and then to shout some encouraging remark to the man above.

"I'm coming, Seymour! Absolutely all right! Can't you send for one of your bally machines and save us both the trouble of climbing down again?"

Between his remarks he climbed steadily on until at last he was within a few feet of the airman.

"Look away from me, Seymour!" he ordered quietly, gazing straight into the unblinking, staring eyes above.

"Look at the brickwork beside you! Do as I tell you, Seymour! Look at the brickwork beside you!"

For what seemed an eternity to those below the two men stayed motionless. Then a great shuddering sigh broke from them—Seymour was no longer looking down.

It was only the general who spoke, and he was not conscious of doing so.

"By gad! You're right, doctor," he muttered

"He's thoroughbred right enough—he's thoroughbred!"

And then the great doctor, whose iron nerve had earned for him the reputation of being one of the two finest operating surgeons in Europe, wiped the sweat from his forehead with a hand that shook like a leaf.

Then began the descent.

"Look at the brickwork the whole time, Seymour—and hold fast with your hands! Now give me your right foot! Give me your right foot, do you hear? That's it! Now the left!"

Step by step, with Peter just below him, the airman came down the chimney, and he was still thirty feet from the bottom when the onlookers saw him pause and pass a hand over his forehead. Then he looked down at them and on his face there was a look of dazed surprise, like a man waking from a dream. Then he swung himself rapidly down to the ground, where he stood facing Peter.

"You've saved my life, old man," he said a little breathlessly, with the wondering look still in his eyes. "I—don't understand quite what happened. I seemed to go all queer when I looked down." He laughed shakily.

"Damned funny thing! Er—thanks most awfully. Good Lord! What's the matter, old boy?"

He bent over Peter, who had pitched forward unconscious at his feet.

"I think," remarked the well-known soldier to no one in particular as they walked back, "that the less said about this little episode the better. It was a good deal too near a tragedy for my liking."

"A most instructive case," murmured the great doctor, "showing first of all the wonderful power of self-hypnotism. I have heard of similar cases in those old-fashioned London houses, where the light in the hall has fascinated people leaning over the banisters two or three stories above it and caused them to want to throw themselves over."

"And what is your second observation?" murmured the rising barrister, who was always ready to learn.

"The influence of mind over matter," returned the doctor briefly, "and the strain involved in the successful overcoming of intense fear.

"Young Benton has never and will never do a braver thing in his life than he did to-night."

"Ah!" murmured the celebrated actor, running his hand through his hair. "What a situation! Magnificent! Superb! But, I fear, unstageable."

They entered the drawing-room to find the conversation being monopolized by a newcomer—a captain in the Coldstreams. It was perhaps as well—the remainder of the party seemed singularly undisposed to talk.

"Climbin' chimneys! Might be in you flying wallahs' line, but not old Peter. D'you remember, Peter, turnin' pea green that time we climbed halfway up Wipers Cathedral before they flattened it?"

The guardsman laughed at the recollection.

"No, swimming is his stunt," he continued to everyone at large.

"How he ever had the nerve to go overboard—in the most appalling sea—and rescue that fellow, I dunno. It was a great effort—that, Peter."

But the only answer was the door closing.

"A good swimmer, is he?" remarked the great doctor casually.

"Wonderful!" answered the other. "The rougher it is the more he likes it. He got the Royal Humane Society's Medal, you know, for that thing I was talking about. Leave boat—off Boulogne."

He rattled on, but no one seemed to be paying very much attention. In fact, the only other remark of interest was made by the rising barrister just as the door closed once again—this time behind Sybil.

"That was what I remember hearing about in France," he said calmly to the celebrated actor. "You remember, I was mentioning it to you before dinner. I knew there was something."

"Wonderful!" murmured the actor. "Quite wonderful!"

The rising barrister coughed deprecatingly and lit a cigarette.

No. CQ-329
Price $8.50
(Canada $12.50)

The Coleman Quick-Lite is the great home light for general or emergency use. When gas pressure is low or the local light plant fails you, the handy Quick-Lite is a wonderful convenience.

Lights with matches! The Coleman Quick-Lites are the only successful match lighting, gas generating lamps and lanterns on the market. No lighting torch needed—just use common match.

The All-Purpose Home Light

A pure white, mellow light is the natural light—easy on the eyes and ideal for sewing or reading and for general use about the house. The Coleman Quick-Lite is the greatest advance in artificial lighting as applied to a strictly portable lamp—one that may be carried anywhere with absolute safety and that eliminates all objectionable features of old style oil lamps or other gas generating lamps.

The Coleman Quick-Lite

Most Brilliant Light in the World

Beautiful design. Made of brass, heavily nickeled and highly polished! Fitted with Universal Shade Holder—fitting any shade you prefer. Supplied regularly with beautiful Opal Art Shade, as illustrated.

No. LQ-327
Price $8.00
(Canada $12.00)

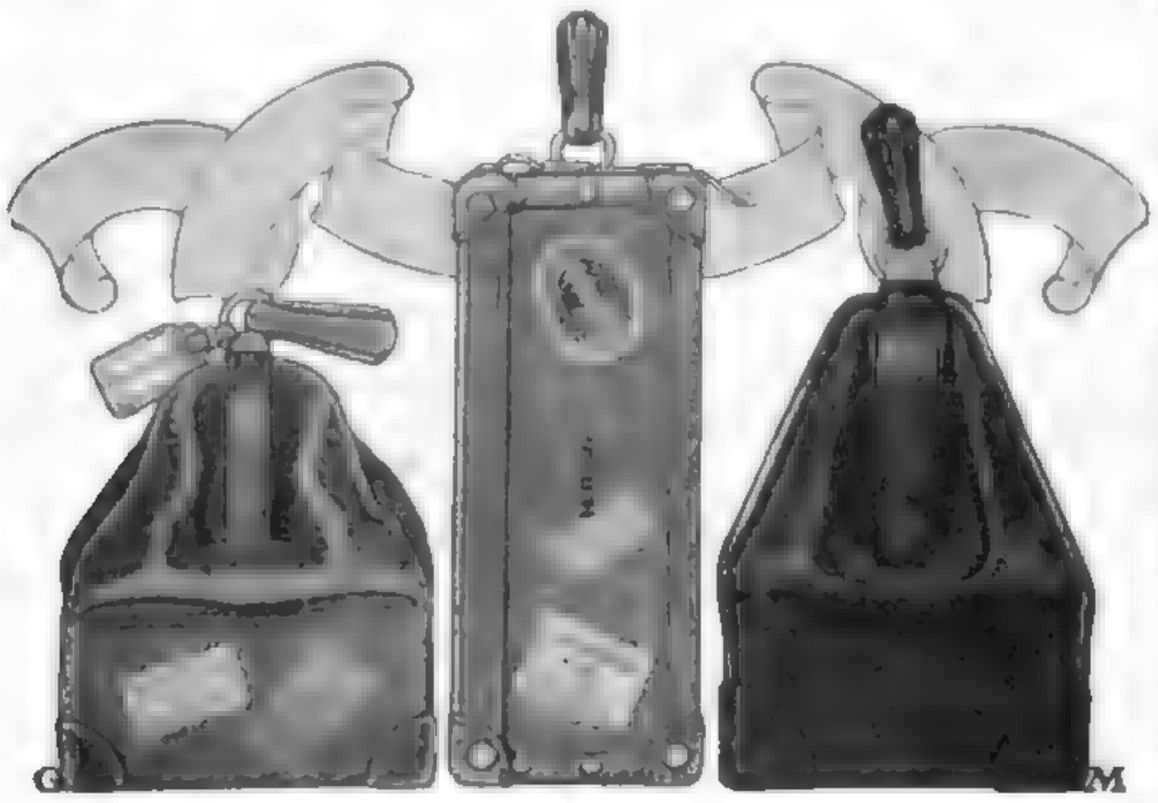
Safe—Clean—Convenient!

Carry it anywhere. No danger even if tipped over. No dripping oil, no smoke, no odor, no soot, no grease nor dirt. No daily or weekly cleaning necessary. Gives a pure, white light of remarkable brilliancy—without glare or flicker—brighter than electricity, more light than 20 oil lamps.

The Quick-Lite Lantern operates on the same principle as Quick-Lite Lamp. Lights with matches. No alcohol torch needed. 300 candle-power of most brilliant white light—a regular day-light maker. Equal to 20 oil lanterns. Storm-proof, bug-proof—burns perfectly in any wind.

15,000 DEALERS sell Coleman Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants. If yours can't supply you, write nearest house.

The Coleman Lamp Company
Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas
Los Angeles Chicago



THEIR HOURS AND OURS

(Continued from Page 7)

it's a dog-goned distressful situation for those who hire and fire. I'll say so! Even so, I am not assuming that all the causes for cavil and complaint and vain repining lie on one side of the fence. I never yet knew of a human equation wherein they all did lie on one side. Domestic employers are prone to proclaim that their domestic employees are ungrateful for kindnesses. But I doubt sometimes whether all the employers are always sufficiently grateful for service graciously and adequately rendered. One hears the charge oft repeated, wherever and whenever two or more housekeepers are assembled together, that servants these times are dissatisfied with living accommodations which a quarter of a century ago would have delighted the soul of cook or housemaid. All very true, but what modern housekeeper would herself be willing to undertake to live under the domestic conditions which commonly prevailed in the American home thirty years ago or even twenty?

The present writer is no hoary-headed ancient, but he distinctly can recall the furor created in his native town by the installation in the home of the leading banker of the first stationary bathtub with soldered-on fixtures seen in those parts. Plumbing was in its infancy then; steam heat was regarded as a dangerous and purely experimental novelty; the height of luxury in culinary equipment was a hand pump connecting with the rain-water cistern in the back yard.

We didn't know so much about germs as we now know, but we knew a lot about wiggle-tails. We had our doubts concerning bacilli, but tadpoles were an indubitable fact. The lady who took a careless drink out of an uncovered well in the spring of the year and who—after suffering from strange darting pains all through the heated spell—was discovered in the autumn to be full of sprightly but slightly bleached green frogs was no half-forgotten myth of antiquity then. Everybody had heard about her sad case and meant to take warning thereby. If we didn't exactly know her we knew somebody who knew somebody who did know her. She was the wife of a presiding elder in the Methodist Church over in Logan County—and excusing those frogs there'd never a word been said against her.

Who among present-day home owners would be satisfied with the facilities and the conveniences—or the lack of the same—that characterized a period which already seems to us in retrospect dimly remote and frightfully primitive? Why, then, should the average servant—1919 model—be content with less relatively in the way of comforts than the master enjoys? I pause for an answer.

Oh, there are two sides to the question! But naturally as one of that group who earn the money to pay the wages of household servants I slant toward the employer's angle of argument, having, I confess, more sympathy with the particulars of his bill of grievances than with those which may be advanced from the service wing.

The Maids of Yesteryear

Assuming that you too belong to the class that hire and fire and wearily hire again only so often to fire again or, worse still, to lose all too untimely soon those infrequent Pearls and Hannahs of great price whom you craved not to lose but to keep for aye—assuming, I repeat, that you belong to this group rather than to the vast mass of those who are hired and fired or quit of their own accord, I ask you to send your mind rearward along a lengthening vista of memory lined by the remembered shapes of sundry domestic servitors who entered your life for a fleeting space only to vanish out of it again under circumstances deplorable or mayhap tragic.

You recall, don't you, the dull-finished South Carolina damsel bringing such unimpeachable references and such a beautiful set of teeth, who came in response to your advertisement in the daily press for a neat colored girl to do plain cooking and general housework, and who, after gladdening your meal hours for two short weeks with hot biscuit and perfect flapjack, accidentally overheard some critical remark let fall by you in a moment of petulance and took offense and some of the table silver and departed under the cover of the darkness—a darkness seemingly contrived by Nature to match her prevalent complexion?

And the marvelous German *mädchen*—so neat, so green, so newly landed, so anxious to please—surely you remember Frieda, with her passion for cleanliness and for cooking red cabbage with a kind of sweetish-sour effect of sauce? She would have incorporated boiled red cabbage into a funeral design had she been let to have a hand in fashioning it. Let's see, now, how did you lose Frieda and why? No matter, it is sufficient that you lost her. Nor shall you see her like again, because there are no German girls in this country any more. Indeed there are no Germans of any sex, excluding those recently or presently interned. German may be spoken occasionally in such cities, say, as St. Louis, which has probably the largest Swiss colony in the United States, and in Milwaukee, where so many of our Alsatian immigrants reside; but as for out-and-out Germans, they practically have disappeared.

And surely you preserve mental pictures of the Swedish girl fourteen hands high with a roan mane and a blaze face and Percheron feet, who broke china merely by going near it; and of the Irish colleen with the laughing blue eyes and the beautiful soft voice, who when she lost her temper—as she regularly did twice a week—would have taken on Jess Willard the best day Jess ever saw; and the Norwegian girl who gurgled and the Finnish girl who burbled and the Hungarian girl who cooed and the cockney girl who whined and the West Indian girl, part British subject and part hyena, who swore—you must remember the long procession as each comes and goes upon recollection's cinema screen. Come and go—that was what they did. At least that was what they did for us, and I am assuming that in the main your experience, reader, has been what ours has been. You recall the difficulties you had with some of them and the difficulties some of them had with you—you must. The marks are seared upon your memory as with a branding iron. And likewise you are aware of the heart-breaking complications, the sudden vacancies, the violent partings, still occurring in your kitchen, your laundry, your upstairs and your downstairs, causing you to break one of the most important commandments of all by coveting your neighbor's maidservant and his manservant, until perchance their peregrinations through the neighborhood bring the pair into the fold of your domestic staff, after which you wonder what sort of a housekeeper your neighbor's wife must be, not only to put up with such incompetent impudent trash but actually to go round bragging about what incomparable treasures they were.

Very well then; now multiply by four the complications which have caused you such vexation and the product may faintly approximate the troubles in store for you when the whole housekeeping system of the nation has been entirely remodeled and made over. For whether you favor it or whether you do not makes no difference in the result. From where I sit, the eight-hour schedule appears to be definitely on its way here. Organized labor leans toward it. Certain prominent suffrage leaders in certain of the states which already have granted women the vote are for it. The most vociferous agitators in certain so-called reform elements are for it and seek to see it enacted into law.

Both Ends of a Perfect Eight-Hour Day

Speaking of this last-named group—and in speaking I do not wish to appear spiteful or peevish, and after all it may be merely a coincidence anyway—did it ever strike you as significant that among the most rampant advocates of an eight-hour law for the household staff we happen to find divers lady reformers who are so circumstanced that they themselves are not called upon personally or even vicariously to wrestle with the domestic problems which confront the average housekeeper most of the time? Far be it from me to stand in the way of progress and further be it from me to oppose the common uplift and furthest of all be it from me to intimate that reform—any old reform whatsoever, just so it is a reform—is not the very best thing in the world for the world; but nevertheless and to the contrary notwithstanding, I must confess there have been times when the thought came to me that the typical professional reformer nearly always made it a sort of habit—as it were—to be concerned in reforming an evil by which others profiteered rather than in abolishing some other little evil which chanced to be a source of profit, comfort or security to the reformer. Can it be that a reform is like a boil on the neck—a good thing for other folks to have; an inconvenient thing and painful, yet calculated to purge their systems of impurities, but withal a thing which we would just as lief not have on our own necks?

Can-Openers and Others

Take the issue under discussion. I know one young woman who is ardently for the eight-hour day. She is one of the most eloquent and determined advocates it has. She is engaged in settlement work, but devotes her leisure hours to miscellaneous uplifting. She lives in a studio. She gets some of her meals out of tins and pasteboards, some of them out of delicatessen stores and some of them out of restaurants. Occasionally she week-ends with friends who really keep house, but that is the extent of her actual contact with the domestic conditions which she desires to see altered. So long as her trusty can opener keeps its edge and her gas jet holds out to burn, she should manifest worry about the difficulties which beset persons who run regular homes.

I know of another case which I think must be typical of a good many cases—a well-to-do elderly lady of vaguely philanthropic impulses and with plenty of time on her hands who lives in an expensive hotel. For her the domestic problem of the day starts when she calls over the telephone from her suite for the waiter; it reaches its apogee when she is scanning the card to decide what she will eat, and it comes to a conclusion when she initials the check for the meal. She is enthusiastically pledged to the idea of the eight-hour shift system for household servants.

Only here the other day I encountered yet a third type of those committed to the crusade. I was astonished to find her in uniform of a semimilitary cut. I should not have been, though, because I might have guessed she would be riding on the top crest of the newest movement; she has and she does and she will. But the last time before this, when I ran into her, she was a Bohemian with gently anarchistic leanings. She was then a member of one of the most extreme and ultra Greenwich Village sets; living down there right in among the people who—as the saying goes—do things, only somehow you never catch them doing them; people who did not believe in fighting or in false conventions or in the excessive use of soap. If memory serves me aright, she was the first Bohemian to appear publicly in the vicinity of Washington Square with no stockings and two ankle bracelets on. Those times she had her hair bobbed short, which I think was somehow intended to express the freedom of the soul. And on her feet she wore sandals, to express the freedom of her feet, I suppose; and to express the freedom of her body she wore a beltless, buttonless, drapeless garment of some material resembling burlap sacking, which hung straight from her shoulders. She had the sort of figure which would permit of a garment hanging straight from the shoulders with no unseemly curves or convexities to mar the chaste simplicity of the linear effect, if you get what I mean.

So knowing something of her views upon militarism, I was somewhat startled to find her in khaki, with putties and cross belts and everything. She soon put me right on this point though. She had experienced a change of convictions last fall shortly before the armistice was signed and had gone in for war-work activities. These activities, whatever they were, had somewhat

(Concluded on Page 157)

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

Artistic roofs moderate in cost

THAT a roof be artistic does not necessarily imply costliness. It does imply beauty and fitness for its setting and service.

These are the qualities The Barrett Company, after half a century's experience, offers in its Everlastic Roofings, designed for all steep-roof buildings. They are not only low in first cost, but are easily laid and are very durable.

The Slate-Surfaced Everlastic Roofings are unsurpassed for durability and solid satisfaction. Once on, they need no further care. The natural color of the crushed slate is permanent and "sets off" any building. *Write for booklet today.*

Roofings that you can depend upon

Everlastic Multi-Shingles. The new thing in roofing—*four shingles in one*. Tough and durable. Made of high-grade waterproofing material and surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather- and fire-resisting to a high degree. Need no painting.

Everlastic Tylike Shingles. Same material and finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles, size, 8 x 12½ inches. A finished roof of Tylike Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and, in addition, costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art shades of red or green. Very durable, requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. This is one of our most popular roofings. Thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

The Barrett Company

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New Orleans, Birmingham, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Peoria, Atlanta, Dallas, Milwaukee, Houston, Bangor, Washington, Jersey City, Johnstown, Toledo, Columbus, Richmond, Providence, Joliet, Lowell, Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester, Youngstown, Omaha, Duluth, Superior, Bethlehem, Elizabeth, Trenton, Camden, Lebanon, Wilmington, Scranton, Reading, Norristown, Easton, Harrisburg, Lancaster, York, Altoona, Erie, Johnstown, Sharon, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont, Bluefield, Williamson, Logan, Keystone, Welch, Kenova, Grafton, Morgantown, Weirton, Moundsville, Wellsburg, Follansbee, Middlebourne, New Martinsville, Sistersville, Ravenswood, Point Pleasant, Ripley, Spencer, Ronceverte, Winfield, Montgomery, Gauley Bridge, Fayetteville, Hinton, Rainelle, Richwood, Summersville, Webster Springs, Weston, Buckhannon, Elkins, Davis, Thomas, Terra Alta, Kingwood, Oakland, Cumberland, Frostburg, Hagerstown, Baltimore, Annapolis, Chestertown, Cambridge, Salisbury, Pocomoke City, Crisfield, Easton, Centreville, Denton, Ocean City, Berlin, Snow Hill, Princess Anne, Wilmington, Dover, Georgetown, Seaford, Milford, Laurel, Delmar, Frankford, Selbyville, Rehoboth, Lewes, Milton, Harrington, Middletown, Newark, Elsmere, Claymont, Arden, Marcus Hook, Chester, Media, Darby, Upper Darby, Lansdowne, Aldan, Collingdale, Norwood, Glenolden, Sharon Hill, Folcroft, Prospect Park, Ridley Park, Eddystone, Crum Lynne, Ridley Park, Swarthmore, Wallingford, Rutledge, Morton

Through All Weathers

Under all service conditions and through all weathers for Power Dependability that is absolute—for Power Economy that is enduring—for Full Power from any engine—insist on Bosch Magneto Ignition. From the dawn of the motor age, Bosch Magnetos have supplied their Fire Stream to millions of internal combustion engines. Today, every part of every Bosch is the result of those years of supreme service.

There is a Bosch Magneto with special fittings ready now for your Motor Boat, Automobile, Truck or Tractor.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works: Springfield, Mass. *Branches:* New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco

SERVICE STATIONS IN MORE THAN 200 CITIES

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

Motor Trucks Tractors Airplanes Motor Cars Motor Boats Motorcycles Gas Engines

(Concluded from Page 154)

abated with the coming of peace, but she still clung to her uniform. She might have been a bit late for the last war, but she would be ready for the next one. She had no intention of letting Sam Browne's belt lie a-mouldering in the grave; she was prepared for future hostilities and she meant to stay prepared. At least that was the impression I gathered. She went on to tell me that in the interim between hostile outbreaks she was devoting her energies to laboring in behalf of the eight-hour day for domestic employees. She did not have any domestic employees of her own, sharing as she did a light-housekeeping apartment with a sister bachelor girl, preparing her own breakfast and luncheon on a dark lantern or a portable foot warmer or something and going out to the cafés for dinner, but she knew any number of people who did employ domestic servants and so she felt a deep and consuming interest in the propaganda and meant to do her bit. She will too—she is that kind.

With so many influential and forceful elements lining up in favor of the thing, it appears inevitable. Shift Number One of servants, we figure, will come on duty, say, at six A. M. and will work until two P. M. Shift Number Two will carry on from that hour until ten P. M. That may be all very well for wealthy folk who can afford to employ a double force of domestics. But suppose entertaining in the home is contemplated after the hour of ten P. M.? Will the lady of the house be permitted to take on a third set? Or if she has that permission, will she be financially able to afford to do so? I break the thread of continuity, again to maintain that the picture sketched at the outset of this paper is not excessively overdrawn. And how about persons of moderate means who under the present plan already are paying out for domestic service as much as they can afford to pay? And how about persons who have country places? For them the prospect takes on the certainty of added complications from which the town dweller is more or less immune.

Here just last week I met a friend who owns a country place, and who—in speaking of this subject—said to me:

"As heaven is our judge, we have done all that was humanly possible to keep our modest staff happy and contented in their present posts. We take our luncheons late and our dinners early, so that our meal hours will not overlap upon the time for starting the afternoon and the evening performances in the picture palace in the market town."

The Amusement Expert

"I have been thinking seriously of learning to play the ukulele, so that I may be able to provide entertainment for the cook during the long winter evenings that will shortly be upon us, when the weather may be too inclement for attending the movies. Next only to her favorite screen star, she loves the ukulele. On account of the housemaid, who is of a different turn of mind, my wife and I are studying up on anagrams and acrostics. With the same general purpose in view, we are mapping out a tentative program of cantatas and charades, with an occasional magic-lantern show. The laundress likes picture puzzles and missing-word contests. We must devote some thought to her case. She's a good laundress, as laundresses go, and we should hate to lose her.

"At considerable expense I have rearranged the windows in the kitchen so that the light will fall over the cook's left shoulder while she cooks. She's rather temperamental. I'm having the waitress' bedroom decorated—she doesn't like blue walls; she likes old ivory. But now if a second outfit must be taken on, with different tastes and different fancies, I don't know in the first place where I'm going to get the money to pay them, and in the second place I'm sure my nervous system will break down. My wife feels the same way about it. Have you any suggestions to offer?"

I shook my head and he went away, a breaking figure of a man.

Give this important matter your prayerful and your careful consideration, my countrymen, I urge you, before committing yourselves to the irrevocable step. I was hearing the other day of a woman who already had given it consideration.

This woman is a woman of means. She owns an extensive estate on Long Island and she keeps a considerable number of servants; about twelve or thirteen in all, I think. To her ear came from below stairs the echoes of ominous mutterings. She judged that something in the nature of an ultimatum was being brewed down in the service wing. So, in the language of the purists, she beat 'em to it.

She summoned to her presence the entire lot and when they all had assembled she took the floor.

"From what I hear," she began, "you have been talking it over and you are now practically one in your desire to work for me under an eight-hour scale. Now, I endeavor to have an open mind in these things. I have tried always to treat you with fairness and consideration and I expect to go on doing so, but I aim to treat myself with fairness and consideration also. Personally I am prepared to go on under the present system or to try the new wrinkle. I leave the final say-so in the matter to you."

A Fair Proposal

"Hold on, please! Don't start applauding yet! Before you do reach a conclusion, there are certain details to be arranged. As I understand it, you would prefer to work for me eight hours a day, no more and no less. But since you expect to work for only eight hours a day, I shall have to hire more servants to take your places after your working day has ended, since my establishment naturally cannot go on an eight-hour schedule. Yet I take it that you would look with disfavor upon any suggestion that your wages should be reduced along with your hours. Yes, I can see by your faces that you would.

"Very well then, eight hours it is. But you must provide boarding accommodations for yourselves in the village. And when you come to work in the morning at eight o'clock you must have had your breakfast beforehand and you must bring your luncheon with you, and when you quit at four o'clock you must go elsewhere for your evening meal.

"Wait a minute! I am not yet through. Under the new plan I shall not provide transportation facilities to get you here in the mornings or to take you back to your lodgings or to your homes, as the case may be, in the afternoons. It will not be my concern how or when or whether you get to and from church on Sundays or how you get to and from places of amusement in the evenings. That will be your lookout.

"Occasionally, as you know, I call in a plumber to do some repair work. Now the plumber belongs to a union and he works on an eight-hour schedule just as you wish to do. As a self-respecting self-supporting plumber, my plumber does not expect me to send a car to his house for him in the morning or to send him back home again in a car after his day's work is finished. He does not look to me to provide him with food while he is on my premises at work, or with a bedroom and bath during his off time. He does not ask me to get him to church or to the movies. If on Saturday he works only half a day he expects pay for only half a day.

"If while working for me he chooses to take a day off or if he falls sick he does not look to me to pay him for the time he is absent. Now, if you are going on an eight-hour system your status with regard to these things becomes exactly what the status of the plumber is.

"Kindly think these propositions over and let me hear from you at your earliest convenience. That, I think, will be about all. Good day."

Wearing upon their several countenances a startled -not to say dazed—look, the servants went away and took counsel among themselves. And the upshot of it was that by a unanimous vote they decided to worry along a while on the old plan rather than to take on the new. In fact, I believe the motion was carried by acclamation.

But think of the time when the final choice is not left either to employer or to employee or to both of them working together! Think of the day when the option of doing the one thing or the other or a compromise of the two things is taken out of the hands of individual members of society and put into the hands of the law and the labor unions; the day when a walking delegate will drive up in his car—most walking delegates ride, as you may have noticed—and call out your force because you undertook to fire the cook without getting the sanction of the union; the day when the patrol wagon will stop at your house and the policeman will come in and put handcuffs on your wife and take her away to donjon cell to stand trial for having worked a hapless white slave of a maid eight minutes past the legal quitting time on the flimsy pretext that she, the offending wife, was going to a party and needed her to have a frock hooked up the back!

Make no mistake about it, brethren and sistern, the impending issue strikes home to every one of us. If you regard the domestic-servant problem as a serious thing now, what will you have to say about it in the years to come? I have a feeling that what you will have to say about it can never be published in a magazine having a large circulation in the home. But we shall all be in the same boat, if that is any consolation to you.

No, I take that back. I think of one certain exception to the general rule and the common fate. The other day I ran across a person who never has had any trouble in getting servants or any trouble in keeping them. This person is a man. What is even more wonderful, he does not anticipate that he will have any trouble on these score, should the eight-hour plan be adopted in New York State, where we both of us live.

A Strange Tale, But True

I met this remarkable man aboard a train on the way into the city. The car was crowded and we occupied the same seat and we entered into conversation on this topic and that. The talk worked round to the topic of servants. Something was said by me about the difficulty of inducing servants to take places in the country and of the greater difficulty of inducing them to stay in the country after they had taken the places.

He smiled in a superior, annoying sort of way and then told me about his own experiences in this regard.

He never—so he said—had the slightest inconvenience in getting or in keeping household servants. True, he used only men for domestic work, but always he found plenty of men available. And they always stayed with him, too, until he himself discharged them. He went on to say that he lived in rather a sizable house, yet he never heard any complaint regarding the number and the sizes of the rooms that had to be cared for. His force never had Thursday afternoons out or Sundays off; they wouldn't dream of asking for them either.

And there was never any objection when he had unexpected guests in for a meal or overnight or even for a week-end.

He continued:

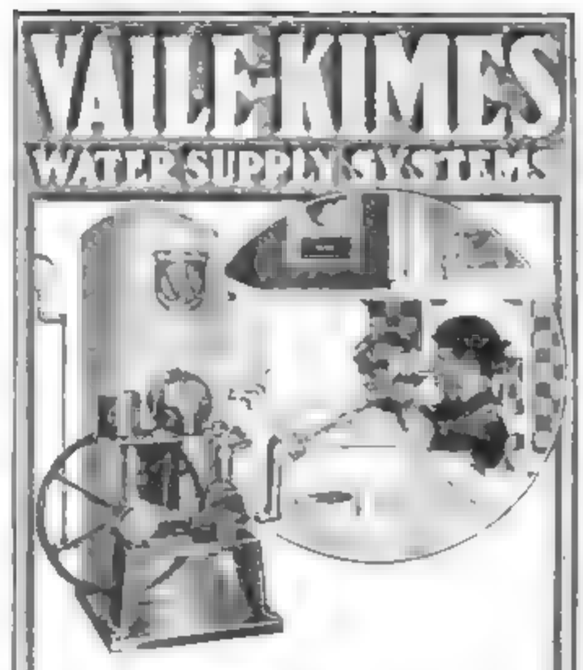
"Every hour of the twenty-four the help in my place are where I can put my hands on them. Some of them have been with me for years. I expect that some of them will be with me for years and years to come. That eight-hour foolishness won't worry me, even if it goes through. I have my worries, but not about servants."

I could hardly believe my ears. And yet about this stranger there was an air of truth and sincerity.

I said to him: "Are you by any chance a hypnotist by profession?"

"No," he said, "I'm a warden. I'm the warden of the state's prison up the road, just above where you got on."

But alas and alackaday—we cannot all of us be wardens!



Take the Drudgery from Housework

Soft water, hot or cold—always ready at the turn of a faucet—

Plenty of well water for sprinkling or fire protection—

These are the luxuries that V. & K. Water Supply Systems provide at an average cost of 30 cents per month

Vaile-Kimes Systems are quiet, easy running, economical and require no attention except a little oil once or twice a year

Write for a copy of "The Modern Way" our water supply book that tells about systems for homes and farms, operated with electric motor or gasoline engine.

Ask your plumber or jobber in plumbing supplies about V. & K. Systems.

The Vaile-Kimes Co.
Dept. A-2 Dayton, Ohio

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD?

AURELIUS SWANSON CO., Building Department
1004 State National Bk. Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

LAW Study at Home

$3,000 to $10,000 Annually

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 871 L.A. Chicago

AGENTS AND SALESMEN

If you are earning less than $50.00 a week

North American Accident Insurance Company, 196 Market St. Newark N. J.

SALESMEN WANTED

Roth Chem Co

CUT ME OUT!

and mail me, with your name and address to The Curtis Publishing Company 365 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. I will bring you full details about how you as our subscription representative can make $5 or $10 a week extra in your spare time!

Name

Address

City

COMBINATION RANGE

BURNS gas and coal or wood. Gives warmth in winter—but lets you keep the kitchen cool in summer. Takes up no more room in the kitchen than the ordinary cabinet gas range and does the work of both gas and coal ranges.

Here's an achievement in range building. The result of years of study and experience. The pride of our great line of stoves and ranges bearing the nationally known name—

ECLIPSE

Trouble-proof—sold on a guarantee that it will give you satisfactory service. Has separate oven and separate cooking top for gas and coal.

Uses either fuel without having to remove any parts. Simply turn gas on or off as needed. Use both fuels at the same time if necessary. Bake in one oven while roasting meats in the other, or cook on both cooking tops at the same time.

Coal section burns soft coal, hard coal or wood; gas section for manufactured or natural gas. Sanitary, white enameled broiling pan; polished cooking top—no blacking needed; you can keep the entire range spotlessly clean with just a damp cloth.

We have a special booklet giving complete description of this wonderful range. Write and let us send you a copy.

THE ECLIPSE STOVE CO., Mansfield, Ohio

Manufacturers of Eclipse Combination Ranges, "Premo" Gas Ranges, "Joy" Coal Ranges and "Frost-Killer" Heaters

DEALERS: Here is your opportunity. You know that almost every housewife wants a "combination range." Get the agency for the Eclipse—the Combination Range that you can sell with our guarantee. We want the best dealer in your town and are willing to make an unusual proposition. Write and let us tell you about it.

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

Continued from Page 36

through here in a camp which must have been close to where Wellsville, Nebraska, now is. Home and mother somewhere on ahead seem still to have beckoned to them. What they said to one another in their little cabin through those two winter months is not recorded. Probably they worked, making some boats, because on March eighth they once more started down the Platte River, this time in canoes.

Naturally they had their own troubles navigating that shallow and fickle stream. They got nowhere in two weeks and gave it up. They hoofed it on out then until April thirteenth, by which time they were in the Oto country. Crooks and McLellan had been here before. All of this time the party had hung on to their one poor old horse. They now traded the aforesaid horse, which must have seen its own troubles ere now, for another boat, reversing the process of trade by which Hunt had got his transcontinental transport among the Arikaras in 1811. Horseless now but with plenty of boat, the little party made it to the mouth of the Missouri River on April sixteenth.

Among the Otoes they had heard that our country was at war with Great Britain, the news being a trifle late as we look at war correspondence in these days. They got to St. Louis April 30, 1813. Perhaps at that time they got war news not more than two or three months late. Mr. Astor heard of the loss of the Tonquin in the winter of 1812, six months or so after the event. In the late war we would hear of a submarine attack a few hours after it occurred.

It will be seen that the eastbound Astorians, Stuart and his party, did not even actually lay out all of the Platte Valley course of the Oregon Trail, because they ran the Platte River to its mouth. The trail proper began at Independence and angled off at the northwest across the prairies until it struck the Platte. The map given in one volume of the Chronicles of America shows the Oregon Trail as running from the mouth of the Platte, which is erroneous.

The Highway of the Homeseeker

Let us see how little the adventurers of St. Louis had in their possession by way of information at this time. Early in 1812 they had, to be sure, such accounts as had been published of the journals of Lewis and Clark, though the journals themselves were not published. They had what Lisa could tell them about the Upper Missouri; what Andrew Henry and his men could tell them about the Three Forks of the Missouri and the Upper Fork of the Snake River. They had what the westbound Astorians could tell them about the Snake River trail west of the Rockies; and now they had what the eastbound Astorians could tell them about that country and about the crossing of the Rockies and about the Upper Platte Valley. They had trading reports from the Kaws and Otoes in Eastern Kansas; they had the news of Captain Pike's expedition up the Arkansas and the scattering information which had trickled back from the Spanish country by reports of a very few adventurers. But when the Astorians reached St. Louis the pioneers of the Santa Fe trail—McKnight, Beard, Chambers, Captain Beckwell—had not yet started West from Franklin in the spring of 1812. At the time when we were at war with Great Britain in 1812 that was just about all we knew about our own Western geography; and it was about all we knew of the Oregon Trail.

But why was it that the story of the hardships of this last trail served only to inflame the imagination of our Westerners? There are two ways in which we can explain that. One is that there was fate and destiny about it and the other is that there was frontier human nature under it. These traders back from the Far Northwest told about a vast rich country where the trees were larger than any known in the eastern part of America; where the soil was very rich, the vegetation very dense, the climate very mild. They told of abundant wild game, of wild horses, of plenty of fur, though of gold they told nothing at this time.

Distance lent enchantment as it always does. Out yonder in a land of adventure and romance there was a future for the man who did not care too much for home and mother. Or if he did he might take home and mother along with him. And there lies the great significance of the Oregon Trail. In its full development it was not the trail of the trapper, but the highway of the homeseeker. Its real fires were not tepee smokes, but hearth fires.

I can remember that, when I was a schoolboy in Central Iowa just after the Civil War, a man came back to our town from Oregon, to which far-off country he had gone for some reason whose nature I do not now know. I do not gather that he was the agent for any land concern or intended to profit in any way himself, but recall that he had a general meeting of his townsmen in the town hall, where he gave a lecture or talk on Oregon. I remember how he told of the destruction of those great fir trees, how they were burned in the clearing of the land and how he mentioned the richness of the wheat country in the Willamette Valley. He told of the easy customs and pleasant life of that country, and his attitude was one of pity for anyone who would linger longer in Central Iowa. Indeed I think he was right; for of those who left our community in those early times to go to the Far Northwest nearly all of them made good, as the saying is. I think that he went across the continent by wagon before the railroad; and since I do not exactly remember the year of his talk it is possible that he was inviting us, not to a railroad but to a wagon ride even at that time.

Geography in the Making

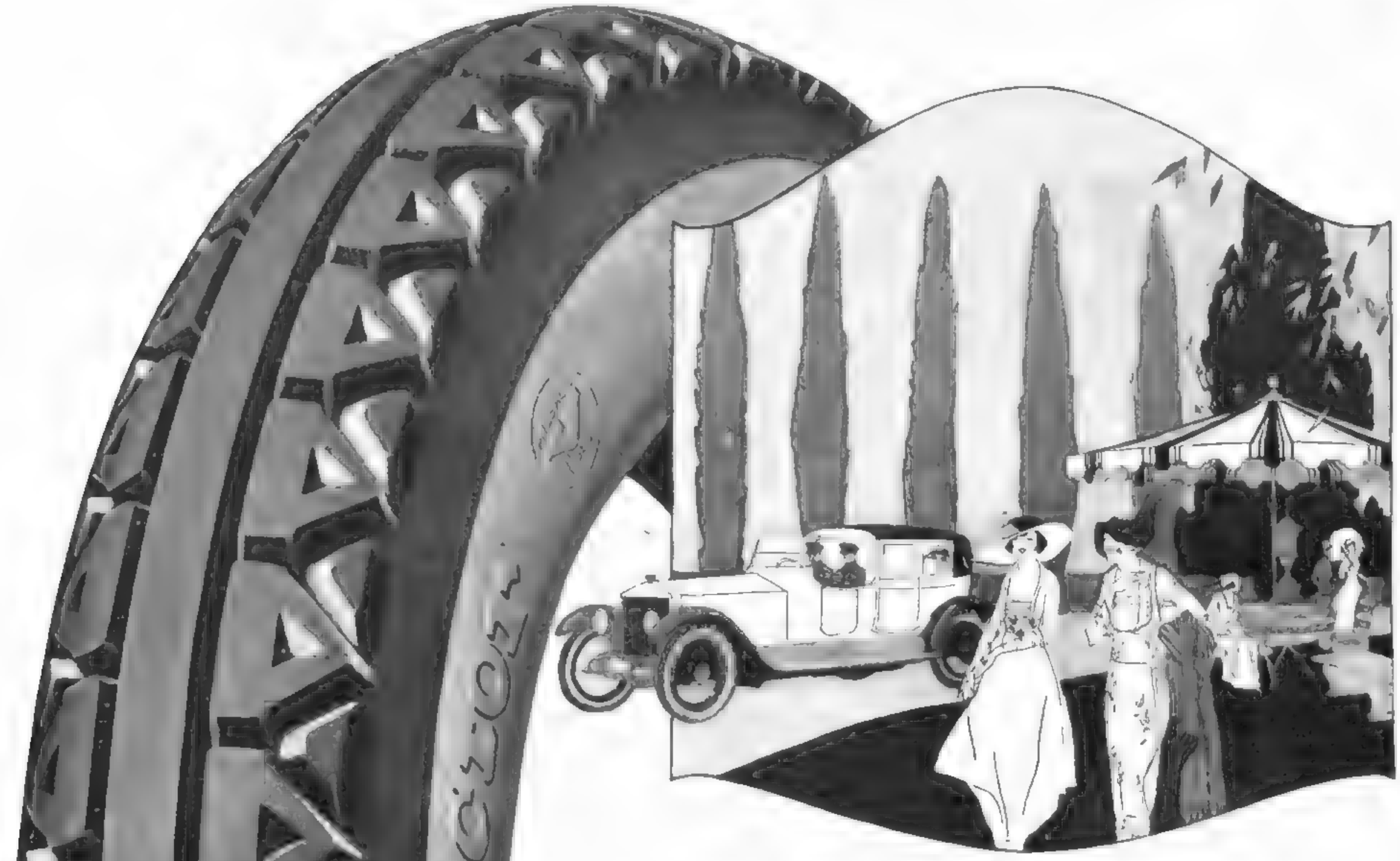
It is also among the memories of my boyhood that my father at just about the beginning of the Civil War took a freight train of bacon and flour up the Platte Valley to the little mining settlement then called Cherry Creek, which later became the city of Denver. I recall seeing my father, fresh back from the trail, very bearded and bronzed. He had made the voyage out and back with the same teams. At the foot of the wagon bows there still hung on the side lines some strips of jerked buffalo meat taken on the Platte, but by that time so dry and full of sand and dirt as to require considerable paring before it could be used. I stood at his knee and heard many a tale of the Platte Valley which would be actual and valuable history if they could be given now.

There are many men and women now living who have like vivid personal memories of those early times on the Oregon Trail. That was a day when, rich and abundant as was the empire of the Middle West in unused land, the appeal of that far-out country beyond the mountains was very strong. Of course by then we had the stories of the returned miners of California and the knowledge of Oregon had grown exact; but my own recollection is that we then depended far more on the word of mouth than we did on the printed page in getting our knowledge of the Western country. We knew more geography then than we do now. The railway timetable has wiped out the present need of any geography of America, and the new population of America has wiped out any interest in American history. But at that time the Western traveler needed to know and did know his country.

In what may be called the new fashion of doing history we of to-day are engaged in digging up the great story of the West which never has failed of vivid interest, garbled though it has been, mocked and belittled as it has been by cheap and unworthy presentation. But no historian has added anything to the geography of the West since 1836, the time when the trappers quit the beaver industry. Between 1830 and 1840 our trappers and traders and travelers had finished finding every great feature of natural or geographic interest in our Western country. It was left for Irving, Frémont and a host of lesser men to spread back of our Western frontier their conception of that country. As a matter of fact, Kit Carson led Frémont by the hand across the Rockies in 1842. Parkman in 1849 wrote of an Oregon Trail which was already old. All the very early men were guided across by the Indians.

The exploring game seems not to have been so difficult after all. I fancy that

(Continued on Page 161)



Building Tire Friendship

VICTOR TIRES have long served many motorists. For Victors give that comfortable pleasure of knowing you will receive *with certainty* their promised mileage and more. New friends of Victor Tires soon become as steadfast as the favored users who have taken the entire Victor output in the past.

Tire Friendship depends upon one thing only—*mileage of service*. The friends of Victor Tires have trade-marked them "Mileage Hogs" and tell you "they never know when they've had enough—mileage."

S. W. Robinson of Greenville, Miss., writes that his Victors always give considerable more mileage than the guarantee. He says: "I have one now that I have had on for almost a year and I believe it has been run more than 10,000 miles and it looks good for that many more."

An experience of twenty-one years in scientific building of rubber tires stands back of Victor Quality.

The *Victor Sulpene Process* retains the full natural resiliency of pure Ceylon and Para rubber which it imbues with powerful tenacity to stand the wear of the road. Combined with toughest fabric of special weave it is formed by Victor experts into the tire of smart design and *dependability of endurance and safety*.

Each Victor Tire is built to serve its ultimate owner faithfully.

Every Victor Dealer is obligated to give *Mileage Satisfaction* to you.

THE VICTOR RUBBER COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

ESTABLISHED 1898

Factory Branches—Chicago, 1720 S. Michigan—Kansas City, 1707 Grand Ave.—New York, 1991 Broadway

Victor Dealer wants to have the latest [illegible] "repeat" orders [illegible] is available

Victor

FABRIC AND CORD TIRES

MILEAGE HOGS

That's what the chief engineer told his president—

They were figuring on Depreciation of Equipment.

The engineer was saying, "Some fellow the other day was knocking our '85% Magnesia' pipe-coverings. So I wrote to W. A. Macan, Chairman of the Magnesia Association. He has been in the pipe-covering business for over 30 years and I wanted his straight experience. He says *there's no such thing as '85% Magnesia' depreciation.* Here's part of his letter":

Time-proof—Usage-proof—Not Fool-proof

You can soak "85% Magnesia"—and it dries out as good as ever. You can hold "85% Magnesia" on a shovel over a fire till the shovel gets red-hot—and it isn't hurt. You can give "85% Magnesia" all the tremendous vibration of a locomotive—and it does not disintegrate.

But it isn't a concrete sidewalk for workmen to tramp on; nor a stone wall to bump with heavy ladders. Nobody but a fool would subject any cellular insulation to such ill-usage.

Indeed, if any pipe-covering does not crumble under heavy walking or heavy blows, it is a certain sign that it is lacking in the dead-air spaces which give it its real insulation value.

We invite specific questions on the durability as well as the efficiency of "85% Magnesia." The Engineers of the members of this Association, as well as the experts of the Mellon Institute who have been specially investigating pipe-coverings for three years, are at your service through our Committee. Send for our literature. Also for specifications for the proper application of "85% Magnesia" compiled and endorsed by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of Pittsburgh University, which are furnished to Engineers and Architects on request.

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION of AMERICA

85% MAGNESIA

721 Bulletin Bldg.
Philadelphia
Penna.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Wm. A. Macan, *Chairman*

George D. Crabbs	The Philip Carey Co.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Alvin M. Ehret	Ehret Magnesia Mfg. Co.	Valley Forge, Penna.
J. R. Swift	The Franklin Mfg. Co.	Franklin, Penna.
R. V. Mattison, Jr.	Keasbey & Mattison Co.	Ambler, Penna.

Copyright 1919 M. A. of A.—Permission to reprint by application

From a Veteran's Experience in "85% Magnesia"

"While it is a common practice to charge up each year a percentage of the cost of a plant for depreciation, in the case of '85% Magnesia' this is not necessary.

"Thus in the Niagara Power Station, '85% Magnesia' covering has been in service nearly twenty years; when recently a section and block of this '85% Magnesia' were analyzed and tested against some perfectly new '85% Magnesia' it showed a depreciation after all those years of approximately 3%—so small that it could hardly be figured.

"Again, the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of Pittsburgh University has on file many letters from Operating Engineers who have had '85% Magnesia' in service for ten years, fifteen years, twenty years and twenty-five years stating that those coverings are as efficient today as when first placed in service.

"Speaking thoughtfully, I have never known, in all these years, a single case where '85% Magnesia' failed to give maximum and satisfactory service through any inherent failure in the product or its manufacture.

"As long ago as 1888 Mr. J. J. DeKinder was a Consulting Engineer in Philadelphia, having the Pennsylvania Railroad among his numerous clients. A short time ago he wrote me:—

> "'I have specified '85% Magnesia' covering for a great many years, in fact, during all my active practice. I have used it under all procurable temperatures, and under all conditions that stationary and locomotive service furnish, and can recall *no time* in which it failed to render efficient service.'

"Mr. Albert Wood, C. E., is a prominent Consulting Engineer in Philadelphia. His technical and practical knowledge of '85% Magnesia' extends over a period, possibly of twenty-five years, and '85% Magnesia' has no stronger advocate today than Mr. Wood.

"It may become soaking wet through steam-leaks, floods, sinking of a vessel, or any similar cause, not only once but several times, and when steam is turned on the boilers again, it dries out without shrinking or warping, and continues saving heat units just the same as it did before.

"I could continue indefinitely these assurances that '85% Magnesia' does not deteriorate in service and should never be 'charged-off' yearly in *any* percentages as a result of deterioration. But what's the use?

"I challenge anyone to give good evidence of any case where '85% Magnesia' properly applied and properly treated has failed to give maximum and satisfactory service through any inherent defect."

WM. A. MACAN
Chairman Magnesia Association of America

(Continued from Page 158)

most of these early men were rather common folk. One glory of their deeds rests in the fact that their names were all American—the fur trade carries only the names of the English, the Scotch-Irish, the French and the American. Perhaps we idealize most of those bold characters somewhat. Alcoholic and exalted, sunburned and bewhiskered, low-browed and profane, those fine savages of ours, driven by fate or plain human nature as you prefer, discovered our country for us and so passed on to unknown and unrecorded graves, where they lie perhaps as content as those under tall shafts bought by the fortunes which they founded.

We have left a gap in our Oregon Trail—the portion lying over the summit of the Rockies which the Astorians did not find. As a matter of fact, the South Pass, which made the crossing of the Rockies for the trail, was not discovered until late fall in the year 1823. It was in 1826 that General Ashley used that pass to take his little cannon across the Rockies; and it was not until 1830 that wagons first appeared on the Oregon Trail, though the Astorians had predicted that wagons could be taken all the way across.

An unknown man, an obscure hunter by the name of Etienne Provost, who has the distinction of having a city in Utah named after him, was one of the company sent up the Missouri River by General Ashley, of St. Louis, in 1823. There is curious duplication of the Astorian history, for Ashley also broke away from the river trade and started southwest with pack trains as did Hunt and Crooks; the reason that both parties did this was the same—fear of the marauding Indians of the Upper Missouri. Somewhere on the Powder River, Andrew Henry, Ashley's lieutenant, sent Etienne Provost southwest to spy out the land; and Etienne Provost, so far as is known, was the first man to see the South Pass. He is also usually said to have been the first man to see the Great Salt Lake, though there is considerable doubt as to that.

Once the pass was discovered, everybody wondered that it had not happened earlier. It is not the lowest pass over the Rockies, for it is 7500 feet in elevation, almost a thousand feet higher than the pass in the Blackfoot country shown by Joe Kipp to the Great Northern engineers near what is now Glacier Park. But the South Pass is the only treeless pass of the Rockies and is rather a wide and gentle valley than an abrupt notch or gap in the mountains. Its ascent from the east is so gradual and easy that Frémont could hardly tell when he had reached the summit. Such a pass of course adapted itself naturally to the uses of a great wagon trail. After 1826 the trail along the Platte Valley, as later established, was perfectly well known; and after 1830 the wheels of the westbound began steadily to write deeper the story of the greatest highway of the world.

What's in the Name of Smith

What shall we call the greatest and proudest name in American history? Without doubt or a question, it should be Smith. Numerical reasons aside, consider John Smith, the Virginian, a mighty man in many lands besides Virginia. And consider also Jedediah Smith, one of the Ashley successors in the fur trade of the Far West. The life story of that particular Smith would be distinctly a thriller, for of all the hard boiled of our early adventurers stout Jedediah was about the hardest boiled. He would not only try anything once, but he would go anywhere twice.

It was Jedediah Smith who in 1826 connected up the earlier Oregon Trail with the lower settlements of California—nearly a quarter of a century before gold was found in the Golden State. This early Smith trail ran down the east side of Salt Lake, over the Mohave Desert and the Sierras to what is now the city of Los Angeles. Smith was the first Eastern tourist to winter in California—which alone would entitle him to fame. In 1827 he laid out a trail for later army explorers between the western side of the Great Salt Lake and the upper settlements of California. We may fairly call Smith the pioneer of what later became known as the Overland Trail.

The latter trail—coinciding with the Oregon Trail only in part—was used by the stage transport and the Pony Express between the Missouri River and the California mines. The air line of the Pony Express started from St. Joseph, higher up the river than Independence, and lined out direct for Fort Phil Kearny. It left the Platte at Ogallala, later to become famous as a cow town, passed through Cheyenne and crossed the Rockies at Bridger's Pass, far below the South Pass. From Fort Bridger, west of the Rockies, it swung down east of the Great Salt Lake and then struck southwest of Virginia City, Nevada; and so on to Sutter's Fort and San Francisco. This trail passed up the Truckee River, near Donner Lake, just below the summit of the Sierras, the site of the perishing camp of the Donner party, who left Illinois in 1846 and who were reduced to starvation and cannibalism in one of the most tragic experiences of Western history.

The Overland Trail—confused or blending with the Oregon Trail proper—made an altogether different phase of the great pathway to the Pacific. We may now see how the crossing of the Rockies was made and by whose first adventurous footsteps. The fur traders found the Oregon Trail throughout. It was the home-seeking population which deepened it, made it permanent and called aloud for a transcontinental railroad.

Wheel Ruts of the Mormons

All our earlier Western trails were womanless and childless except the Oregon Trail. Now there were wagons going West and on the front seat of the wagon there was a woman with a sunbonnet and at her elbow there peered out frowzy-headed children; and alongside a lank youth drove on the lagging cows. Sometimes there would be a cookstove in such a wagon, sometimes a piece of good mahogany, odds and ends of treasures which once came across the Appalachians. So ran the longest, the most fateful, the most historic and most dramatic trek of all the world.

Though we are to-day so much content with our railroad time-tables that we do not much need to study geography or history, the slightest venture in either would show two good reasons for the development of the Oregon Trail. Out yonder there were two great centers of population entirely detached from the older settlements of the Middle Western States. One was California after the gold strikes; the other was Utah after Mormon emigration.

Perhaps many suppose that the Mormons started West because they had heard of wealth in California; but the fact is that they went West in 1847 and all they wanted was to get away from people. Their carts and hand barrows and hoof marks and wheel marks served to deepen the Oregon Trail and to add to the wreckage and ruin which now began to lie along it. And after them came the roaring Argonauts of 1849 and 1850, with them—or following them white-topped wagons with women and children, following the women and children of poor old Pierre Dorion, who never came back from Oregon.

The trail of homes now was thrown down entirely across the continent. No one can avoid the thrill of the wild days of the Missouri—no one who knew that country even thirty years ago can shake off its spell. Neither can one evade the strange and glowing romance of the trail to Santa Fe—that sunny land of the Southwest also cast its magic upon every man who knew it in the early days. But of all the great trails of the West the Oregon Trail had the soberest and the most tremendous significance. The road to Oregon was the road of the little fellow; of the business man and the home builder; of the men who had tilled the soil and paid the taxes for a country and increased that country's wealth. They were men who reaped where they had sown.

General Chittenden in his work on the fur trade gives us the clearest idea ever printed regarding the Oregon Trail. We might read him if we care much for that country once known as America:

"This wonderful highway was in the broadest sense a national road, although not surveyed or built under the auspices of the Government. It was the route of a national movement—the migration of a people seeking to avail itself of opportunities which have come but rarely in the history of the world and which will never come again. It was a route every mile of which has been the scene of hardship and suffering, yet of high purpose and stern determination. Only on the steppes of Siberia can so long a highway be found over which traffic has moved by a continuous journey from one end to the other. Even in Siberia there are occasional settlements along the route, but on the Oregon Trail in 1843 the traveler saw no evidence of civilized habitation except four trading posts, between Independence and Fort Vancouver.

"As a highway of travel the Oregon Trail is the most remarkable known to history. Considering the fact that it originated with the spontaneous use of travelers; that no transit ever located a foot of it; that no level established its grades; that no engineer sought out the fords or built any bridges or surveyed the mountain passes; that there was no grading to speak of nor any attempt at metalling the roadbed; and the general good quality of this two thousand miles of highway will seem most extraordinary.

"Father De Smet, who was born in Belgium, the home of good roads, pronounced the Oregon Trail one of the finest highways in the world. At the proper season of the year this was undoubtedly true. Before the prairies became too dry, the natural turf formed the best roadway for horses to travel on that has probably ever been known. It was amply hard to sustain traffic, yet soft enough to be easier to the feet than even the most perfect asphalt pavement. Over such roads, winding ribbonlike through the verdant prairies, amid the profusion of spring flowers, with grass so plentiful that the animals reveled in its abundance and game everywhere greeted the hunter's rifle, and finally, with pure water in the streams, the traveler sped his way with a feeling of joy and exhilaration.

"But not so when the prairies became dry and parched, the road filled with stifling dust, the stream beds mere dry ravines, or carrying only alkaline water which could not be used, the game all gone to more hospitable sections, and the summer sun pouring down its heat with torrid intensity. It was then that the trail became a highway of desolation, strewn with abandoned property, the skeletons of horses, mules and oxen, and alas! too often with freshly made mounds and headboards that told the pitiful tale of sufferings too great to be endured."

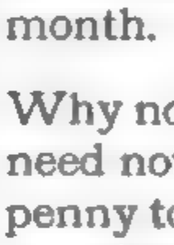
Railroads Follow the Trail

"If the trail was the scene of romance, adventure, pleasure and excitement, so it was in every mile of its course by human misery, tragedy and death. Over much of its length the trail is now abandoned, but in many places it is not yet effaced from the soil and may not be for centuries. There are few more impressive sights than portions of this old highway to-day. It still lies there upon the prairie, deserted by the traveler, an everlasting memorial of the human tide which once filled it to overflowing. Nature herself has helped to perpetuate this memorial, for the prairie winds, year by year, carve the furrow more deeply and the wild sunflower blossoms along its course, as if in silent memory of those who sank beneath its burdens.

"But if the trail, as a continuous highway of travel, has ceased to exist, the time will come, we may confidently believe, when it will be reoccupied, never to be abandoned again. It is so occupied at the present time over a large portion of its length. Railroads practically follow the old line from Independence to Casper, Wyoming, some fifty miles east of Independence Rock; and from Bear River on the Utah-Wyoming line to the mouth of the Columbia. The time is not distant when the intermediate space will be occupied, and possibly a continuous and unbroken movement of trains over the entire line may some day follow. In a future still more remote there may be realized a project which is even now being agitated, of building a magnificent national road along this line as a memorial highway which shall serve the future and commemorate the past."

What was it—this splendid adventure of going West in our early days when we had a West? We must remember that our country was old even at our pivotal date of 1836, when the plow began to edge in on the steel trap; when the honeybee, wild harbinger of the white man, warned the Indian of his fate; and when

Sell Us
Your Spare Time



We will buy it and pay you a good price for it.

Wouldn't you like $50.00 extra in September?

Scores of spare-time representatives of The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman will earn more than $50.00 this month.

Why not you too? You need not invest a single penny to learn all about our plan. Experience is unnecessary. Profits begin at once. Just clip the coupon and mail it today.

The Curtis Publishing Company
370 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Gentlemen:—Tell me all about your spare-time money-making plan. I'm interested.
Name
Address
City State

ECONOMY
renewable FUSES

insure maximum safety and minimum cost in safeguarding electrical circuits against fire and accident hazards of overloads and [illegible]
ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO
Kinzie and Orleans Sts. CHICAGO U. S. A.
Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

Keeps Trousers Up—Shirt Down
Faust Trousers Supporter
Buttons inside trousers

Send $2.00 with waist measurements and we will send your size trousers supporter
Faust Mfg. Company
116-118 North Paulina St., Chicago

Better Pails for Every Purpose

Use more sanitary and more durable pails. Wooden pails dry up and fall apart. They soon become foul. Metal pails have a rough surface and seams that catch and hold dirt and grease. They dent, rust and leak.

"Fibrotta" WARE

Pails of "Fibrotta" are far more sanitary and durable than those of wood or metal. They are made from wood pulp under tremendous hydraulic pressure, then specially treated to give them an exceptionally hard, glass-like, mahogany colored surface. They have no cracks and seams to collect sediment. They will not absorb moisture or grease. They are very easy to clean.

Here are some of the articles which may be obtained in this exceptionally sanitary, durable "Fibrotta" ware:

PAILS OF ALL KINDS

House Pails — Railroad Pails
Factory Pails — Electrical Pails
Fire Pails — Packers' Pails
Stable Pails — Canners' Pails
Color Pails

OTHER EQUIPMENT

Spittoons — Waste Baskets
Tubs, all sizes — Umbrella Jars
Coolers — Baby Baths
Handy Dishes — Liquid Measures
Florists' Vases

Ask your dealer for "Fibrotta" Pails. Large users of pails, and dealers—ask your Jobbers for "Fibrotta" Ware or write for the "Fibrotta" Catalog and list of prices. If it's made of fibre we have it, can make it, or tell you where to get it. We also make the famous "XXth Century" Water Cooler, very sanitary and a great ice saver.

CORDLEY & HAYES
COOLER HEADQUARTERS

Dept. G, 11 Leonard Street — New York City

Established 1889

the savage tribesmen of the plains for the first time in their lives saw among the flowers the weeds of the white man coming West. Even then the Great Medicine Road of the white man, as the Indians called it, was deep and unmistakable. The Army had not yet begun to work West, the great cattle trail from Texas to the North was not yet dreamed, the worst of the Indian outrages had not yet begun. And yonder lay Oregon, the land of promise to all Americans who were oppressed by the too dense population of 1846.

That was the sweet day of the individual. The Oregon caravans were not backed or guided or inspired by any corporation or any government. The early West was developed by the individual man, strong and useful in his willingness to work.

A woman, Tamsen Donner by name—a woman of Central Illinois who met an awful fate in the snows of the Sierras and never saw the promised land; a woman who was educated, a musician, a botanist and a linguist—has given us as good a picture of life on the old trail as the best work of any famous historian. Tamsen Donner was one of that unhappy Donner party that left Springfield, Illinois, in the spring of 1846, bound for California. This of course was three years before the discovery of gold and a year before the great Mormon trek; but the story of the Donner party will show how strong was the individual westbound urge even at that time. Her pages offer us a picture of America.

Longest Caravan of the Plains

The Donner train was the largest that ever crossed the plains. Some three hundred wagons started out in company from Independence on the Missouri River that spring, though of the original Donner party of Illinois there were only ninety-two persons. The caravan when stretched out on the trail was about three miles in length—a caravan of land-lookers and home-seekers leaping over all the country between Illinois and Oregon.

Tamsen Donner, bright and brave woman that she was, kept a diary, as is well known—it was lost in the ruins of the cannibal camp in the Sierras. But she also sent back letters from the trail to her relatives and friends in Illinois, and some of these have been preserved. We might read one of this poor woman's letters home:

"Near the Junction of the North and South Platte, June 16, 1846.

"*My Old Friends:*—We are now on the Platte, two hundred miles from Fort Laramie. Our journey so far has been pleasant, the roads have been good and food plentiful. The water for part of the way has been indifferent, but at no time have our cattle suffered for it. Wood is now very scarce, but buffalo chips are excellent; they kindle quickly and retain heat surprisingly. We had this morning buffalo steaks broiled upon them that had the same flavor they would have had upon hickory coals.

"We feel no fear of Indians; our cattle graze quietly around our encampment unmolested. Two or three men will go hunting twenty miles from camp; and last night two of our men lay out in the wilderness rather than ride their horses after a hard chase.

"Indeed, if I do not experience something far worse than I have yet done, I shall say the trouble is all in getting started. Our wagons have not needed much repair, and I cannot yet tell in what respects they could be improved. Certain it is, they cannot be too strong. Our preparations for the journey might have been in some respects bettered.

"Bread has been the principal article of food in our camp. We laid in one hundred and fifty pounds of flour and seventy-five pounds of meat for each individual, and I fear bread will be scarce. Meat is abundant. Rice and beans are good articles on the road; corn meal, too, is acceptable. Linsey dresses are the most suitable for children. Indeed, if I had one, it would be acceptable. There is so cool a breeze at all times on the plains that the sun does not feel so hot as one would suppose.

"We are now four hundred and fifty miles from Independence. Our route at first was rough, and through a timbered country, which appeared to be fertile. After striking the prairie, we found a first-rate road, and the only difficulty we have had has been in crossing the creeks. In that, however, there has been no danger. I never could have believed we could have traveled so far with so little difficulty. The prairie between the Blue and the Platte Rivers is beautiful beyond description. Never have I seen so varied a country, so suitable for cultivation. Everything is new and pleasing; the Indians frequently come to see us, and the chiefs of a tribe breakfasted at our tent this morning. All are so friendly that I cannot help feeling sympathy and friendship for them. But on one sheet what can I say?

"Since we have been on the Platte, we have had the river on one side and the ever-varying mounds on the other, and have traveled through the bottom lands from one to two miles wide, with little or no timber. The soil is sandy, and last year, on account of the dry season, the emigrants found grass here scarce. Our cattle are in good order, and when proper care has been taken none have been lost. Our milch cows have been of great service indeed. They have been of more advantage than our meat. We have plenty of butter and milk.

"Buffalo show themselves frequently. We have found the wild tulip, the primrose, the lupine, the eardrop, the larkspur and creeping hollyhock; and a beautiful flower resembling the bloom of the beech tree, but in bunches as large as a small sugarloaf, and of every variety of shade to red and green.

"I botanize, and read some, but cook heaps more. There are four hundred and twenty wagons, as far as we have heard, on the road between here and Oregon and California.

"Give our love to all inquiring friends. God bless them."

The fatal error of the Donner party lay in taking a new cut-off south of the Great Salt Lake, which they were told would save them three hundred miles of distance. This new trail joined up with the old California Trail, which at that time was well established and which ran southwest from Fort Hall to the Humboldt River. The tragic fate of this party, which started out so hopefully, makes one of the saddest chapters of this trail devoted to the hazards of new fortunes more than half a century ago. It shows us also, incidentally, what strength the Oregon Trail by this time had as the one safe way West.

The village of Franklin on the Missouri River was the first capital of the Santa Fe trade, and St. Louis we may call the capital of the Missouri River commerce. The frontier town of Independence on the Missouri River was the eastern terminus of the Oregon Trail. When the steamboat landing at Independence was washed out, the new town, Westport, a few miles farther up the river, was established on the site of what to-day is Kansas City; wherefore we may call Kansas City the true gateway of the Great West. I presume that we might complete our record with at least a partial review of the distances of a few main points along the trail, comparing them with map points of to-day.

Topography of the Early Trail

It was, then, forty-one miles west of Independence in the sweet prairie grasses that there stood our little signboard which said: "Road to Oregon"—where the Oregon Trail branched off from the Santa Fe Trail. It ran thence northwestward, not with the valleys but across the divides between numerous prairie rivers. To the ford of the Big Blue was a hundred and seventy-four miles and it was three hundred and sixteen miles to the Platte River.

The first ford of the Platte was out four hundred and thirty-three miles, but usually the traveler went on to the upper ford of the Platte, four hundred and ninety-three miles, and crossed over to the North Fork to Ash Creek. The Laramie River was six hundred and sixty-seven miles. This stream, named after the trapper La Ramee, who lost his life there in 1821, was an important point.

Here the prairies were left and the ascent of the mountains was begun. This was the last point east of the Rockies where any sort of supplies could be bought.

The summit of the South Pass was nine hundred and forty-seven miles west of Independence, and the travelers usually called that the halfway point to Oregon. Now the wagons faced dry and dusty travel to Green River, one thousand and fourteen miles. Fort Bridger, beautifully

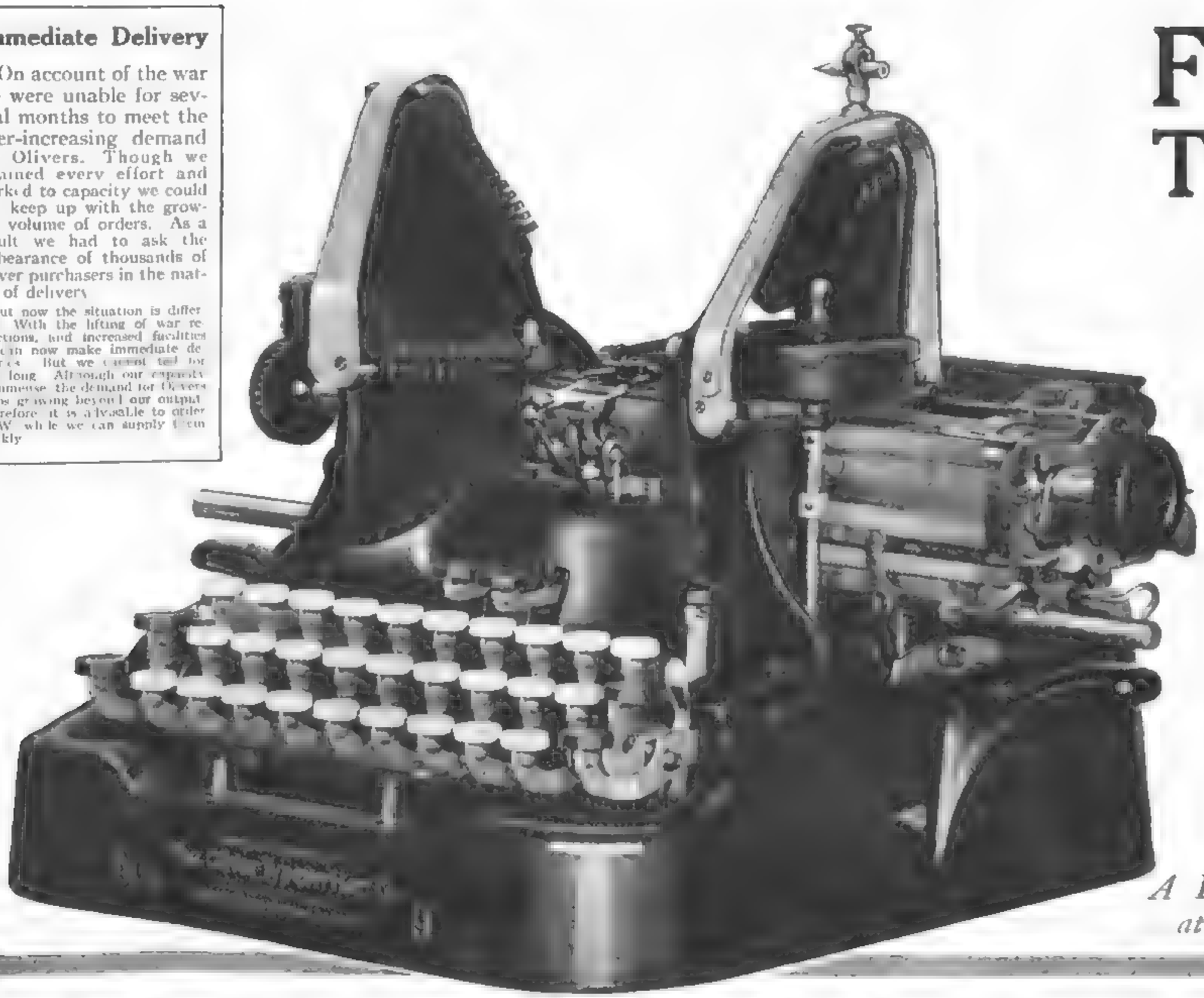
(Concluded on Page 165)

Immediate Delivery

On account of the war we were unable for several months to meet the ever-increasing demand for Olivers. Though we strained every effort and worked to capacity we could not keep up with the growing volume of orders. As a result we had to ask the forbearance of thousands of Oliver purchasers in the matter of delivery.

But now the situation is different. With the lifting of war restrictions, and increased facilities we can now make immediate deliveries. But we cannot tell for how long. Although our capacity is immense the demand for Olivers keeps growing beyond our output. Therefore it is advisable to order NOW while we can supply them quickly.

FREE TRIAL



A Finer Typewriter at a Fair Price

Send No Money!

No money in advance. Not a cent! Simply make your request via the coupon below if you want this brand new Oliver Typewriter for five days free trial in your own home or office. Use this Oliver for five days as if it were your own. Type all your letters or any other work with it. Put it to every conceivable test. Compare it with any $100 typewriter on the market. Compare it for simplicity of construction. For beauty of finish. For ease of operation. For speed. For neatness of work. Then if after 5 days free trial you do not wish to keep the typewriter for any reason whatsoever, simply send it back to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. If, on the other hand, you decide that it is the finest typewriter, and you wish to keep it, then pay us at the easy rate of only $3 a month. This is the open, free trial offer we make to you on the Oliver to let you see for yourself that if any typewriter is worth $100 it is this splendid, speedy Oliver No. 9, our latest model and the finest we ever built. Who could make such an offer of free trial and ship without money unless they had absolute confidence in the quality of their product proved by years of experience?

Save $43

For $57 you can now obtain the identical Oliver Typewriter formerly priced at $100. We are able to save you nearly half because of our radically new and economical method of distribution. During the war we learned many lessons. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods. The result is that we can afford to sell at $57 the very same Oliver formerly priced at $100.

Mail the Coupon Now

We can make immediate delivery if you act at once. Remember you need not send any money with the coupon. Check the coupon to get the Oliver for five days free trial in your own home. If you decide to keep the typewriter you can pay for it on terms so easy that you won't miss the money—only $3 a month. If you prefer to have further information before ordering, fill in the coupon for our free catalog. By the coupon you may order the Oliver or the catalog just as you wish. Clip the coupon now and mail at once.

Canadian Price, $72

The Oliver Typewriter Company, 101-B Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Famous Users of the Oliver

Among the 700,000 purchasers of the Oliver are such distinguished concerns as:

Columbia Graphophone Co.	Boston Elevated Railways	New York Edison Co.
Baldwin Locomotive Works	Hart, Schaffner & Marx	American Bridge Co.
National City Bank of N. Y.	U. S. Steel Corporation	Diamond Match Co.

121.0

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
101-B Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

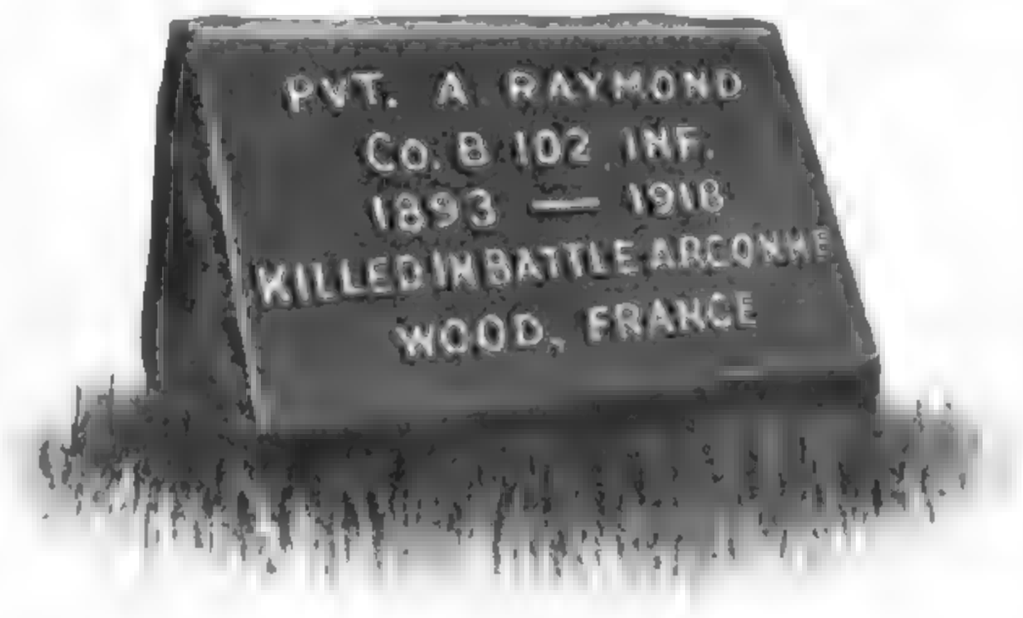
☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book The High Cost of Typewriters The Reason and the Remedy your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Occupation or Business _____



The Cenotaph

—derived from two Greek words signifying "an empty tomb"—has come by later usage to mean any form of memorial erected in honor of one whose mortal remains are elsewhere interred or lost.

It is a particularly fitting tribute to the sailor lost at sea or the soldier who lies buried in a foreign land.

Many such memorials are being placed in our cemeteries by the relatives and friends of those who so perished in the World War.

Whether they take the form of simple marker or costly monument—hammered or polished—Dark Barre Granite, the "Rock of Ages"—because its beauty is everlasting—is a particularly appropriate material for this purpose.

Write for the "Rock of Ages" booklet and consult your local dealer in memorials as to design

BOUTWELL, MILNE & VARNUM CO.
Dept. A Montpelier, Vermont

Quarries at Barre, Vermont
the Granite Center of the World

ROCK OF AGES
TRADE MARK

(Concluded from Page 162)

located, was an oasis for the weary trail folk. It was one thousand and seventy-eight miles out from Independence; and here a few rude supplies and a little help in iron work could be found.

The Bear River was touched by the old trail about where the Oregon Short Line strikes it to-day. It makes a curious great bend north, west and south above the Great Salt Lake. The emigrant followed the Bear through to the Soda Springs, twelve hundred and six miles out from the Missouri River. Here the trail jumped the divide, struck the Port Neuf River and so advanced to Fort Hall, twelve hundred and eighty-eight miles out.

The Raft River, thirteen hundred and thirty-four miles from Independence, was a station of much significance, because here the old California Trail branched off. Some of the Donner party did not take the cut-off trail, which resulted so fatally, but went on to the Raft River on the old Oregon Trail and so got through to California safely.

The great highway crossed the Snake River, fourteen hundred and sixty-four miles west of the Missouri River. The Blue Mountains of Oregon, so troublesome to the early Astorians, were seventeen hundred and thirty-six miles out—not so far as the mouth of the Yellowstone was up the river from St. Louis. Perhaps you may have heard of Pendleton, Oregon, famous for its Wild West shows, its annual staging of round-up scenes. Very well; Pendleton is near the place where the Oregon Trail struck the Umatilla River; near where the westbound Astorians heard of the loss of the Tonquin in Alaska, six months earlier. This was seventeen hundred and ninety-nine miles out from the Missouri; and to the Columbia River was eighteen hundred and thirty-five miles. The Dalles of the Columbia were nineteen hundred and thirty-four miles. Fort Vancouver, at the mouth of the Willamette River, was usually called the end of the trail, two thousand and twenty miles out, though that was a hundred and fourteen miles from the mouth of the Columbia River.

Tamsen Donner, bright and brave spirit, is dead and gone. Our bold leaders, Ashley and Lisa, Sublette and Campbell, Fitzpatrick, Henry, Hunt and Crooks; McLellan, Reed, Smith—all our innumerable caravan of low-browed, unwashed, gallant gentlemen unafraid lie in unknown graves. There are wire fences over most of the Oregon Trail. Its tepee smokes are gone forever. We read no longer the story of Astoria and of the old trade wars of our fur companies with the Nor'westers of Canada. But this morning in my paper I read a part of a news dispatch from Winnipeg, once one of the capitals of the old Nor'westers. It has nothing to do with the price of beaver fur. On the contrary it states only that the forces of government have taken back into their own hands the affairs of the city, some days earlier usurped by the soviet rule of laborers united in a general strike. A citizens' committee—how like that sounds to Alder Gulch or San Francisco in the Vigilante days—made in this news dispatch a little announcement which perhaps you may have seen and forgotten by the time these lines shall have found print:

"Winnipeggers are no longer living by authority of the strike committee. Workers are returning to their positions. Business houses are opening and the necessities of life are again within the reach of the people.

"Authorities assure citizens of adequate protection and advise everybody to go about their business as usual. The strike committee is no longer able to intimidate citizens and prevent them from getting the necessities of life.

"I. W. W. ideals don't appeal to white men

"The sympathetic strike, a dead issue ten years ago, cannot be shoved down the throats of Canadians.

"Our opinions may differ about other problems of the day, but we stand united against the I. W. W., Bolsheviki and soviet government.

"Fly your flag! And let no one forget what it stands for."

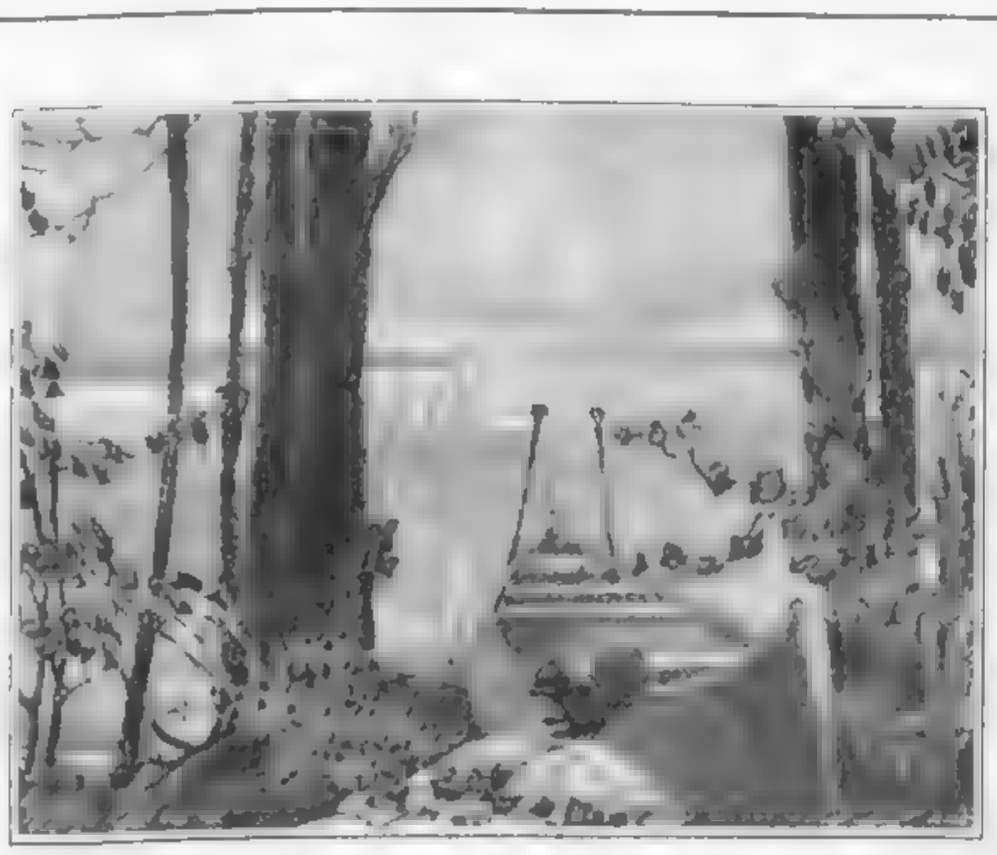
We are no longer racing the old Nor'westers across this continent. We are in the same boat with them to-day. They have the same old names that we once had—English, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, French, American. And there exists for us the same need to print their headline: "Fly your flag!"

This, then, is why we may read and ought to read something of the story of our own old trails. The man who undertakes their story ought to have a larger ambition than the mere wish to thrill or amuse or even to entertain. When Americans really know their own country in all its phases they cannot fail to love and admire it all the more. Then perhaps they will fly their flag.

The flag of the West all across this continent, whether in the capitals of the old Nor'westers or those of the old Pacific Fur Company, can—if need be—be backed to-day with all the savage valor of that frontier blood which does remain thicker than water. That was the most dominant blood of America. It is the ruling blood of the world to-day. It is going to remain the ruling blood. Under its flag the individual best may hope to get his chance.

We may give up this country to those who clamor for our last crumb or we may fight for what we have left—be that much or little. If the latter be your choice—as it will be the choice of those of us who still own the fighting blood of the early Americans—then fly your flag! And let no one forget what it stands for. At least, God wot, it may fly over glorious memories.

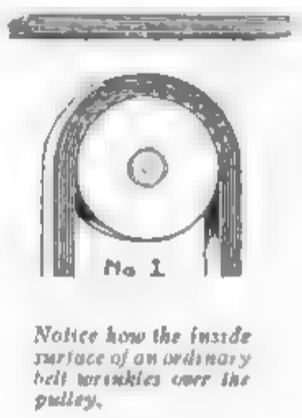
Not a tear of maudlin regret for what is gone—that is not manly. This is our age and it is in this time that we must win or fail. But fly your flag! The true flag of America is the flag of the frontier. Many a wagon carried it flying all the way across to Oregon. My own father, I know—and I presume yours also—carried that flag at the head of his wagon train up the Platte. Who'll take that flag down when we say NO?



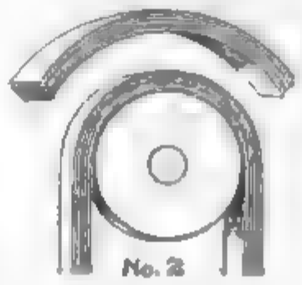
How Important is Your Fan Belt?

By

Chas. C. Gates, E. M.



Notice how the inside surface of an ordinary belt wrinkles over the pulley.



Showing how a belt built on a curve fits smoothly over the pulley.

IF you could see under the hood of your car when you drive, it would be easy to head off engine trouble.

Damage from overheating would never happen.

But as it is, the mischief's often done before you even know your engine's hot—and there's a stiff repair bill ahead.

When you buy a fan belt, it's very important to you that you should consider its construction. The life of your belt depends on it.

Practically all fan belts, whether leather, rubber or fabric, are made flat, but in service they are curved to run over small pulleys.

Figure No. 1 shows you just what happens when such a flat made belt is bent over the pulleys on the car.

Notice how the inside surface of the belt is wrinkled, while the outside is stretched tight and takes all the pull.

That's why this fan belt stretches and gets loose on the pulleys—or breaks after you've used it only a few weeks.

Now look at Figure No. 2—it shows a belt built on a curve. You can see that it fits smoothly over the pulley—both the inside and the outside are equally tight.

A belt like that is more efficient, and will outlast several flat made belts.

This is one of the big ideas back of the Gates Vulco-Cord process; and it explains why more than 6,000,000 Vulco-Cord Belts have been contracted for, this season.

Whether you use a flat or a "V" shaped belt, there's one to fit your car—over 35,000 dealers now sell them.

If your engine isn't performing as it should—if it heats up too quickly, get a Gates Vulco-Cord Belt to replace the one now on your car.

The difference will surprise you.

MADE BY GATES Rubber Company DENVER

"World's Largest Makers of Fan Belts"

Any manufacturer whose product calls for small machinery belting is cordially invited to send us specifications. We will submit samples of Gates Vulco-Cord Belting specially designed to meet your requirements.

When Two Cooks Meet

The New Way of Soup Making

You would change your ideas of a ready-made soup if you came to the Van Camp kitchens

You would see, for one thing, the world's finest kitchen. It cost $1,500,000. You would meet scientific cooks, men with college training. You would taste a soup which was the final result of comparing countless blends.

Then our culinary experts study to perfect it. They fix standards for every ingredient. They compare countless blends and methods. And they never stop until they attain the utmost in that soup. It takes several years, sometimes.

Haphazard Ways

The old ways of soup making were very inexact. The ablest chefs could never make soup twice alike. Homemade soups varied enormously.

In the Van Camp way we take a prize Parisian recipe. A noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris makes the basic soup.

They Never Vary

Then every detail is fixed in a formula. And the Van Camp chefs forever follow it exactly.

The results are these: Every Van Camp Soup is the finest of its kind in existence. It cannot be matched anywhere in the world, by any hotel or home.

The soups never vary. They come to you ready-prepared. And they cost no more than ordinary soups. They cost much less than home-made.

Compare these Van Camp Soups with others. See what our skill and our care have accomplished. It will be a revelation.

VAN CAMP'S Soups 18 Kinds

Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Pork and Beans *Van Camp's Spaghetti* *Van Camp's Peanut Butter* 535

BLUE BOAR

Continued from Page 19

artist's angle as the dinner talk went on. Only two other curves could touch the jungle pig's for malignity, he observed to himself—the curve of a hyena's shoulder and the curve of a shark's jaw; three scavengers that haven't had a real chance, not being bred right. That night he told Corla Cantrell that he was going back to Huttghur the following day.

"I knew it at dinner," she said.

Hilliard wondered how much she missed of his real reason for going away.

"Pig sticking isn't a quest," she added quietly, "but these boys really do work very hard. I think they give themselves to a few weeks' sport in India with such fury in a kind of panic to forget Home and all that they really want to do. Besides, they'd honestly like to have you stay for the outing."

Hilliard explained that he had left a half-finished set of pictures and there was some call to get them off.

"Besides, Attila needs you," she said.

Here Hilliard lamely intimated that Morison might get on even better with his dog if Attila was forced to forget his present favorite.

"But you won't meet Larry."

"Another time."

Hilliard saw things rather keenly that moment for one in his condition. He saw that she dared to play because she was firmly convinced that he wouldn't change.

"And what do you think my big brother would say?"

Hilliard smiled. He was surer than before, she would lose interest if he gave in.

Ten days later, back in his own camp near Huttghur, Hilliard really found himself. He was fundamentally rocked. He knew it; knew also that he wasn't apt to get over it. There wasn't any reason why he shouldn't tell Corla Cantrell. He couldn't get past the idea that her elder brother had contrived for them to meet. But he had played the game alone for a long time and this sudden intervention disturbed the equilibrium of every point of view. It was because he had become accustomed to self-command in the details of life that a sense of being uncentered in her presence so seriously prevailed upon him.

He meant to go to her again, meant to tell Corla Cantrell all about it sooner or later, when some coolness and steadiness of nerve returned. But the next day he received an official invitation from the chief commissioner to be in Hurda for the big cavalry festival and a note from Corla Cantrell that Attila wasn't any better. Hilliard knew he would go before he had glanced over her four or five lines the second time. He had suddenly found in his mind a deep aversion to appearing stubborn.

He reached Hurda on the first day of the meet. Corla Cantrell and Chief Deputy Morison were in the little party that met his train. For once Hilliard's idealizations had fallen short, for the creature who appeared laughingly before him and gave her hand seemed to have released incredible powers of magic in the meantime. The half had never been told. She led him across the station oval to where a servant was standing with Attila, who saw him from afar off and brought the servant rushed and messed in his tumultuous greeting.

"Mr. Morison says Attila can't continue to resist him," Miss Cantrell explained presently. "But there has been no real acceptance so far. As it is, the poor beast would be disconsolate if I went away. We have really been looking toward your coming."

"Has your brother arrived?" Hilliard asked.

"His ship is in, but he hasn't come up from Bombay yet—possibly to-morrow. He's bringing the new Arab."

Hilliard found he was better for the fortnight alone, even in the greater stress of her attraction now, but he wasn't satisfied yet. No one had ever pulled him out of himself as she did. He knew enough about life in general to be aware that a man in this condition isn't any more use to a woman than if they were at opposite ends of a teeter board and Jill overweighed so badly that Jack came tumbling down in her arms. Jill's vanity might be soothed a little, but Corla Cantrell hadn't any. There was a queer moment that night as they drove together.

"We have heard from your liege —"

"Your elder brother?" he asked quickly.

"Yes, a cable from Aden, saying to be sure to ask you for the pig sticking; that he forgot to speak about it during your last evening together. I should have written you anyway," she added.

Certainly the aspect of surprise from the Cantrells!

"I'll have a serious talk with Attila in the morning," he said absently.

The next noon at the station oval, when Brother Larry came in, the American was furnished with a real surprise.

It happened rather suddenly and Hilliard couldn't get away. There was something almost like anguish in the face of the younger Cantrell as he hastened forward - anguish of devotion that never hoped to express itself, that was picketed in cults and nameless other artificialities; anguish by no means sure of itself, because it burned at the thought of Corla not being alone.

Larry didn't speak as he stopped with a rush before his sister. He merely pecked her cheek, but his eyes were the eyes of a man whose heart was starving; who yearned to lose his identity in the one before him. The English observe that some such relations occasionally exist between twins; the Hindus suggest certain mysterious antenatal relations between two like this. Finally Hilliard realized that the sister's eyes had darted his way for an instant—something of pity in them and something of appeal.

It was all quicker still then. Hilliard's hand was out to the brother. Larry didn't see it. Only his right elbow raised the slightest bit; his dark face flushed and paled that second. The stare was refined; it wasn't hate so much as astonishment that any man—and scorn that an American—dared come out with Corla to meet him. Back of it all of course was the thing that Larry Cantrell would have died before revealing—the pain and powerlessness of a brother who loves possessively. Only one of English social training could refuse a man's hand like that.

Few men would have seen so deeply and kept their nerve that instant, but Hilliard had been different since his adventure in the grass jungles. He had decided never to lose his nerve again. This was his first real test since that day. His throat tightened a second so that he had to clear it. All he knew then was that her brother was striding away, having muttered something about the imperative need to see after unshipping Kala Khan, his Arab mount, which was aboard the train. There was a sort of shimmer between Hilliard's eyes and Larry Cantrell's vanishing legs that made them seem lifting high out of all proportion. He turned to the sister.

"Please forgive me," he said quietly. "I knew as he came on—but it was too late."

She was pale, looking right into him.

"Knew what?"

"That it would have been better for me to retire for his meeting with you. Why, the lad has been tortured with loneliness."

Her eyes did not leave his face.

"I had almost forgotten," she said. "He has done this before. It is that a man should be with me. I think I shall leave you now—that I shall go to him. I think—I really think you understand."

She hurried after Larry and the American was vised for a moment in the sort of cold said to be between the worlds. As a matter of fact, a man needed a helmet in that Indian noon in the open of the station oval. It was like the python day again. The man's pivotal Center rocked for an instant. Everything was shattered because of her seeming injustice. Hilliard braced against that. Brother Larry of all men had no sympathy coming just then. Hilliard braced against the cold, against the toppling of his pictures of her, against pride and all the thoughts his mind could bring holding only to the Center with all his might. He was standing in the darkened library just before tiffin when she found him—came up from behind, caught his arm, sort of carried him forward and to her at the same time.

"You were perfect," she said. "So wonderful, I forgot to tell you at the time. Why, Mr. Hilliard, I never saw anyone look better than you when poor Larry refused to take your hand."

(Continued on Page 169)

Ball Bearings Made Possible the First Non-Stop Trans-Atlantic Flight

Ball bearing supremacy was again conclusively proved when recently the famous Vickers-Vimy aeroplane with its Rolls-Royce engine made the first successful non-stop, trans-Atlantic flight.

Ninety-five per cent of all Rolls-Royce bearings are ball bearings.

During the world's war many Rolls-Royce aeroplane motors were manufactured in the United States and fully equipped with American-made ball bearings.

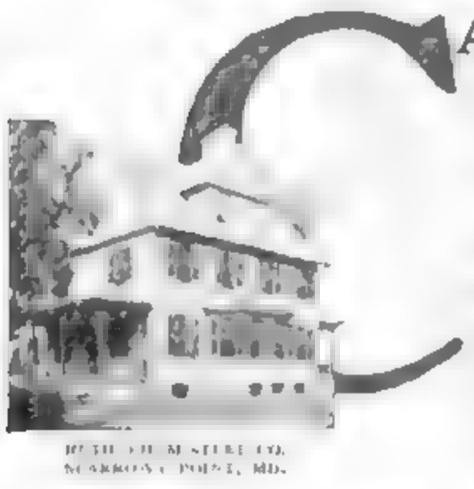
Under the severest tests of war-time service these Rolls-Royce motors were in every respect up to the high standard of the European product.

Wherever a shaft turns, ball bearings keep friction at a minimum, and so multiply power while reducing its cost.

The Fafnir Bearing Co
Gurney Ball Bearing Co
Hess Bright Manufacturing Co.
U. S. Ball Bearing (Strom) Mfg. Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

Endorsed by Industrial America



CALORIC prestige is the logical result of CALORIC accomplishment. America has been won over to CALORIC Pipeless Heating primarily because each individual installation has "made good"—*thoroughly and definitely.*

The very low first cost has attracted many, of course, as have also the fuel-saving features and the ease and economy of installation. But above all else, CALORIC'S fame is based on the fact that it *does heat*—through *one register*—every room to a balmy, comfortable warmth in the very coldest weather.

Moist, warm air rises through the *center* of the famous two-section register. At the same time cool air is drawn down through the *outside* to the bottom of the furnace, then up over the heated castings and out through the *center* of the register to find its way into adjoining rooms.

Note the illustrations below. CALORICS have the approval of such discriminating purchasers as the following:

The Standard Oil Co., General Electric Co., Bethlehem Steel Co., Endicott-Johnson Shoe Co., Clinchfield Coal Corporation.

These great organizations, and dozens more, with unlimited means for investigating and testing heating systems have ordered hundreds of CALORICS for the homes of their employees.

NATIONAL CALORIC WEEK
Aug. 23rd to Aug. 30th, inclusive
Special Exhibits at all Caloric Dealers

More than 76,000 CALORIC Heated Homes

More than seventy-six thousand owners of homes, in cities and on farms, have proved every CALORIC claim to their entire satisfaction. They know the convenience, comfort and economy of CALORIC heating. They know how healthful and good this heat is. And they appreciate the definite superiority of CALORIC construction in every detail of material and manufacture.

There is a CALORIC dealer in almost every town. See yours, or write to us direct if you do not know his name. We will gladly, and without obligation, send you detailed information.

THE MONITOR STOVE COMPANY

In Business One Hundred Years — *"The Monitor Family"* — Pioneers of Pipeless Heating

CINCINNATI *CALORIC Warehouses in Principal Cities CALORIC Dealers Everywhere* **OHIO**

(Continued from Page 166)

Hilliard didn't speak.

"It must be what my elder brother saw in you," she added, drawing back. "Or what Attila sees."

There was a marked acceleration after that in the incidents of Hilliard's heart adventure. Corla Cantrell was more to him, yet different almost with each hour; more dear and calling in a hundred ways, yet always she held the quest of her before him—a constant suggestion of marvels in reserve, mysteries always unfolding of no will or design of hers; rather that he was treading after her in the paths of a larger design than either could imagine; and that it was only the dullness of his faculty and the slowness of his taking, not her resources of magic, that limited the joy.

Larry Cantrell took up his quarters across the river with the cavalry. He did not come to the chief commissioner's house.

"He has always been strange," the sister said. "In some ways he has been closer to me than any other. Always strange—doing things one time that showed the tenderest feeling and again the harshest resentment. He has been unable to bear the thought of my marrying; yet he cannot see a man near me without suffering the aberration that the friend or acquaintance has quite lost his mind in pursuit. He is so dear in so many ways that I had to go to him at that moment of his arrival, but you may be sure I don't encourage such absence of self-control. Only, you must know he is suffering dreadfully! No, Larry will not come to us here. He has seen me. He will make that do."

It was the day following the younger brother's arrival.

"Why don't you go to him?" Hilliard asked.

She turned her head softly.

"You Americans are amazing."

"Why?" he laughed.

"An Englishman or either of my brothers in your place wouldn't think India was big enough for Larry Cantrell and himself."

"It wouldn't do any good to fight that sort of feeling," Hilliard said.

"Only a man whose courage is proved would dare to say so."

"If I am on the right side it would not be my part to leave India."

She was silent. She seemed to like it all.

On the third morning of the hunting meet, Larry Cantrell rode by the elephant stockades in Hurda just as the American passed. The hands were long that held the bridle rein, the narrowest Hilliard had ever seen on a man. The boots were narrow—almost like a poster drawing. It was plainly an advantage for this young man to find just the right horse and ship him any distance for the few days' sport. The black Arab, Kala Khan, seemed built on the same frame as its rider—speed and power done into delicacy, utter balance of show and stamina. When the Arab is black he is a keener black than a man can think. His eyes were fierce, but it was the fierceness of fidelity; of that darkness which intimates light, no red burning of violence within. The whole was a picture for Hilliard's delectation.

Larry's face seemed darker from the saddle, the body superb in its high tension and slender grace. The depth of Hilliard's feeling was called to pity as well as to admiration. The rift in this Cantrell's nature was emotional, not physical—some mad poetic thing forever struggling in the tight matrices of a hard-set world. Also Hilliard had the dim impulse of a thought that he had something for Larry Cantrell. He meant to speak to the sister at the right time.

"Pig sticking no end!" the officers had promised, and they were making good.

The third afternoon Corla Cantrell and the American, who was not hunting, took Attila out toward the open jungle, which thrust a narrow triangular strip in toward the town. At intervals they heard the shouts from far deeper in. The bloodhound walked with dignity between them for the most part, his poise a thing to marvel at.

"Has he hunted?" Hilliard asked.

"Yes, Larry has seen to his training in England. I think it is well done. Mr. Morison has great plans for him and is the one man here to bring out his best if Attila were so minded."

They went deeper into the open jungle strip. She told him of the Cantrell place in Kent; that she was only to be in India a few months; that he must come sometime. Hilliard was thinking that he shared something of Larry's madness—at least to the extent of wondering how a man could know the sister and not be in impetuous pursuit. Also he saw that a man must begin in open country and go fast and far to make good this woman's dream—to keep gleaming for Corla Cantrell's eyes. He touched the secret; that romance is quest; that romance means on and on, means not to stay; love for the first moment perhaps, but lovelier always, range on range. She touched his sleeve at length. Her face was laughing, a deep listening in her eyes.

"Have you been away?"

"Away, but never so near," he said quietly. "Every breath like this is amazing since the thing happened to me."

"The thing?"

"Do you want to hear now? Or would you rather not? Or do you already know?" he said slowly.

They had halted. The jungle was deeper about them. Attila brushed the man's knees. Hilliard's hand dropped and he felt the rising hackles, but his eyes held the woman's. Her face was pale—different like a different woman, a reserve of loveliness suddenly released that had never left the heart before. They heard the bloodhound's rumble.

"I want to hear - now!"

Then the world came back to them, a sudden shouting near. For a second more they stood, a sense of languor stealing between them. Without a word their thoughts formed the same possibility, as two who have a child that is vaguely threatened. They were deeper into the jungle than they thought. The cordon of native beaters was still a mile away in its nearest arc, but there is never any telling what a pig will do. They had turned back, walking together without haste, Attila behind. They heard the brief thudding of a mount that runs and swerves and runs again. It was nearer. Their hands touched, but they did not hasten.

When Corla turned to him, Hilliard saw what he had seen before—weariness too, and courage absolute. He knew a kind of vague revolt that the world could interfere. It was the most bewildering moment of all days because of the woman that had come forth to answer his words. Then it was as if they knew a kind of foreboding together. Their united powers made them sentient. Not merely a possibility, but almost a glimpse had come, as if an ominous presence had stolen in with the languor.

"Let's hurry," he said.

She was smiling in a child's delicate way as their steps quickened. The thrash of the chase was nearer; the jungle was clearing as they made their way to the border near Hurda. The low rumbling was from Attila. He would stand, turning back an instant, then trot to overtake them. No question now. One pig at least was clear of the beaters, coming this way, someone in chase.

The great trees were far apart. They were near the open after several minutes. They had caught a glimpse of a mounted man through the trees, playing his game alone, the pig but a crash in the undergrowth. There was silence, as if the hunter were poking with his lance into a thicket, then a cutting squeal, a laugh from the absorbed horseman and it was all before their eyes!

The tusker halted at the border of their little clearing. He had just seen them and the dog—more enemies! Hideous bone rack—long as a pony, tapering to the absurd piggy haunches, head as long as a pony's head, with a look of decay round the yellow tusks, dripping gash from a lance wound under his ear—standing stock-still just now, at the end of all flight!

Attila seemed to slide forward two feet like a shoved statue. It was a penetrating silence before the voice of Larry Cantrell: "You two—what in God's name ——!"

That was all of words.

His black Arab, Kala Khan, had come to halt twice the lance length from the tusker. Corla and Hilliard and the hound stood half the circle away from the man and mount, a little farther from the still beast, the red right eye of which made the central point of the whole tableau.

The tusker broke the picture. Flick of the head, a snort—and he wasn't there. He wasn't on the lance! His side charge, with no turn which the eye could follow,

'Ever-Ready'
'Radio' Blades

THE marvelous *X3X Temper* makes the world's best blade a better blade than ever. Because the secret X3X process enables us to bring the steel to its most efficient degree of hardness, it will take and retain the keenest shaving edge ever put to metal. The Ever-Ready Razor is guaranteed to give you more shaves per blade and more smiles per shave than any other razor made. The outfit comes complete with Radio Blades for $1.00. Extra Radio Blades—6 for 40c.

'Ever-Ready'
The Honest Brush

COMPARE the diagrams—see how some manufacturers conceal wooden plugs in the bristle base of their brushes—and sell you plugs when you pay for bristles.

Then see how Ever-Ready—the Honest Shaving Brush—gives you everything you pay for. Because quality, materials and skillful workmanship are the only kind we use, you're getting a brush that will last longer and give you more satisfactory service than any plugged brush made.

Sold by dealers everywhere

30c to $6.50

American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ever-Ready Safety Razor Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

A Rust Proof Steel Shaft

With a Longer Sweeter Drive than Wood!

With hard second growth hickory fast disappearing, the day of the good wood golf shaft is almost over.

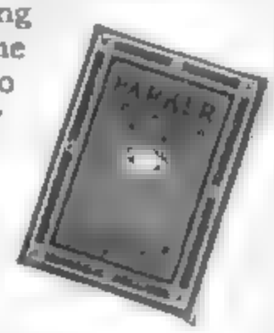
For the good of the game and the golfer, Allen Lard, the noted engineer and golfer of Chevy Chase, has produced (for A. G. Spalding & Bros.) a counterpart of the fine hickory shaft in a masterpiece of chrome vanadium steel.

To insure strength the cold drawn high carbon tube is ribbed—to absorb the shock and create the pleasant "feel" of the hickory the steel is slotted as shown in the illustration—and to make this metal shaft practical in all kinds of weather it is *protected from rust by the Parker Process.*

Investigate the Possibilities of the Parker Process for Your Own Product

Do you use iron or steel in the manufacture of your product?

Or do you employ parts of copper or brass simply because you know that *unprotected* steel will rust? Then you will find a message of real importance in the Parker Process book—a plain talk on rustproofing which explains in non-technical terms just what the Parker Process is and how easily you can apply it to your own product with special equipment in your own plant without interfering in any way with your present manufacturing plans.

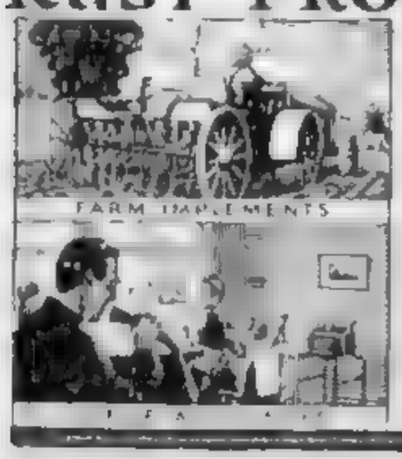


Your copy will be sent on request.

PARKER RUST PROOF CO. *of* AMERICA
DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

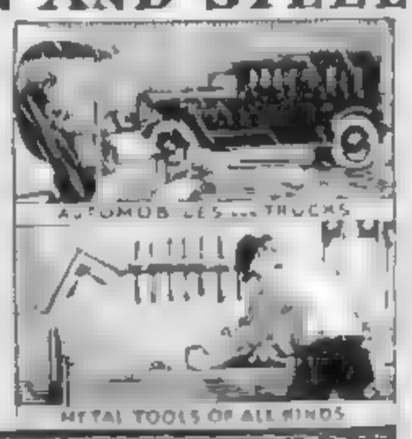
In developing the New Steel Golf Shaft A. G Spalding & Bros. have relieved an alarming situation and performed a real service for the game—since it is no longer possible to obtain fine hickory in quantities.

PARKER PROCESS
RUST PROOFS IRON AND STEEL



Among Products Protected by Parker Process:

- Aervoid Products (Vacuum Bottle Containers)
- Arms and Munitions
- Automobiles
- Bicycles
- Cameras
- Dental Supplies
- Electrical Equipment
- Farm Implements
- Fire Extinguisher Parts
- Hardware Specialties
- Motor Trucks
- Phonographs
- Railway Supplies
- Ranges and Stoves
- Sewing Machines
- Sporting Goods



carried him under the point of Cantrell's thrust in direct drive at the black Arab's belly.

Kala Khan was standing straight up, yet they heard his scream. The boar's head seemed on a pivot as he passed beneath. Larry Cantrell, standing in the stirrups, swung forward, one arm round his mount's neck, but badly out of saddle. The tusker turned to do it again.

Hilliard spoke. That was the instant Attila charged. In the same second the Arab, still on his hind legs, made a teetering plunge back to dodge the second drive of the beast and Larry Cantrell fell, head down on the far side, his narrow boot locked in the steel stirrup.

Hilliard spoke again. It was to Kala Khan this time. Attila's smashing drive at the throat had carried the tusker from under the Arab's feet. His rumbling challenge had seemed to take up the scream of the horse; it ended in the piercing squeal of the throated boar.

Hilliard still talked to Kala Khan as he moved forward. The Arab stood braced, facing him at this point, the tumbled head-down thing hanging at the left, arms sprawled, face turned away. A thousand to one among the very best mounts would have broken before the second charge and thrashed the hanging thing against the trees.

Hilliard's tones were continuous, his empty hand held out. There was never a glance of his eye to the battle of the bloodhound and the boar. Four feet from his hand was the Arab's hanging rein, his eyes to the eyes of the black, his tones steadily lower, never rising, never ceasing.

His loose fingers closed upon the bridle rein; his free hand pressed the Arab's cheek.

He felt Corla beside him and turned. It was one of the dearest moments a man could know—to find her there. Her face turned to Attila's struggle—but her eyes pressed shut.

Hilliard stepped to Kala Khan's side, lifted the leather fender, slipped the cinch and let the light hunting saddle slide over, releasing Larry Cantrell. Then he sprang to Attila, calling as he caught up the fallen lance: "Coming, old man—coming to you!"

Attila, on his feet, was bent to the task—the tusker sprawling, the piggy haunches settling flat.

"So! It's all done, son," the man said softly. "You're the best of them all today."

He laughed. Attila looked up at him in a bored way, but he still held. Hilliard went back to the sister. Larry Cantrell had partly risen. The American did not catch his eye; and now Kala Khan stood between the two men, Corla still holding the rein. Hilliard's hand rested upon the wet trembling withers where the saddle had covered. There was a blue glisten to the moisture. He loved the Arab very hard that moment and no less afterward. Kala Khan needed care at once. His wound was long and deep, from the hock on the inside up to the stifle joint.

Larry Cantrell was on his feet, the Arab still between him and Hilliard's eyes. But now her brother drew off, back turned, walking away, his arms and hands fumbling queerly about his head as he staggered a little.

"He will come back!" Corla whispered.

Attila loosed now, but sat by his game; sat upon his haunches, bringing first-aid cleansing to his shoulders and chest, where the pinned tusker had worn against him in the battle.

It had all been in an astonishingly few seconds—the blue beast still with an isolated kick or two.

It was as Corla had said. They had scarcely started toward Hurda when they saw Larry Cantrell returning. His pace quickened as he neared—his first words queerly shocking:

"Is he hurt? Oh, I say, is the Arab hurt?"

Hilliard answered: "A bad cut, but he'll be sound in a week or two."

"One might ask first, you know. He's rather a fine thing."

Corla seemed paler as she held her brother with curious eyes. Larry didn't see her. He was slowly taking in Hilliard, full length.

"One might ask, you know," he repeated presently. "I couldn't make a gift of a damaged thing. Oh, yes, you're to have him, Hilliard. It appears that things of Kala Khan's quality gravitate to you. I was thinking of the dog, you know."

Hilliard shook his head.

"Don't make it harder for me!" the other said fiercely. "He belongs to you—Corla, too, doubtless. No resistance from me now. A man sees differently—toes up."

The sister pressed Hilliard's arm.

The American bowed. Larry Cantrell straightened.

"That's better," he breathed. "You'll see to the mount of course. I'd do it for you, but I need an hour—in there among the trees, you know—quite alone. If I miss any point I'll cock one foot up in the crotch of a tree to get it straight again. But I won't, Hilliard," he added. "I can see it now from any angle—the man she sees, or something like!"

He turned away toward the deeper growths. They walked in silence. The tender thing that had come out for him alone from her heart still lingered in the pallor of her face.

"I—want—to—hear—now," she repeated.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of stories by Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. The ninth will appear in an early issue.

STENOGRAPHERS KNOW THIS RIBBON OF SILK IS SUPERIOR

OUR CHEMISTS ASSURE THE BEST PROCESS MODERN SCIENCE AFFORDS

Stenographers who have used the Ault & Wiborg Typewriter Ribbon—of Silk—prize it—for they know the quality of its work allows them to give their employers increased satisfaction.

They know that this thin, sheer ribbon of silk allows type impressions as fine as the lines of engraving—allows many more and clearer carbon copies to be made at one writing.

They know that the toughness of the silk fibre and the super-quality ink processed into this remarkable ribbon make it last much longer—that one of these Ault & Wiborg Typewriter Ribbons—of Silk—outwears two, often three, ordinary cotton ribbons.

They know, too, that these lasting qualities eliminate frequent changing of ribbons—a task that takes time and is not pleasant.

More than forty years of experience in making fine inks, varnishes, colors and chemicals are behind The Ault & Wiborg Company's carbon papers and ribbons.

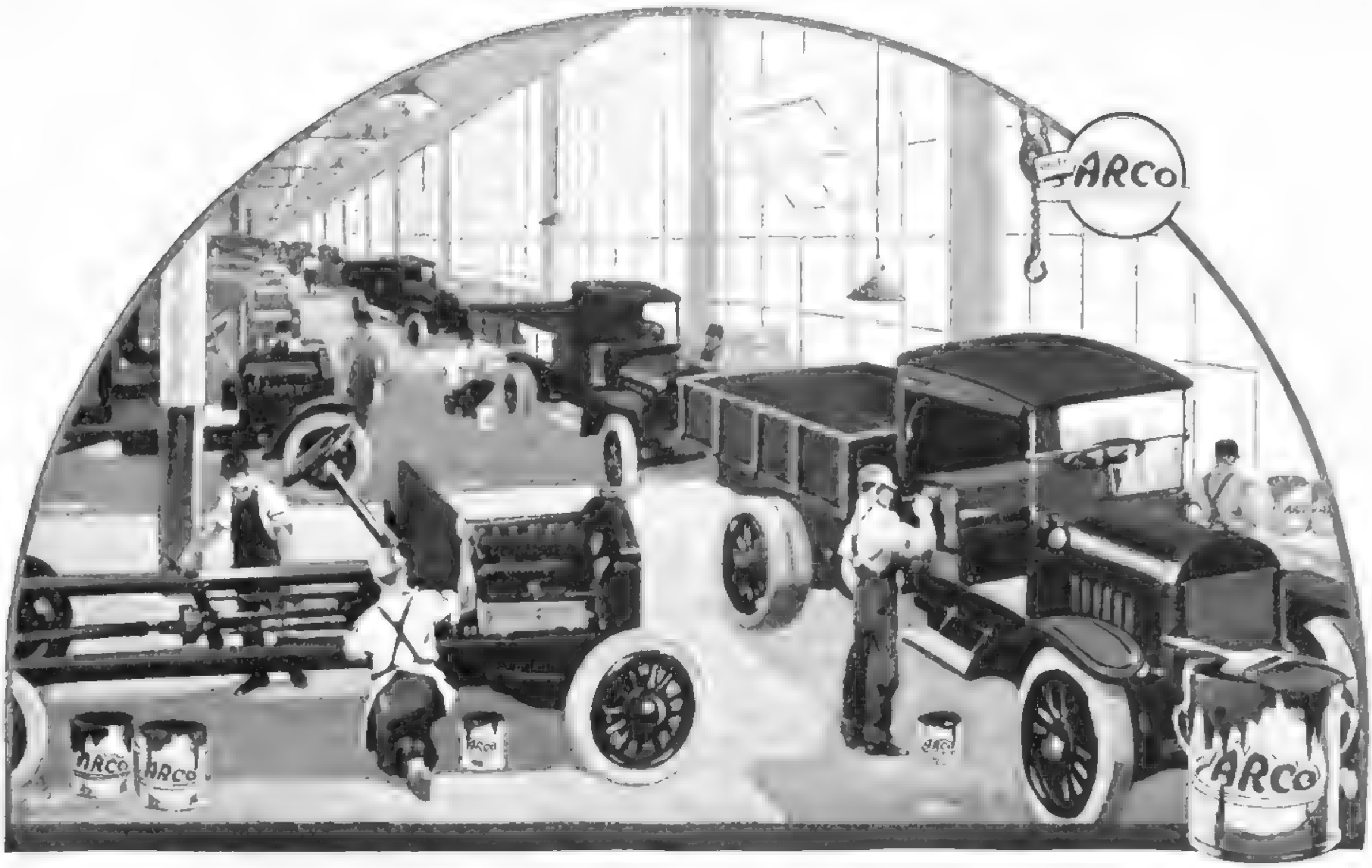
There is a superior carbon paper for every purpose—for pen and pencil as well as typewriter. There are ribbons for typewriters, time-stamps, time-clocks, adding and billing machines.

The name—Ault & Wiborg—is found on such ribbons and carbons at the better stationers' and office supply dealers'.

The AULT & WIBORG *Company*

CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

HIC ET UBIQUE



A Truck's Weatherproof Coat

Truck manufacturers thoroughly recognize the direct connection between truck durability, truck appearance and profits. Durability is a necessity to good performance, attractiveness is a sales essential.

Special Arco finishes and finishing processes have been perfected for the truck industry which, by their use, make for better, bigger and more efficient production.

There is an Arco finish—paint, varnish or enamel—for the product of every industry. Thirty-eight years of specialized application, proficiency in the "knack of making" and the Arco bureau of standards insure a uniformly high quality finish for every purpose.

THE ARCO COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Established 1881

ARCO

PAINTS VARNISHES ENAMELS

TRIMMED WITH RED

(Continued from Page 27)

fingers. "But it is impossible And until you came ——"

"What's the idea about my coming?" asked Emily, intrigued by this Mad Hatter's confession.

"I had no idea where to turn. But you can clarify it all."

"Well, I'm glad of that. But how, please?"

"By marrying me."

Emily whistled, a long, annoying and unmaidenly whistle.

"Perhaps, being uninitiated, you think me peculiar," he fumbled.

"Not in the least," she said. "I have met some like you on Long Island. Only we call them fast workers out there."

"But you haven't answered me ——"

Professor Syle was leaning far forward when the door opened and Rosamonde Vallant came in. Her cheeks were rosy. Her walk down from Fifth Avenue might have accounted for her high coloring.

"Comrade Rosamonde!" cried Syle, rising hastily.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here," said Rosa, looking swiftly toward her cousin. "I've ordered six gallons of claret and twelve cases of beer—do you think that will be enough? Merlin has some wonderful champagne in the cellar, but he went away and took the keys with him."

"That will be enough, I'm sure," said Comrade Walter, standing stiffly at attention.

"Have you seen that Jennie Codfish—you know, the Battalion of Death woman?"

"Corporal Anna Fishkoff?" corrected Syle with dignity. "She will be delighted to come."

As the luncheon hour approached and Comrade Niki, frenzied by kitchen work, was shouting his samurai-socialist ditty in his galley, Rosamonde took her cousin to one side and, holding her hand with more than usual affection, said:

"Emmy, I wonder if you would do me a favor?"

"That's what I'm here for, dear," announced the poor relation.

"Comrade Walter—I think he's got the heart of a hero; I really do. He keeps his great brain going all the time and never thinks of himself. But he's awfully—idealistic."

"Yes, I've noticed that."

"Well, we've been thrown together in such a way—he's not used to the world—our world. And I'm afraid ——" She hesitated.

"That he's getting fond of you?"

"Well, I think so. He follows me round all the time. Of course I like it. But then there's Merlin. He'll be back next week, I suppose; and I simply can't have Comrade Walter telephoning and asking to call at the house. Won't you be a good sport, dear, and ——"

"Take him off your hands?"

"Well, yes. I don't think he's the sort that forgets a great love very soon. But you're so pretty and charming, Emmy, and I'm sure you could divert him."

"And he might even propose to me," suggested Emily.

"Oh, no, I don't think he'd do that," replied her cousin reassuringly, speaking as though her mind were only half on the subject. "Don't you think it would be amusing to have red lanterns strung from the ceiling and red candles to give the dinner a regular—you know—Russian flavor?"

And Emily went to work, surer than ever that Alice could have gone no deeper into Wonderland. Her Wonderland theory increased as the day wore on, for in the middle of the afternoon, when men came with the claret and beer charged to Merlin Vallant's account, Rosamonde had a thought.

"Merlin will see the bill and ask what it's all about and there would be no end of a scene," she parleyed. "But I've come here without a cent. My man, will you call for the money to-morrow?"

"No, ma'am," decreed the one whom she had addressed as Her Man. "You'll either have to pay now or let it go on the bill."

"Don't be impertinent," said Rosamonde; then appealed to Emily.

"My money's all in the bank," said the poor cousin.

"Won't you take a check, my man?" asked Rosamonde, paying no attention.

She hesitated and looked helplessly round as though she were going to cry. At the instant Professor Syle, fresh from a lecture, came in, an act of Providence.

"We're comin' round this way again at five, lady," suggested Her Man.

"And in the meantime you can get a check cashed somewhere." Emily brought in her consolation.

"The banks are all closed," said Rosamonde. "Haven't you any credit round the neighborhood, Comrade Walter?"

"The school sometimes has some," volunteered Walter Syle, coming out of a cloud and going back again at once.

"Well, do you think you'd have time to ——"

"I'll go!" suggested Emily, mostly because she wanted to see the Pilsen School of Radical Culture.

So without any protest on the part of Comrade Walter she took the check and walked demurely to the Pilsen School, which rears its discontented head among the fire escapes of a sweatshop section not far from lower Fifth Avenue. Emily found the entrance hall to freedom rather a drabby, drafty place, whose walls were lined with cards, bulletins and scraps of paper announcing everything from a militant-suffrage protest mass meeting to a Dance of the Cooties in Beersteiner's Hall. It looked as though anybody with a thumb tack, a sheet of paper and an idea could find free wall space here. In one comprehensive glance she saw advertisements for a number of things, including The Anarch at Home, a lecture course on Maximalism in Japan, a people's series of Free Art Dancing and a pearl-handled penknife lost in the reading room on Friday night. A more dignified printed sign, entered in this chaos, announced: "Professor Walter Syle, Monday 3:30. Topic: Hallucinations of Power."

Spectacled persons laden with discontented literature hurried out of lecture rooms. Several beetle-browed, stubby girls stood by the elevator flirting with an equal number of stubby, beetle-browed men.

"Why ain't you strikin' this week, Sadie?" asked one of the men coyly.

"Gotta work some time, ain't I?" retorted Sadie in a kittenish tone of voice. Which was considered a great joke in the Pilsen School apparently, for the bare hall echoed with giggles.

"I'll betcha the sodas the button molders walk out before Sat'day," challenged the youngest of the swains.

Youth will be served, whether downtrodden or uplifted!

Beyond the busy bookseller's shop Emily found a den marked "Treasurer," so she entered to face a beady-eyed, hawk-featured female who sat thumbing yellow vouchers.

"Can I cash a check?" asked Emily, feeling that in this home of fellowship such a question would be all but superfluous.

"Identified?" drawled the treasurer suspiciously.

"Professor Walter Syle sent me."

"Sorry," said the maiden with a bitter smile. "Cash is closed for the day."

"Thank you," said Emily.

"Not at all," whined the altruist, looking the intruder over as if in search of hidden arms.

When Emily got back to Pomander Place with the ill tidings she found Comrade Walter still lecturing while the ladies did the work of decorating.

"The treasurer wouldn't give me any money," complained Emily.

"I thought he wouldn't," declared Syle, cheerful as one who had proved a point.

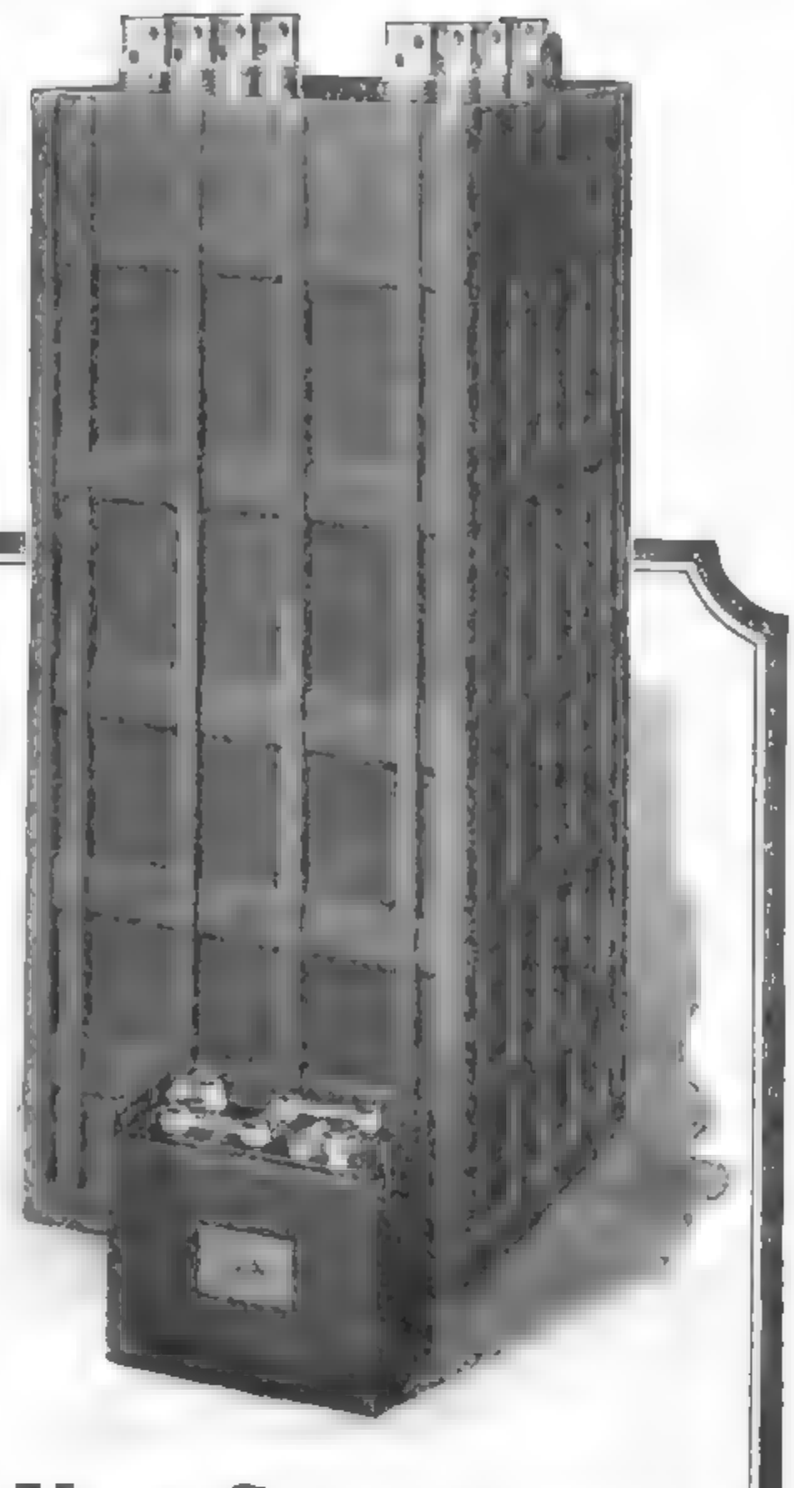
"Look here, Comrade Walter," commanded Rosamonde. "I've got to keep Emily here to help. But I know where you can get some money. Just go down to my husband's office ——"

"And meet your husband?"

"Oh, no; he's in California. But I'll make you out a check and give you a note to Mr. Steeley, the cashier. He's a dear. And you can take my car—it's waiting at Twelfth Street and the Avenue."

"The liquor man will be back at five," whined Comrade Elsa, like the bird of ill omen that she was.

So Professor Syle stood at attention while the woman who was either in love with him or not, according to how you looked at it, wrote a polite note to Mr. Steeley explaining that a check would be borne by Professor Syle and should be cashed. Then she



A single cell of a Gould Submarine Battery, photographed alongside an average type Gould Auto-Starting Battery. A modern type Gould Submarine Battery weighs about 350,000 pounds and contains 120 giant cells. It would take about 8,000 Auto-Starting Batteries to balance one complete Submarine Battery.

To Start Your Car—or to Drive a Submarine

There's a Gould Starting Battery for your car, built to the same standard of quality as the giant Gould Batteries that drive Allied undersea boats. You can rely on Gould Quality, just as the officers and men of the submarine depend for safety on the unfailing performance of their Gould Battery.

Gould STORAGE BATTERY

WITH THE

Dreadnaught PLATES

Dreadnaught Plates are Gould-Built (even to the lead oxide) by the same men who build the plates for submarine batteries. The Gould Battery is basically right because the plates are right. Any Gould dealer can supply the exactly right size to replace the battery on your car.

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY CO.

30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

Plant: Depew, N. Y.

Sales Offices in Principal Cities

PROBLEM

Mr. E. D. Barensfield, back from twenty-one months' service in the Navy, found this rather staggering problem confronting him: No job—work very difficult to find—a wife and two kiddies to support—back bills to pay—and current expenses to meet.

SOLUTION

When the prospect of a satisfactory solution seemed most distant, he saw an ad in the Post, offering generous commissions and liberal salaries to men and women qualified for appointment as our representatives. He believed he had every necessary quality—energy, personality and the will to succeed. He sent us a post card, requesting appointment.

ANSWER

$87.25 Profit in his first Fifteen Days

and still going strong. Mr. Barensfield easily earns $2.00 in every hour he spends on the work, and his profits will be permanent and ever increasing, for we will allow him the same margin for renewals as for new subscriptions.

Your Problems Can Be Solved As Easily

Every opportunity that Mr. Barensfield found open to him in Curtis work is also open to you. YOU can be your own boss; you can raise your own pay—and you, too, can have all the money you need to meet current or unusual expenses. No experience is required. If you have ambition and a use for more money,

Clip This Coupon Now!

The Curtis Publishing Company
364 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:—I have problems which will be solved by MORE MONEY. Please show me how to find the answer.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____

State _____

made out another check for fifteen dollars more than she would need, the addition being a matter of habit.

XI

ONE of the many peculiarities of Bolshevikia, as Emily found after three days' residence there, was that everything was run by a program and that no program ever went through. Two hours before the soviet dinner she had about made up her mind that this particular program was destined to blow itself up or disappear into thin air on the eve of consummation.

There was no doubt that Rosamonde had ordered regardless, as the saying goes. It was all for Aunt Carmen. The Comrades could stand Washington Square food, even liked it; but anybody who knew Aunt Carmen knew just how long that great lady would stick by any cause whose cuisine was under par. Therefore the spaghetti—for spaghetti it must be—was ordered from Tanquay's at Tanquay's prices; soup, fish, game and sweets were to be imported into Bolshevikia from the same fashionable establishment. The viands would arrive, neatly packed, at a late hour in the afternoon. But at the hour of six Hitch Number One loomed large upon the horizon.

The dinner had not come. Emily had telephoned from a drug store round the corner, to be informed by Tanquay's that the goods had been sent and must be there; the voice over the wire washed its hands—mixed metaphorically speaking—of the affair. So Emily hurried back to the studio with the ill tidings, only to find Hitch Number Two sitting on the divan in the person of Professor Walter Syle. The Professor was scratching his thoughtful brow while Rosamonde, clad in the Bolshevikest of her village-made costumes—a checkerboard tunic with apple green Turkish trousers—stood by the window, her back turned.

"Tanquay says he sent the things two hours ago," announced Emily.

"They haven't come," replied the doleful Rosamonde.

"Well, we can raise fifty cents and get some more," suggested the cheerful Emily. She wasn't to be permitted to come to the dinner and face Aunt Carmen, therefore the calamity seemed of minor importance to her.

"Yes," said Rosamonde abstractedly.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked her cousin, sensing something deeper than mere physical hunger.

Rosamonde wheeled suddenly:

"That Battalion of Death woman ——"

"Corporal Anna Fishkoff," supplied Syle in a graveyard voice. "She isn't coming."

"Is that the end of the world?" inquired Emily.

"It's the end of Aunt Carmen," moaned Rosamonde. "We promised to have Anna Fishkoff here."

"If she doesn't come Aunt Carmen will fly into a passion and go home. I know her."

"It won't wreck the cause of freedom if Aunt Carmen quits, will it?"

"Most certainly not," snapped Comrade Walter, but his quick denial plainly announced that he had his reasons for wooing Aunt Carmen.

"Professor Syle wants to make a lot of converts among the upper classes," Rosamonde was admitting when Emily broke in.

"With that get-up you might pass as a major general in the Turkish Woman's Land Army."

"Of course I might," replied Rosamonde, apparently tickled in her sense of the dramatic. "I might if it were anybody but Aunt Carmen."

"Don't talk nonsense," commanded the great master of nonsense, rumpling his pinkish hair.

"Emily, dear," asked her cousin in the sweetest possible voice, "I've got thirteen and a half dollars left. It won't buy all I wanted to have, but you might run round the corner to Raffaeli's and get that much spaghetti. Will you?"

Automatically—for her mind was far away from spaghetti Neapolitaine—Emily took the money and disappeared among the gathering shadows of Pomander Place. She had gone but a few steps along the toy sidewalk leading toward the frowning building with the high clock tower when a door above one of the quaint porches opened and a man appeared, a bulky silhouette in a patch of light. In either hand he carried a large metal container.

"I beg your pardon," he sang out as she passed.

"Speaking to me?" She paused, ready upon alarm to run back to the safety of No. 18.

"Did you people in No. 18 lose some stuff from Tanquay's?"

"I should say we did!" cried Emily, and on the impulse she ran up the steps as if to snatch the cans from robber hands. In the patch of light she got a look at the man's face in the overhead glare. It was Oliver Browning.

"I suppose the mistake was natural down here where nothing hits just right," he was saying with his slight trace of a Virginian drawl.

"You see your number is eighteen and mine is eight ——"

"Your number!" she gasped.

"My own. I moved into furnished rooms last night."

She had a feeling that she shouldn't speak to him, but instead she laughed:

"Oliver Browning, what right have you to move into my alley?"

"I say, Miss Emily," he drawled, "don't you think that a sort of capitalistic way to talk down here? Suppose the Comrades ——"

"Aren't you going to let me have my dinner?"

"Your dinner? Girl, girl!" Despite her outreaching hand he still held on to the tin boxes. "Even out in the big wicked world they wouldn't be yours until they were delivered." He stood there with a broad

The Next Instant Had Admitted the Strangest Soldier That Ever Battled In or Out of a Trench

smile which somehow made Emily regret that he was what she knew him to be.

"How in the world did you choose this place?" she found herself asking.

"Oh, I have a reason," he replied, intimating that she had none. "Down here it's much more convenient to the horse marts than uptown—just a short ride on the Eighth Avenue line and transfer at Third ——"

"Is that your true reason?" She eyed him closely.

"The truest reason you'll find in Greenwich Village."

In her feminine heart of hearts she wished that he had admitted that he had come to look after her; but instead he grinned teasingly, as he stood there, his arms stretched taut with their freight of expensive food.

"If you don't let me have it," she pleaded, reaching again, "it'll be late for the dinner."

"Good Lord!" She was afraid he was going again to indulge in the tirade against all radicals. Instead he maintained his amusing demeanor. "Are the brethren holding a powwow?"

"Rosamonde's giving it for Aunt Carmen," she explained. "She's a convert, you know."

"Wow!" Oliver nearly dropped his right-hand burden and she had almost recovered it when he ceased to bellow and again clutched it tight. "Aunt Carmen!"

"Is that so strange?" she asked, trying to remain cool.

"Nothing's strange down here except sanity. Whoops! For a nickel I'd put on a German tunic and mix in with the fun. A German tunic would take you anywhere down here."

"Oliver!" she fairly screamed, "Have you got one?"

"A German tunic?" he supplied. "Sure, I've got one. Brought it home in a paper bag. Like to see it?"

"Would you lend it to me, Oliver?"

"What do you want with it?" His voice grew a trifle stern.

"It won't look very German," she earnestly informed him. "And it will do a lot of good. Please Oliver! If you'll lend it to me I'll let you come to the party."

Dressing excitedly behind a curtain Emily spied upon the early scenes of the drama enacted conveniently in front of her bedroom door. Aunt Carmen was apparently as eager to be at the dinner as her niece was to have her, for she knocked at the studio door full ten minutes before any of the habitués arrived. Comrade Niki was in the kitchen singing his samurai psalm of socialism and Professor Syle was on a stepladder hanging a framed bit of the Russian Soviet Constitution over the portrait of Lenine.

Aunt Carmen's appearance was that of a Burmese queen; from head to foot she blazed with the family jewels—a phenomenon which would not have been considered phenomenal in the drawing-rooms of the great which she frequented. But in the dim candlelight of the Pomander Place studio the effect was that of a walking Christmas tree, color glinting from a thousand baubles.

"Rosa!" cried the old lady, panting, "couldn't you have chosen a Bolshevist apartment house where they have an elevator?"

"The stairs are trying," admitted Rosamonde, kissing her amiable relative. She was inwardly agitated because she had no idea how the entertainment was going to come out after its sudden readjustment.

"Oh, how do you do!" cried Carmen, looking up at the professor, who began a deferential down-scrambling. "What's that motto you have there?"

"It is in Russian," replied the pedant, "and is a paragraph from the Soviet Constitution dealing with the proletarian rights to the land."

"I'm sure it's lovely," decreed Aunt Carmen, giving the framed text a stare through her lorgnon. Then to Rosamonde:

"Dear, how well you look in your Bolshevist costume. Where did you get it?"

"Ready-made in a Village shop," explained Rosamonde, considering her aunt's surfeit of gems.

"I have ordered three at Bleriot's," said Carmen, "but the old thing is never on time any more. Labor troubles—aren't they annoying? Will this gown be out of place, do you think?"

"Well, no ——" began Rosa, whereupon Professor Syle cut in.

"Comrade Carmen, would you forgive a suggestion?"

"Why certainly." It always pleased her into dimples to be called Comrade by Comrade Walter.

"The matter of jewelry ——"

"Ah."

Involuntarily she laid her hand on a diamond and platinum brooch which seemed to guard her like a small piece of armor. Her fingers flashed with the gesture.

(Continued on Page 177)

ARMCO IRON

Armco Iron Washing Machines Will Last Longer

Armco Iron washing machines have been in continuous service for many years and have not cost the users one cent for repairs, because all sheet metal parts are made of heavily galvanized Armco Iron.

The housewife buys a washing machine in the first place, so as to get away from Monday morning wash-tub drudgery. Then she naturally thinks of one that will give her *the longest service*. That is why she chooses a washing machine built of Pure Armco Iron.

Galvanized Armco Iron makes the most durable washing machines because Armco Iron itself is exceptionally pure and even. For that reason it resists rust, and is impervious to the corroding action of strong alkali soaps. And, because of its exceptional purity, uniform evenness and its freedom from imprisoned gases, Armco Iron takes and holds a purer galvanized coat than any other material. Hence, the galvanizing won't crack, peel or flake off into the wash and thus cause injury to delicate fabrics.

Washing machines, with the sheet metal parts made of Armco (American Ingot) Iron, are made by such well-known manufacturers as

ALTORFER BROS., Peoria, Ill.
"A-B-C Superior Electric"

BROKAW-EDEN MFG. CO.
New York City Alton, Ill.
Eden

CRYSTAL WASHING MACH. CO.
Detroit, Mich.
Crystal

DEXTER COMPANY, Fairfield, Ia.
"Dexter Cruiser"

FEDERAL SIGN SYSTEM
Chicago, Ill.
"Federal Electric Washer"

GETZ POWER WASHER CO.
Morton, Ill.
"Getz"

PITTSBURGH GAUGE & SUPPLY CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gatmaday

VICTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
Leavenworth, Kan.
Wonder Washer

RULLMAN VACUUM WASHER CO., Omaha, Nebr.
"Rullman's New Rapid Vacuum Washer"

The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

Write them or us for full information regarding Armco Iron washing machines

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

Start right with the right battery—

The "Exide" Starting & Lighting Battery

Whether you use your car for long tours or merely as a daily convenience, the dependable zip and whirr with which your starting and lighting system responds to your need is mighty important.

And it can't do that unless it is backed up by a battery of *proved* "power and punch."

That's the reason many motorists who have graduated from the "guessing stage" use the **"Exide"** Battery—the "giant that lives in a box."

"Exide" Service will care for and meet every need of *your* starting and lighting battery, regardless of its make.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

The largest manufacturer of storage batteries in the world

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1919

New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington, Denver, San Francisco, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Atlanta, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Rochester

Special Canadian Representatives, Chas. E. Goad Engineering Co., 105 Bond Street, Toronto

"Exide", "Hycap-Exide", "Ironclad-Exide", "Thin-Exide", "Chloride Accumulator", "Tudor Accumulator"

Batteries are made by this Company for every storage battery purpose

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

(Continued from Page 174)

"Comrade Alfonzo—he's Mexican, you know, and a Primitive—seriously objects to jewels."

"I thought socialists never objected to anything so long as you agreed with them," said Carmen, pouting like a child.

"It should not be regarded as a curtailment of your freedom of thought," Syle was quick to show her. "But the wearing of jewelry, according to Comrade Alfonzo's belief—I don't say I agree with him—is in the nature of an economic wrong to the laboring masses."

"Oh, I see," replied old Carmen rather haughtily. "Then you want me to take them off?"

"You look awfully sweet," Rosamonde interpolated.

"It's merely Comrade Alfonzo I'm thinking about. He has a way of attacking the plutocracy which is peculiar to the school of Villa."

Already Carmen was unbuckling the armor plate of platinum and diamonds.

"But what can I do with them?" she asked helplessly. "I don't suppose there is anything like a safe-deposit box or ——"

"There's a dear!" said Rosamonde soothingly. "Why not put them all in your hand bag and wear the bag on your wrist during dinner."

Cleopatra never shed a weightier collection than was removed from Carmen's fingers, wrists, ears and scrawny neck and went clattering into Carmen's large and rosy hand bag.

"You should have told me, my dear," she said chidingly to Rosamonde, the latter already stiff with fear of that which was to come.

"I know it, aunt. I've been head over heels this week, trying to make the dinner a go. I was on my feet all yesterday and to-night I don't expect to go home at all."

"Oh, this will be finished when Merlin comes back," Carmen reminded her. "But it is all very chic. You have done remarkably well." Her lorgnon traveled approvingly before her fierce black eyes. "And I shall not rest until I have seen your amusing woman soldier—Comrade ——"

"Comrade Fishkoff," supplied Rosamonde. "It has been very annoying ——"

A knock at the door relieved her temporarily of the embarrassing confession.

"I've got to answer the door."

"My dear! Haven't you a servant?"

But Rosamonde had already gone forward to let in Miss Felda Drigg and her husband Mr. Eldred Smole.

"We are very much pleased," declaimed Miss Drigg, speaking for the family in her musical barytone. "I recently finished my transcontinental lecture tour and am rejoiced to return to my domestic work for a time."

Comrade Drigg was burning in an advanced stage of the epidemic egomania.

"What is your domestic work?" asked Aunt Carmen, her own arrogance dwarfed beside this towering specimen.

"I paint," rolled out the deep syllables, "but I am not in sympathy with any school. The portrait of Lenine is mine."

Aunt Carmen focused her lorgnon on the daub over the table and remarked:

"Oh, yes. I see. It is a portrait."

"But the craft should be incidental to the movement," Miss Drigg lectured on. "I have talked before thousands and found the general sentiment increasingly helpful. Especially in Bakersfield among the oil wells."

"Will the—the proletariat take over the oil wells?" asked Carmen, attempting to be agreeable.

"No, they will burn them."

Upon this announcement the door again opened to admit a knot of delegates to the soviet: Comrade Alfonzo, wearing a velveteen jacket and the red sash, two hairy Eskimos who were introduced by their Russian names, and Comrade Epstein, the advanced Sinn Feiner. Aunt Carmen was too busy shaking hands to ask any more questions about the Battalion of Death; but this was merely whistling against the evil hour.

Next came Comrade Hattie, the meek little old maid. Although she seemed to lack sufficient courage to carry on a revolution against a colony of ants, she spoke in her little quavering voice about a certain god she cultivated, by name Destruction of Private Property.

Emily paused in the finishing touches of her toilet to peek out and see. Oliver Browning came in wearing an old khaki shirt and a loose tie. This was the second occasion on which Rosamonde had caused the young gentleman to meet her terrible aunt; possibly the old lady was getting used to it. At any rate it seemed not unnatural that Aunt Carmen should have taken him kindly by the hand and have said in a welcoming tone:

"Why, Oliver, you have joined too?"

Apparently Carmen regarded Oliver as offensive only when Emily was around.

Comrade Niki was beginning to distribute caviar sandwiches and Carmen's favorite cocktails when she for whom all this had been arranged grew restive.

"This Russian woman—General Pickoff, wasn't it?"

"Corporal Fishkoff," corrected Rosamonde, and prepared to tell her tale.

"Oh, yes. It doesn't seem strange for women to have military titles any more. Evelyn Jones is a major in the motor corps," went on Carmen in her chattiest manner. "But about this Corporal Fishkoff ——"

"She isn't coming," announced Rosamonde. "but ——"

"Isn't coming!" Old Carmen's jowls empurpled at the implied insult. "Then what did you get me here for?"

"She was expected up to the last minute," said Comrade Timothy. "But this afternoon we got word that she had married a laundryman and deserted the cause."

"But we've been very lucky," implored Rosamonde with a look for help from Syle.

"Quite fortunate," he came back swiftly. "The Russian movement is so well established in this country that it is beginning to lose its first novelty. We are now turning toward the Turkish movement."

It sounded to Emily just a trifle like comparative massages, but Rosamonde hastened to take up the theme.

"Corporal Winifred El-Zelim of the Turkish Battalion of Death ——"

"She was smuggled in past the capitalistic immigration authorities," supplied Syle, with a glibness unworthy so restless a truth finder.

"Oh, yes. I never considered the Turks," conceded Carmen, already half appeased.

This seemed an ideal cue for the hidden Emily who, having wrapped a yard of chiffon round her face, tiptoed through the unbolted door into Comrade Elsa's empty room and thence out into the hall. Dramatically she knocked upon Our Community's door.

The next instant had admitted the strangest soldier that ever battled in or out of a trench. She came undulating forward and female the figure undoubtedly was. Brilliant red harem trousers fell to shoes which were decidedly American in cut. A field-gray military coat, loosely fitting at the waist, showed a corporal's chevrons on one of the short sleeves. Corporal El-Zelim's face was conjectural, for a veil concealed it from nose to chin and she wore a curious greenish rather soiled turban tightly bound round her forhead. Only in her eyes was her beauty revealed and these, shining purest gray under blue painted lids, were penciled at the corners, giving them a long, strange, unearthly look.

"Comrades," said Walter Syle, making the best of it, "this is Comrade El-Zelim, our soldiers and sailors' delegate from Constantinople."

Mrs. Bodfrey Shallope, forgetting her training, stepped eagerly forward and took one of the little hands in hers. The fingers were tipped with vermilion.

"I no spik pretty good Eengliss," explained the little corporal in a thin metallic voice. "But I hear such manny good things from you."

This was addressed straight to Aunt Carmen, who in all her luxury-loving career had never been able to resist a flatterer.

In the ecstasy of handshaking Corporal El-Zelim came round at last to Oliver Browning who took one look at the gray tunic and uttered a strange ripping sound through his nose.

"You laugh for me?" inquired Comrade El-Zelim, whose veil offered her every advantage.

"If necessary," replied Oliver. "But I think you can get away with your share of that stuff."

They got themselves to the dinner table and dinner table got itself into that state of Bolshevised energy which any dinner table can nowadays, given a sufficient number of hand-picked radicals.

Emily from behind her veil rather marveled at her own success and began wondering why she hadn't gone on the stage. She sat at a corner of the long table, between Comrade Timothy and Aunt Carmen; but

It's GREAT!

The New "TEA-FOIL" Package

It's soft and pliable—decreases in size as the tobacco is used—tobacco does not cake in the package—no digging it out with the finger. Keeps the tobacco in even better condition than tin. Now, don't you owe it to yourself to buy a package and give Tuxedo a trial?—Not quite as much tobacco as in the tin, *but*—

10c

"Your Nose Knows"

Finest Burley Tobacco
Mellow-aged till perfect
Plus* a dash of *Chocolate

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco For Pipe

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co
INCORPORATED

In Active Service

Edwin P. Kohl, whose picture appears above, although still in his twenties, has been *in active service* for eleven years—one year with Uncle Sam and ten years with us.

In his one year in the Navy he climbed several rounds up the ladder of promotion.

And in his ten years with us, he developed a *spare-time* Curtis subscription business that finally paid $100.00 a week profit for himself.

$8000 Profit

The $8000.00 in salary and commissions that he earned as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* paid his way through two universities and established him in the law business.

What he earned, you can earn also

In the next few months, more than a half million Curtis subscriptions will expire! We will pay YOU to collect the local renewals and new orders.

If you have an hour of time to spare, even once a week, you *can by this plan turn it into money:* money that will replace the "overtime" you have lost since rush war work ceased.

The coupon will bring our complete cash offer—without obligating you at all.

CUT ME OUT

The Curtis Publishing Company
369 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

Gentlemen:

Tell me how I can make my spare time pay

Name

Address

City State

Aunt Carmen had ears only for the delegate from Turkey.

Comrade Niki, with the assistance of Comrade Elsa, was serving the excellent soup from Tanquay's. The various nationalities round the table attacked the liquid, making night melodious. The soviet was now devoting its vocal organs to eating, an activity more important than conversation. To Emily alone the moment was painful; she was very hungry, but even a corporal in the Battalion of Death knows not a way to take chicken gumbo through a veil. If she lifted that veil then the cat would assuredly be out of the bag and Aunt Carmen go screaming after it.

"You're not eating," observed the great lady in the tone of one who waits to see the anaconda engorge a rabbit.

"Not soup," explained Corporal El-Zelim. "With us it is *telka*."

"It is what?" Old Carmen neglected her own broth in a frenzy of curiosity.

"*Telka*. That iss Turkeesh word—what it means? Our people no could eat it in the moon of Solomon."

"That's inconvenient, isn't it!" exclaimed Aunt Carmen. "I've just been on a diet myself—dreadful bore."

Emily reached out for a ripe olive and managed to get it under her veil. The act gave her two inspirations at once. By sticking to hard food she could manage to keep alive; by speaking very bad English she could answer any question under the sun and nobody would know whether she was right or wrong.

"I thought you women of Turkey were more civilized than that," upspoke Aunt Carmen with characteristic abruptness.

"So? What civilized?"

"If you are emancipated and all that sort of thing I should think you would give up fasting on this thing you call the moon of Solomon."

"Ah! But it iss *zaab*."

"What is *zaab* ——"

"What you call it in Eengliss."

"I see." Aunt Carmen had apparently given up any attempt at translation, for she went on: "What did you fight when you were in Turkey, corporal?"

"My hus-band," replied the corporal very distinctly.

"You don't have to put on a uniform to fight your husband, do you?" gasped the old lady, who was the veteran of many such battles.

"Yes. We mass against all Turk husbands in one army. This will be woman revolution. We take government."

"That sounds very sensible to me. I have always been a great believer in the emancipation of women."

"I so glad!" The corporal clapped her little red-tipped hands. "I wish all America woman was great intelligence like you."

She sized up her aunt in one long-eyed glance. The flattery apparently was taking effect, for Mrs. Shallope's fierce eyes were already softening.

"I much believer in religion of love," said the delegate from Turkey, making her voice rich and soft.

"My dear! How extraordinary!" cried Aunt Carmen, tears coming to her eyes. "Do they have this religion in Turkey too?"

"It was beginned there," announced the corporal. "How else could they keep great harems comfortable?"

"I have believed in it for years," announced love's strangest disciple. "Isn't it a wonderful belief? I don't know how I should ever have got along without it. I have had so many trials."

Aunt Carmen was apparently pausing on the brink of a confidence.

"How did you get those trials?" asked Corporal El-Zelim.

"I have been the victim of greed and base ingratitude," explained the old lady, her face tightening.

"From servants, maybe, or friends?" Emily was "feeding," as they say.

"From one of my own flesh and blood. I took that girl out of the direst poverty, fed her, gave her a home, clothed her ——"

"I know," purred the Oriental. "We see them all time in Turkey. Those poor relationships refuse to kiss your feet when you give them thrown-away clothing."

"I clothed her very well," snapped Aunt Carmen. "I refused to see one of my own family go shabby; and I would have arranged her life for her ——"

"Why did she leave from you?"

"How did you know she left me?" The haughty Mrs. Shallope had turned suspicious eyes upon the veil of mystery and Emily had a feeling that she was carrying her adventure into dangerous lands.

"She would, of course. Poor relationships are sometimes swollen by pride. They do not know sufficiently how to worship. Why she go?"

"She insisted upon marrying an insignificant little mule driver!"

"How bad! To do such a thing she knew nothing about the religion of love. She merely runned away to chase her heart where it went."

"I don't understand you," remarked Aunt Carmen, and turned away to Professor Syle, who sat on her right.

The pause gave Emily a chance to gaze round the Mad Hatter's Party and to appreciate it in full operation. The comrades were hard at it, indulging in their only medium of expression, which was debate. Comrade Epstein was tilting furiously with a somewhat comely young person who wore a tiara of green glass.

"I was an æsthete before I became a revolutionist," she heard the much decorated lady piping out of the Babel.

Comrade Niki had gone on a strike apparently, for he came out of the kitchen and took his place beside one of the Eskimo-faced Russians at the other end of the board. His dialect, rivaling the strange word combinations of El-Zelim, was being hurled belligerently at the glowering Muscovite, who slammed his big fist on the table and frowned down on the little person, like Polyphemus bullying a mouse. Poor Rosamonde had left her place and was helping Comrade Elsa wait on table. Red wine was being served in goblets. Disjointed isms hurtled through the air, missing their marks or falling unexploded—maximalism, capitalism, militarism, individualism, optimism, metabolism, determinism.

Emily managed to get a forkful of spaghetti under her veil and safely to her mouth. What greater test could there be of a native ability? Across the table she caught Oliver's teasing smile, but when again she looked he was saying to the meek and dangerous Comrade Hattie:

"The true Theocrat would put the freedom of the seas entirely on a religious basis."

Comrade Walter had to make a speech as a matter of course. He had the preacher's habit of sermonizing upon every public occasion. To-night his talk was not even amusing to Emily because she had heard him make the same utterances over and over again during her short stay in the studio. He was a great believer in statistics. He could, given breathing space, prove by the number of negro babies born in Alabama during the month of March, 1912, that the cotton-mill workers of Massachusetts were entitled to a five-hour day. There was always somebody to disagree with everything he said; which did not indicate that he was unpopular but merely that he was living in Bolshevikia.

Comrade Alfonzo, the Villista, seemed most violently opposed to everything that was said. Alfonzo, it was manifest, had no great capacity for red wine. After his first goblet he was gesticulating frightfully, making stabbing gestures with his black forefinger, showing his magnificent teeth, shaking his blue-black mane and growling like a dog.

"He is too dangerous?" asked Corporal El-Zelim of Miss Drigg's husband, two seats away.

"Not so very," drawled the gentle little editor of the Outburst. "He usually goes to sleep before anything happens."

But it became more and more obvious as Walter's sermon dragged on that Comrade Alfonzo was agonizing for a speech. He would cry "Bah!" and "Lookat!" every other sentence. Then as suddenly as he had burst into flame he sank under the table and disappeared from sight. Emily's natural conclusion that he had retired for the evening was proven wrong a moment later by the dark-skinned comrade's reappearance above the red tablecloth. His look was sly and he grinned a vengeful grin in the direction of Aunt Carmen.

Emily's attention was deflected by a twitch at the sleeve of her German tunic. Aunt Carmen was leaning toward her, her eyes big with alarm.

"I beg your pardon," she whispered in Emily's ear. "I brought my hand bag to the table with me. I seem to have dropped it."

"I so sorry," said the temporary Turk. "I look ——"

While Comrade Walter's epoch-making speech rattled easily on Emily lifted the cloth and gazed along the serried row of folded feet. Rough brogans, shoddily modish shoes, she counted every one of them; but in that motley display there appeared no trace of Aunt Carmen's bag. Emily, who through a crack in the bedroom door had watched her haughty relative stow away her jewels before the party, knew too well what the loss would involve.

"I no see," she announced in her self-made babble.

"Are you sure?" Aunt Carmen was fixing her with an accusing eye.

In a horrible flash Emily remembered how often her amiable relative had accused her servants of theft. She grew pallid under her veil, thinking of what scenes might follow should old Carmen demand a search.

Comrade Walter went merrily on:

"Maybe better had tell 'you lose it," whispered Emily.

"No, no!" Carmen held tight to her arm and it was fear that gave the painful tension to her fingers. "You mustn't do that, whatever you do."

And at that instant Comrade Alfonzo had bobbed up like a jumping jack and was pounding his fork on his plate.

"Wan minute!" he snarled through those great teeth.

Professor Syle's face took on that indignant look it always wore when his paragraphs were being interrupted.

"Comrades," Alfonzo snarled on, "I wish to say dat we got in our midst a tr-r-r-aitor!"

The sensation was immediate. The two Russians came to their feet and Comrade Hattie tripped old-maidishly to the studio door and turned the key.

"Comrade Alfonzo," decreed Professor Syle quietly, "this is a serious charge. Would you please define your attitude?"

"A capitalista had come here to spy and maka trouble. Comrades, I have a rule which I love because I am a Mehicano. In dis soviet we cannot have capitalista spies to go away and maka report. Therefore I kill."

Already Alfonzo was reaching down toward his red sash and Walter Syle, growing a shade paler, was quick to protest:

"We can make investigation, I am sure. What makes you think we are under espionage, Comrade?"

Out from his red sash Alfonzo brought a bulky silken bag of a fashionable design.

"Does anyone here own dis-a bag?" he grinned murderously.

Emily looked at Aunt Carmen, who sat there, her face stony, her eyes fixed to a frightful stare.

"No?" He waited a space, but no one spoke. "Dat is unfortunate. Then I show you what I find in it. *Mira!*" He had plunged his hand into the bag and brought out a great brooch, afire with diamonds. As he held it fiercely above his head the magnificent bauble seemed to shoot a boreal display halfway across the soviet. Again his hand darted snakelike into the bag. This time when it came out it contained a cabochon ruby, two enormous pear-shaped pearls and a ring set with three diamonds aggregating a dozen karats or more.

Rosamonde, dear jewel-loving creature that she was, uttered a little scream and swayed in her chair.

"Ah!" The Villista seemed to show his teeth as far back as his ears. "Den dey are yours maybe?"

"No!" Rosamonde was hysterical in her denial.

"*Bueno!* Den dey belong to de State. Here is one di'mond breastpiece which contain sufficient jewelry to feed six working families one year. Dis-a ring will keep one poor comrade from starvation all his life. Dis-a earrings—bah! I am *disgusto*. Poor pipple starve in East Side slumma. Reech pipple spend food and lodging of poor pipple to dress like Aztec kings. Wot shall we do wid such?"

"Kill them!" suggested that gentle spinster, Comrade Hattie.

"But, Comrade Alfonzo," interposed Professor Syle, still maintaining his conciliatory tone, "now that we have—acquired—these treasures, how can we apply them?"

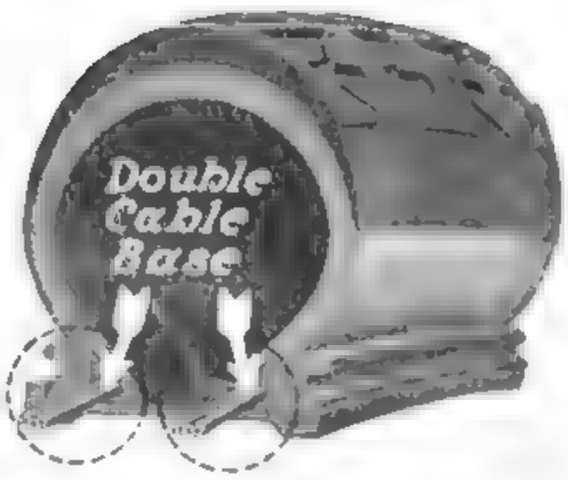
"I tell-a you wot I do!" With one hand the Mexican had gathered the jewels to his broad chest while with the other he snatched his wine glass and drained it at a gulp. "*Bueno*. Poor pipple pick dem off de street." So saying he kicked over his chair and strode magnificently toward an open window facing Pomander Place.

"Stop!"

The command came from Aunt Carmen and was pitched in the unearthly croak of one protesting in a nightmare.

(Continued on Page 181)

FEDERAL
Double Cable Base Tires



EXCLUSIVE

Today car owners expect unusual tire service. One of the exclusive Federal features that enable Federal tires to *exceed* service expectations is the Double-Cable-Base.

Four unstretchable steel cables anchor the tire on the rim securely against rocking or shifting under hardest usage. They lengthen tire life by preventing tube pinching, rim cutting, slipping, side wall chafing and blowouts above rim.

All Federal tires, including black "Traffik" Tread, and white non-skid "Rugged" Tread, have this exclusive feature.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY OF ILLINOIS. Factories, Cudahy, Wis.

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods.

Notice to Smokers

"Smoker's Taste" and CHLOROX are incompatible! CHLOROX used as a tooth and mouth cleanser upon retiring assures a clean taste in the morning—for CHLOROX more than cleanses—it reacts to purify in crevices no brush can reach—in the smallest channels of your mouth and throat—cleansing and stimulating nature to supply rebuilding fluids. CHLOROX is "that clean taste" that tells of thorough cleanliness. CHLOROX is "milled"—highly pulverized to protect delicate tooth enamel and prevent decay.

The CHLOROX tube contains *more*. The key empties the tube. Used twice daily a CHLOROX tube will protect you for three whole months—and the last bit will be as soft, fresh and cleansingly effective as the first. Fifty cents provides CHLOROX for your entire family.

CHLOROX IS SOLD—EVERYWHERE

CHLOROX does not waste—never hardens in the tube.

Nulyne Laboratories
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Smoker's Attention: After cleansing teeth thoroughly, with CHLOROX, rinse mouth; then brush the tongue with CHLOROX and rinse *again*. This will prevent the smoker's morning taste.

CHLOROX

The *Smooth* Tooth Paste

(Continued from Page 178)

"Ha!" The Villista turned dramatically, one lock of his black mane shaken over his diabolical grin.

"The—the jewels—belong to me."

Emily scarcely recognized her arrogant aunt in this pleading, scared old woman.

"Den you"—the Mexican advanced a few grand-operatic steps—"you come here carrying jewels you value more dan life of poor pipple?"

"I don't value them particularly, really I don't!" protested Aunt Carmen, cringing back as though Alfonzo had already drawn his dagger.

"Den maybe you would not care if I throw dem to street?" he laughed like an old-fashioned villain.

"Yes, I should care dreadfully. I don't value them because of the money—really I don't ——"

"Ha! No?"

"No, really. But I am merely keeping them because of a sentimental value. You see, someone I dearly loved ——"

"You love some capitalista, yes!" snarled Alfonzo, and was again turning toward the window when the delegate from Turkey took a hand.

"Comrade!" cried Corporal El-Zelim, rising slim and mysterious as she struck an Oriental pose which she remembered having seen in some motion-picture performance. Alfonzo glared round.

"You could not be true Socialist and throw those jewels downstairs. Why? Because the religion of love must be sacred to all comrades. Not thus? And Comrade Carmen believe in religion of love. What keeps all world glued together in universal legion of honor? Love! What strength of kissing shall finally wreck capitalists off their strength? Love! I come to these America from far country for show you those lesson. If Bolshevism shall be engineered by love then we shall win pretty quick. If it is ran by hate we shall back off and quit. In Turkish Army I shoot for love, I suffer bullet wound inside myself because love continue. This nice lady gather sacred souvenir in memory of dearest forgotten. Shall your wrong hands dump them out? No! Oh, noble peasant, I ask you by all red flags of love give back those trifling memories of jewels to Comrade Carmen or I must return to Turkey and report American soviet no good."

And to make this dramatic performance complete Emily threw herself on her knees and crawled over to Comrade Alfonzo to embrace his crooked calves. The attempt was successful beyond her hopes. Alfonzo burst into a violent fit of weeping, kicked his suppliant to one side and floundered over to where Aunt Carmen sat.

"Take-a dem!" he was beseeching, clattering the treasure pell-mell into the dowager's lap. "I could not understanda what I do! Forgeeve!"

When Emily got to her feet and had a chance to take in the spectacle she saw what she saw. Comrade Alfonzo was kissing Aunt Carmen violently on her withered cheek. And, child of whim and vanity that she was, Aunt Carmen liked it, for she was all smiles now as she took the revolutionist's black hand in hers and, arising, made the following speech:

"Comrades, I am tremendously touched by this act of generosity. I—I really want to throw myself heart and soul into your work. Comrade Walter and ladies and gentlemen—comrades, I should say—I want to ask you if you would all come to me at my Long Island home for a—a week-end soviet—next Saturday afternoon? I should be delighted to put you all up, you know, and we could get better acquainted and discuss our—our problems."

There was momentary silence, and in another moment brake forth from one and all a cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall. Or it was the cry of a foresighted menagerie which, having fed, howls splendidly at the prospect of better meals to come.

"Comrades, are we all agreed?" asked Professor Syle as soon as he could be heard.

"Agreed! Agreed!" burst raucously from a dozen throats at once.

"Mrs. Shallope—Comrade Carmen—we take pleasure in accepting your kind invitation. And before the meeting is adjourned let us devote a half hour to a general discussion on the advisability of a national railroad strike."

"Can you beat it?" asked Comrade Oliver across the table. He was looking straight at Emily; but a veil, like a beard, offers the advantage of hiding one's emotions.

This had all been wonderful. Not more wonderful, perhaps, than the sight of Comrade Alfonzo insisting upon being one of the delegates to escort Aunt Carmen to her car. Professor Syle went, too, upon Emily's suggestion and the promise that he could come back for a talk.

"Was there ever anything like it before?" Emily asked Rosamonde.

"I'm so glad it was a success," said Rosamonde. "Merlin will be back next week, and heaven knows what I'll do to have any fun then."

"Aren't you going to Aunt Carmen's week-end soviet?" asked the unbeliever in their midst.

"I don't know how I can escape from Merlin. Are you?"

"If it kills me. I wouldn't miss it for millions. Didn't you hear Aunt Carmen specially invite me?"

Professor Syle came back at last and had just helped himself to one of Rosamonde's gold-tipped favorites when Rosamonde asked the apparently idle question:

"You didn't have any trouble cashing that check, did you?"

"Your check?" asked the professor in his absent-minded way. "Oh, yes, that affair down at the Nitrate Company. Why, yes, there *was* some trouble."

"Oh!" Rosamonde paled visibly. "Didn't you show Mr. Steeley my note?"

"Yes," he answered deliberately. "He was all right. It was the other one."

"What other one?"

"The capitalist—he seemed to be in charge, as I remember it. He seemed to be behaving like a slave driver, as a capitalist would."

"What did he look like?" Rosamonde all but whispered.

"Stout, short, gray mustache, gaudy little diamond horseshoe in his necktie. He stood watching me as I got out of your car, and as far as I could see followed me up to the cashier's office ——"

"Rosa!" cried Emily, for her cousin had given a quavering moan and fallen upon the divan.

"Don't!" she implored. "Don't ask questions. Did he see my note?"

"He took it away from the cashier and then smiled—that arrogant, slave-driver smile of the capitalistic class—and said the check was good."

"Emmy," said Rosamonde very quietly, "come home with me. I think Merlin must be back."

The Vallant car was not at the corner of Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue where it had been instructed to await its mistress every day during her adventures in Bolshevikia. That looked bad to Emily.

They got a night-wandering taxicab on Union Square, which was lucky enough, since it was now past two in the morning. Rosamonde sat stiff as a corpse all the way up Fifth Avenue, and as soon as the lights were switched on in the Flemish entrance of the Vallant apartment Emily saw a yellow envelope plainly marked Telegram facing them on the Italian chest.

"Arriving noon. Inform O'Brien to meet me with car at Station. Love.

"MERLIN."

She read this message over Rosamonde's quaking shoulder. Merlin had changed his plans and come home a week early! With a little scream Rosamonde went charging through the big room toward the master's suite, but in an instant she came flying back to force a sheet of paper in Emily's hand ere she collapsed into a chair.

"I found it on the pincushion," she moaned; and who so young as not to know what fatal notes always grow on pincushions?

The words on the paper were blotted and scrawled, in a stubbly, savage hand as though they had been written with hot tar at the point of a bayonet:

"MRS. VALLANT:

"As long as you prefer the course you prefer (blot) you may pursue it without my (word illegible). Neither will I stand by and countenance (more blots) disloyalty in public places and anarchy (blot) in my house.

"I have moved to the Tory Club and my lawyers will make you a suitable monthly allowance.

"Hoping you will (blot)

"Very respectfully,

"MERLIN A. VALLANT."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MORE MONEY

What would you do with it?

Mr. E. Mahaffey, *Penna.*
$400.00 a month

Miss Stella Williams, *Tenn.*
$100.00 a week

Mr. George Hunter, *Maine*
$100.00 a month *extra*

IF YOU were earning $100.00 a week instead of—$35.00?—what would you do with the difference?

If you could add even $10.00 a week to your present pay, could you spend it—pleasantly, profitably?

Think it over. It will be worth while. For if you want more money *you can have it!*

What Others Have Done

MR. MAHAFFEY likes journalism. Our plan is providing his course. Last summer we offered him more than $900.00 for two months' work. He knew he couldn't do as well elsewhere.

MISS WILLIAMS wanted a college education. She has had it. We have paid her $100.00 a week—week after week—for her summer vacations.

MR. HUNTER writes: "An automobile and extra good vacations for mine." We have paid for them, in return for only an hour a day of his spare time.

What You Can Do Too

Age is no barrier in our work. Whatever your age we will pay you well.

The Curtis publications are in greater demand than ever before. We offer our representatives a regular salary, and every order means a liberal commission in addition!

Orders come quickly, as our prices are still very low, and country-wide advertising has created a tremendous demand, making an unusual opportunity for *you*.

If you want more money, now is the time to learn all details of our offer. No obligation. We *know* you'll like it.

Just Clip the Coupon TODAY

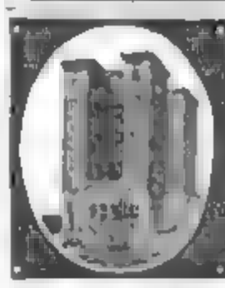
The Curtis Publishing Company, 366 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:—Please tell me all about your money-making plan. I want more money and I have some spare time.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

DISTANCE is no hindrance to saving money by mail at 4% interest with this large, safe bank, which has been conducting a conservative savings bank business for more than 50 years. No matter where you live—send today for a copy of our interesting booklet "D."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $3,000,000.00

"Where's My Pencil?"

HOW many times have you asked that question? Yet have you ever really *found your pencil?* One that feels friendly to your hand—that eases and quickens your pencil work?

You can find this pencil. Our unusual little booklet "Finding Your Pencil" will tell you how. It contains personal information about how to lighten *your* work by using the correct

DIXON'S ELDORADO

"the master drawing pencil"

There are seventeen perfect leads. One is yours—the booklet tells you which. Write for it—Booklet No. 8-J—today. We want you to join the ranks of our enthusiastic friends who declare the Eldorado the "best on earth!"

Send 10c for a full length sample, telling us what work you do. We will send you the right Eldorado for that work.

Made in 17 LEADS one for every need or preference

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co
Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Distributors
A. R. Mac Dougall & Co., Ltd. Toronto

There is a Dixon-quality Pencil, Crayon and Eraser for every purpose

THE HARE, THE TORTOISE AND THE EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from Page 17)

about him. Then people began to get up. He rose mechanically and followed the men into the smoking room. He caught Mrs. Tomlinson's eye as he passed through the hall but turned away.

He lit a cigarette, swallowed his coffee and laughed automatically at a story Dick Gordon was telling. As the motor cars drew up to the door and the parties were made up for the golf club he slipped away on foot. Presently he found himself on the cliff walk, threading his way with fierce strides through groups of sauntering townspeople. It was over. That was all there was to say about it. Other men had borne the same experience. Possibly every man he knew who had passed thirty was building his life on the ruins of some shattered dream. He would meet the test as others did.

He came back to the Tomlinsons a little before seven. Mrs. Tomlinson had gone up to rest before dinner. He found his host alone in the library.

"Have some hot tea?" he suggested.

Winston declined it and the servants bore away the tea table.

"I've been going through my mail," said Tomlinson. "I find I've inherited an orange grove. What am I going to do with a California orange grove?"

"Sell it," said Winston.

"Uncle Peter couldn't. It appears to be a thousand miles from anywhere. The optimist who planted it expected a railway to lay itself at the foot of the hill. Uncle Peter, who was not a business man, lent the optimist five thousand dollars and got the grove."

"I'll give five thousand for it," said Winston.

"You're crazy!" said his host.

Before he went up to dress Winston bought the orange grove. He had only one thought—to get away.

The next afternoon when Winston went to his rooms he found a note in the letter box addressed in Gloriana's scrawling hand. He tore it open, walked unsteadily to the big chair before the fireplace and sat down. He knew what it was going to say. It wanted him "to be one of the first to know," and so on. It hoped that they would "always be friends."

He sat for a time with the thing in his hand, then on an impulse he tossed it into the fireplace, struck a match and kindled the pile of waste paper and cigarette stubs that accumulate in a bachelor's fireplace during the summer. What was the good of reading it—of starting the ache again?

Most of the night he packed and made preparations for his departure. The next afternoon he took the Limited for Chicago.

II

WINSTON found his orange grove tucked in the mouth of an enchanted cañon at the point where it broadened into the valley below. Here were forty acres of grown trees in bearing, with unlimited water for irrigation. On the mesa above were some four hundred acres of range land with a little bunch of cattle. A very decent bungalow with farm buildings adjoining stood on a rise of land at the upper end of the grove where the highway crossed the ravine.

"It would be a fine place," said the foreman, who took him over his newly acquired estate, "if you could move it to Los Angeles."

The commercial tragedy of the situation was presently made clear to him. After the rains came the adobe roads were impassable and the cost of hauling oranges twenty-eight miles was prohibitive. It was cheaper to let them rot. If the rains failed and there was a killing frost in the San Gabriel Valley, with a consequent rise of prices, the crop could be got to market at a profit. Frost had never been known to kill in the cañon. This coincidence of calamities to the state of California in the memory of the foreman had never occurred but once. It might be a hundred years before it occurred again. Tomlinson's Uncle Peter had supported the ranch for eleven years without getting a crop to market, and then death had released him.

However, Winston was not cast down. He had expected nothing but to get away and he seemed to have accomplished this. His inherited income was sufficient to support the grove, and the cattle on the range contributed something. He was satisfied with his bargain. He even contemplated the annual rotting of thirty thousand dollars' worth of oranges with a melancholy satisfaction.

Several days passed before he rode over his range on the plateau above the cañon, and then he made a somewhat surprising discovery. On a stretch of rolling land there existed unmistakable traces of a nine-hole golf course. The adobe teeing platforms were more or less intact. The greens were still level, though overgrown, and a series of long mounds, meaningless to the foreman, were unquestionably bunkers. It had been none of Uncle Peter's doing. The foreman related a legend derived from a ranch hand, who had served in the days of the optimist, attributing these unaccountable works to a lunatic Scotsman who had spent several years with the proprietor in the early '90's. As Winston explained the nature of the game to the foreman his face lighted as if some soul-troubling mystery had been solved. On their return to the bungalow he disappeared, returning with a primitive golf bag containing a cleek bearing the stamp of a St. Andrews maker and eleven boxes of old-fashioned solid gutta-percha golf balls. Since the memory of man they had been left in a locker in the storehouse. Why there should have survived eleven dozen balls and but a single club he was unable to say.

To illustrate the uses of these objects Winston inserted a tomato can in the middle of a piece of smooth ground at the side of the bungalow and proceeded to putt. The first ball from a distance of at least fifteen feet went unerringly for the cup and dropped. And then for the first time since he had heard of Gloriana's engagement Winston smiled.

"We must put that course in order," he observed. "I'll send for my clubs and teach you golf."

The foreman shook his head dubiously and Winston went in to luncheon. In the late afternoon, when the air began to cool, he came out and began to putt again. He began to get used to the cleek and the fast turfless putting green, and at fifteen feet was holing on an average of two out of five balls. A week later he had increased the distance a yard and was putting down three out of five. He found this solitary exercise a comforting pastime—and something more.

There had been one circumstance in the final episode with Gloriana which had materially increased the pain of it. At Chicago the idea had come to him that instead of meekly accepting the engagement to the Englishman he ought to go back and marry her himself. Such a course was counter to the habit of his nature—but suppose the habit of his nature was wrong? At Kansas City the idea returned. It had been returning periodically.

As he sat on the veranda steps, not ungratified by the fruits of his patience on the improvised putting green, he saw that he had done well not to turn back. Everything yielded to patience and plodding. Everything must yield. He started up electrified. Gloriana herself would yield! She must! What if she were engaged? What if she married? Could she hope to defeat his talent for waiting? Soon or late she would discover her mistake. Somehow or other it would come out all right and she would come to him.

The Chinaman announced luncheon and he got up and went into the house. That night three photographs of a girl appeared on his dressing table. After that Winston settled down into a routine of ranch management, his solitary putting on his dirt green and the worship of Gloriana.

III

IT WAS New Year's morning—the fourth he had passed on the ranch. The foreman had driven into town the day before for the holiday. The hands had disappeared before he had turned the bend in the road. At the neighboring ranch there was known to be whisky. Only Sing Lee, the house Chinaman, and himself remained upon the premises. About ten o'clock Winston saddled a horse and rode over his range. After four years of waiting he had at last put the golf course

(Continued on Page 185)

W D C

TRADE MARK

Where Pipe Democracy Reigns Supreme

IN the W D C factory there is an industrial democracy which gives to each employee a vote and a voice in the management.

He receives cash dividends every two weeks in addition to his regular salary. He assumes much of the responsibility. So his interest becomes a personal one—and it is an interest that is reflected in the good qualities of the W D C Pipe that you smoke.

A House of Representatives, a Senate and a Cabinet pass upon every question of importance concerning the making of W D C Pipes. So watchful are these governing bodies that only carefully selected pipes reach the stage where they are stamped with the W D C Triangle.

So when you buy a W D C Pipe you will know that the beautifully grained bowls are genuine French briar, that each one has been specially Demuth seasoned and is guaranteed against cracking or burning through. The same high character will be found in bits and bands. And workmanship and design will prove to be all that the most exacting pipe smoker could demand.

The W D C Dealer in your town will show you your favorite shape and size at the price you want to pay.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., NEW YORK

WORLD'S LARGEST PIPE MANUFACTURERS

The Wellington is the most popular pipe in the world. With a Wellington you never tire of pipe smoking. The Well catches all the moisture and keeps the smoke clean and cool. The top opening in the bit carries the smoke up—away from the tongue.

Good dealers have Wellington Pipes in all shapes and sizes at popular prices.

Lacing the Belts of Industry

THE Clipper Belt Lacer is today depended upon for keeping belts repaired and moving in 100,000 of the leading industrial plants of the world. Year after year its simplicity, economy and effectiveness have commended it to more plant managers, so that now Clipper Belt Lacing Service has become an institution—a part of the equipment of up-to-date manufacturing establishments.

Less speedy and dependable means of repairing broken power belts would mean, in a big plant, incalculable loss. Antiquated methods that take from fifteen minutes to half an hour to repair a joint are too expensive for *any* plant.

The Clipper Belt Lacer
Laces a Belt in Three Minutes

Besides mending a joint quickly, the Clipper does the job well. The belt is permanently repaired. It is smooth and flush on both sides, pulls as it should, and is safe. A Clipper-laced joint strengthens the belt at a weak point.

The Clipper lacing tool is so simple that any shop workman can use it. No experts required. The cost of mending belts with the Clipper is negligible.

Your plant may today be using Clipper Belt Lacing methods, but may not be equipped with a sufficient number of Clipper tools.

Most big plants make their Clipper service 100% efficient by keeping Clipper tools convenient to every battery of machines for emergency use when a belt breaks.

The American Museum of Safety has expressed its opinion of the Clipper Belt Lacer by awarding it the only gold medal ever given for metal lacing.

To manufacturers who have not had satisfactory belt repairing service, the Clipper is recommended with confidence. It goes to them on free trial and is backed by a permanent guarantee.

The Clipper is sold by mill supply houses.
European trade supplied through London Office.
Distributors in all parts of the World.

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

LONDON, ENGLAND— No. 10 NORFOLK STREET

(Continued from Page 182)

in order. The greens were sanded and rolled, supplied with proper cups and fenced with barbed wire. There were boxes full of sand at the teeing places. The new grass on the lanes of the fair green was cut. At least it looked like a golf course and Winston was proud of it. He had sent for his clubs. He wished now that he had written sooner.

It was half past eleven when he returned. On the veranda an ominous silence greeted him. At half past eleven the shuffling feet of Sing Lee should have been heard moving about the kitchen with other sounds incident to noon dinner. Winston entered the kitchen. It was empty. Fearing the worst, he went on toward the bunk house.

As Winston opened the door his nose told him that the worst had happened. The perfect Chinaman inhabits a poppyless world. He gazed a moment on the plain but beatific face of his sleeping servitor and went back to the bungalow. He was torn between the desire to fire Sing Lee, as he had often threatened, and a prudent unwillingness to exchange known evil for unknown. He took a coin from his pocket as if to decide the question by flipping it, then with a whimsical smile replaced it and, taking the cleek and the lard pail full of golf balls which stood by the veranda post, descended to his putting green. Ordeal by battle should determine the fate of Sing Lee. They should putt ten balls a side. If the Mongol won he should be forgiven once again. If he lost he should be deported at the railway station as soon as the foreman sobered up and came home. Winston would play for both sides.

He gave his enemy the honor and took position forty feet from the cup. The club came slowly back, then with a free caressing stroke the ball shot forward. Apparently it was going fast enough to overrun the hole by a hundred feet. A yard from the cup something strange happened. The ball slowed down like a sharply braked wheel, reached the lip and dropped.

From a golfer's point of view the thing was a miracle. But Winston saw nothing miraculous about it. The first winter he had happened on the undercut that stopped the ball, and he had been working at it in his own meticulous fashion for four years.

With a hole to the credit of China, he shot for himself—and the miracle repeated itself. They were even up. Then he shot for his opponent again and missed by inches. His own shot won. Sing Lee was one down. Honor—if not a lurking self-interest—made him study long over the next effort and China scored.

As the ball dropped into the cup, perhaps a faint rustle, perhaps something more subtle made him turn. Watching him from the corner of the house stood Gloriana Fulton.

He gazed at her speechless. Suddenly she made a comical little gesture and laughed.

"Well," she said, "are you going to speak to me?"

There was a tremor in her voice but he did not notice it.

"Speak to you!" he exclaimed. He went toward her and took both her hands.

She drew away and began to talk rapidly. She had been at Coronado for a week with her father and they were motoring up to Los Angeles. He and some other men had gone ahead in another car and she had broken down at his very door. Wasn't it the most amazing thing that had ever happened?

He gazed at her blankly.

"Didn't you know I was here?" he blurted.

"How could I know where you were?" she retorted. "Didn't you run away and hide yourself?"

His face fell. She had had no intention of coming. A freak of chance had brought her. Was she still married? Was her husband in the car with her father? His eyes met hers leveled on him in a gaze that seemed to read his thoughts. Then a revulsion of feeling seized him. Was it not enough that she was here—no matter how?

"I think it's the most amazing thing I ever heard," he said. "It's taken the breath out of me. Even now I can't be sure you're not a ghost."

"If you can give me some lunch," she answered, "I can make you feel better about that."

"My Chinaman has been hitting the pipe," he began.

"I can cook," she answered. "Besides I've got some things in the car."

They went back to the automobile. Among other things strapped on the after body of the runabout was a huge tea basket.

"You bring that down to the house," she said to the chauffeur, "and Mr. Winston will give you a fire."

"I've got to do some soldering on the radiator," explained the chauffeur. "That adobe road is no parkway."

The tea basket was deposited in the dining room, the chauffeur was put in possession of the ranch hands' kitchen and Gloriana went to work. Winston watched her as she took off her gloves. Her smooth brown hands appeared ringless as of old. The plain gold band that he dreaded was not there. Still, all things were possible with Gloriana. It would have been like her to have dispensed with a wedding ring. Its absence proved nothing.

Gloriana's tea basket produced food enough for a dozen but she insisted on going into the kitchen and cooking eggs and bacon and frying potatoes. Winston said he had eaten nothing like it since he had left New York.

"Wasn't it splendid that I found you putting?" she observed. "If you had been picking oranges it wouldn't have seemed natural."

He laughed.

"And how you can putt!" she went on eagerly. "I wish you'd teach me that stroke of yours."

"No," he said. "No more golf lessons!"

She looked at him and smiled somewhat meekly.

"I don't think I was as grateful as I should have been," she observed.

"Are you playing good golf?" he asked.

"Not bad for me," she answered. "I've been practicing for that match of ours we've got to finish one of these days."

He smiled, grateful that she remembered.

"I've got a nine-hole course on the range but you haven't any clubs."

"I have!" she said. "They're in the car."

"And you won't mind my using my one club?"

"Wasn't that the condition of the match?" she answered.

IV

AN HOUR later they were playing under the blazing California sun. Gloriana had taken the first three holes with par golf. The fourth was a short one over a bit of wooded gully. His drive fell dead to the cup. He was down in two and won. The fifth he won by a marvelous putt from outside the wire inclosure.

At the sixth she sliced her drive into the rough, lost two strokes getting out and picked up her ball. She won the seventh and was one up again but lost the eighth to him on the green.

As he drove off for the final hole a crawling beetle caught his eye at the fatal moment that the club was descending. He topped; the ball rolled fifteen or twenty feet and stopped.

"I'm really sorry," she said. "You've been playing so well."

"It won't make any difference," he said, making believe to boast.

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it," she retorted, laughing, "I'm not sorry." As she was about to drive she stopped and faced him.

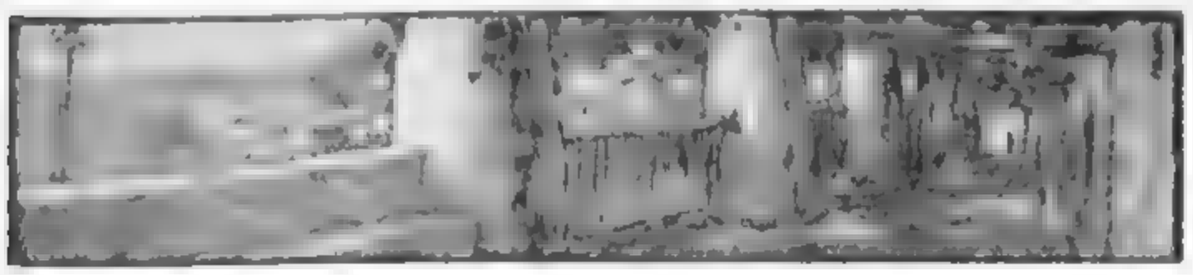
"Do you remember what we were playing for?"

He felt his color rise.

"Don't you?" he answered.

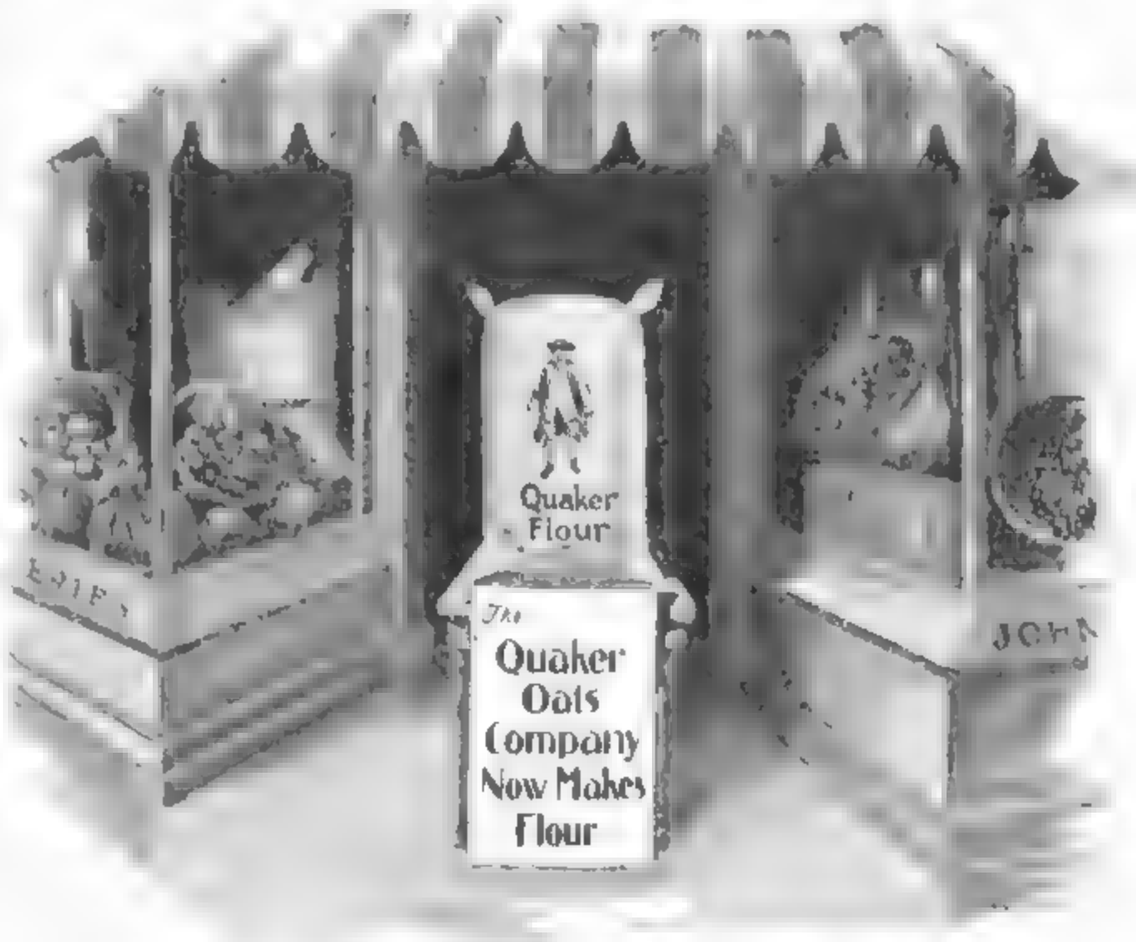
She shook her head.

"I only remember you thought I needed a beating on general principles by a plodding turtle with a putter."



Quaker Flour

A Superlative Creation



How Johnson Won His Neighborhood

The story of Johnson is the story of ten thousand grocers who display this Quaker Flour.

When the Quaker Oats Company announced a flour he quickly put it in. He knew that housewives loved Quaker quality. And that they would welcome a Quaker grade of flour.

So he displayed it. Women saw it and they tried it. The results amazed them and they told their friends. And Johnson soon had the flour trade of that neighborhood.

A Million Users

Thus Quaker Flour already has won a million users. And countless grocers make it an attraction. Four modern mills are needed to supply it, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

Just because Quaker cereal products have always been of supergrade and we made a flour to match them.

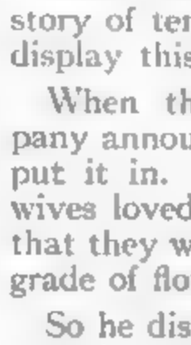
Quaker Flour is made by experts under new-day, scientific methods. We use but half of the wheat kernel—just the choicest part. We employ chemists to constantly analyze it and bakers to constantly test it.

The result is a new-grade flour—the finest flour that science can produce. One sack will change all your ideas of flour.

It is too good to miss. Ask your grocer for a sack. He will get it if he lacks it.

* * * * *

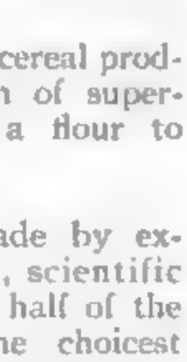
Quaker Biscuit and Pancake Flour



This is a package flour—a superfine flour made from special wheat in a special way. The leavening mixture is in it, and is always exactly right. The sealed package with top keeps it ever-fresh.

No bread flour can match this dainty flour for biscuits, pancakes, cookies, cakes, doughnuts, etc. Get this package flour for such things.

Quaker Farina



This is granulated inner wheat, made from just the choicest bits of the wheat kernel. This granulated form makes a delightful breakfast dainty. It is also for fritters, griddle cakes, puddings, waffles, etc.

Quaker Farina is fancy farina without a fancy price. A finer grade is impossible. Yet it sells as low as wheat cost will permit.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio — Cedar Rapids, Iowa — (3208)

Peterborough, Ontario — Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

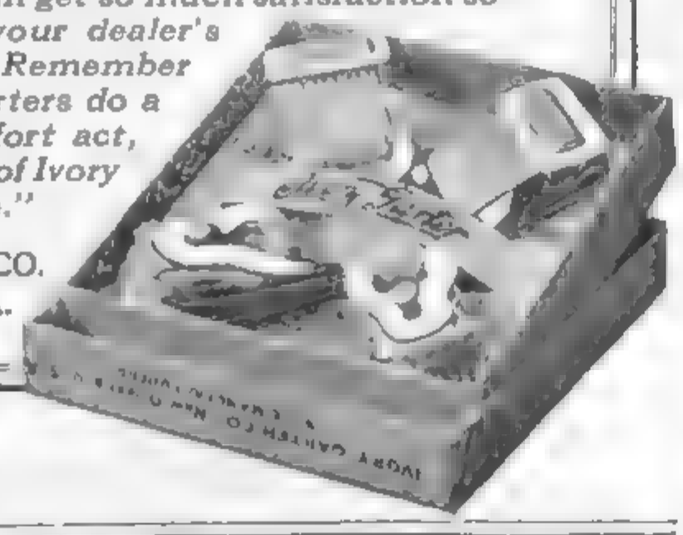
Ivory Garters Ease Your Ways

IT'S easy to get Ivory Garter comfort. Just need to say to your dealer "I want a pair of Ivory Garters."

That's the slickest pass-key to real leg comfort you ever turned, for Ivory Garters ease off all needless weight around your shins. There's no metal in Ivory Garters, nor pads. They're built on a scientific principle that makes them conform naturally to the leg without binding or hitching. Ivory Garters are so cool and light you hardly know you're wearing garters, yet they're sturdy and durable and hold your socks smooth and true to form.

When you can get so much satisfaction so easily, go to your dealer's store prepared. Remember that Ivory Garters do a great leg comfort act, and say "a pair of Ivory Garters, please."

IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U.S.A.



Your house would be cooler these hot summer days

In the living room illustrated above the large winter rug has been taken up. The two small rugs are purely for decoration—and even they are not necessary. The floor is a Blabon Art Floor of linoleum inlaid with a handsome hardwood design—a floor so quiet and comfortable under foot and so attractive that no floor-covering is needed. And as a result of this the house is cooler and easier to keep clean in summertime.

In winter, with rugs over them, Blabon Art Floors are *warmer than wood*, because they are practically crackless. Their durability is wonderful; designs and colors tasteful; cost moderate. See your dealer or write for booklet.

Important Notice: Floor-coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

The George W Blabon Company Established 68 years Philadelphia

BLABON ART Linoleums

"Well," he said grimly, "I'm going to beat you."

"You said that the day we played the first nine holes. You know I'd have won if it hadn't been for the rain."

"The rain came," he answered. "I never said how I was going to do it. If it needs another storm, why ——" He left the sentence unfinished.

She looked up into the cloudless blazing blue and laughed. Then she addressed her ball, swung slowly and drove a long straight shot down the middle of the fair green.

"You've got to have your lesson," she said mockingly.

His second shot fell short of her drive and he played three. She came on past him with a beautiful iron shot that carried her to within fifty yards of the green. His four laid him twenty feet from the hole, but he was "two more." She played one off two with her mashie, but the ball instead of pitching dead ran on and over the farther edge of the green. She played the like, but in her anxiety not to overrun played short. Her ball lay close to his but slightly away. She was playing "one more" and putting for the cup. If she could hole it she was sure of a half. She also had a good chance of winning, for Winston's putting was less deadly than on the bit of ground by the bungalow, where he knew every grain of sand. She measured the distance with her eye and shot. The ball started straight, but at the last moment rolled off a bit and stopped eight inches from the cup.

"You've this for the hole and match," she said.

He looked at her and smiled.

"Will you give me the hole?"

"Go on and play," she retorted.

Accustomed as he was to taking pains, Winston outdid himself with this shot. Four times he stopped and went over the path to the hole, searching for particles that might deflect his ball. Then he played. The ball shot forward with the impetus of the sharp cut stroke. The line was perfect. A foot from the cup the back spin suddenly slowed its speed. It went on by inches.

In an instant it would drop. But it did not drop. There had been a shade too much back spin. The ball stopped a full inch short.

"It's a half," said Gloriana quietly. "Shall we play it off?" She bent forward to tap her ball into the hole. Suddenly something made her straighten up again.

At the same instant Winston called sharply.

Her eyes followed his gesture toward the hills. Yellow dust clouds hung in the blue air. She half staggered and regained her balance.

"Look!" he said. "The earthquake!"

The great green table-land shimmering in the heat seemed to rock.

Then at her feet she saw his ball start forward and drop into the cup. He had won.

Their eyes met, hers with a frightened questioning look in them.

"There's no danger," he said reassuringly. "It's only a small earthquake."

The ninth hole lay close to the bank of the cañon. Unnoticed the chauffeur had come up the path.

"Miss Fulton," he said, "the car is ready." He turned to go.

"Miss Fulton?" Winston repeated. "You're no longer Mrs. Fitzgerald?"

Gloriana looked at him in amazement.

"I never was Mrs. Fitzgerald," she said sharply.

He felt his heart leap. He moved toward her.

"Gloriana," he began hoarsely.

"Wait," she whispered and made a gesture toward the retreating chauffeur.

V

THEY were sitting in the shade of a gnarled moss-hung live oak in the cañon. Her hand was resting in his.

"It seems too wonderful to be true," she was saying.

"Yes," he said gravely, "and yet I've always believed it would come. It always seemed that it was just a question of going on believing and waiting. In the end I knew you'd come to me because I loved you so much."

She looked at him and the look in her eyes made the four years in the wilderness seem as if they had been four days. Then she smiled a curious smile.

"You certainly have been a star waiter," she said. "Yet even now I can't see that there is any special object in waiting just for the fun of waiting."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Didn't you get a letter I wrote you before you went away?"

He nodded.

"I thought it was the announcement of your engagement. I burned it."

"I wrote you I had decided not to marry Fitzgerald. If you had read it or if you hadn't been so anxious to begin waiting that you ran away without saying good-by I wouldn't have had to hunt four years for you."

"Hunt for me?" he exclaimed. "It wasn't chance that dropped you here?"

"You goose!" she answered. "The only thing that was chance was that the radiator began to leak when we struck the adobe road."

Winston gazed at her and groaned.

"I'll give the ranch to the foreman," he said. "I'm through as a tortoise. I'm going out to run—run after a living for you, as it is obvious we can't live on oranges."

"Wouldn't that be foolish?" she asked meekly. "Father is going to build a railway through the valley. We'll have him put a station at the foot of our place."

"Gloriana!" he cried huskily. "How does any man live without you?"

And as there was no answer he kissed her.

Table of Contents

SHORT STORIES

Friends of Fortune (In two parts)—*Oscar Graeve* 3
An Outrage or Two—*William Hamilton Osborne* . . . 8
The Laugh—*Albert Payson Terhune* . . . 10
Gertie—*W. R. Hoefer* 12
The Hare, the Tortoise and the Earthquake—*David Gray* . 16
Blue Boar—*Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost* . . 18
The Investor's New Arabian Nights—*George Kibbe Turner* 22
The Real Test—*Sapper* 38
Carrington Blood—*Alice L. Tildesley* 42
Cross-Eye's Double Cross—*Anthony M. Rud* 50

SERIALS

Hunkins—*Samuel G. Blythe* 24
Trimmed With Red—*Wallace Irwin* 26

ARTICLES

Their Hours and Ours—*Irvin S. Cobb* 6
Looking Backward—*Henry Watterson* . . 14
A Citizen of the Ice—*Albert Payson Terhune* . . 15
Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life—*Baron Rosen* 20
Traveling the Old Trails—*Emerson Hough* 32
Revolutionizing Aeronautics—*Glenn H. Curtiss* 57
Making Side Lines Pay—*J. R. Sprague* 65

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials 28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons* 29
Who's Who—and Why 70

Why don't you wear KRYPTOK Glasses?

"Yes, I, too, wore those old-fashioned bifocals with their disfiguring seam or hump. The seam annoyed me and blurred my vision. And I never realized how old those 'antiques' made me look until one day my daughter asked, 'Daddy, what is that queer-looking crack in your glasses?' What the child noticed casually was 'crying aloud' to others. 'Why wear the marks of advancing years?' I thought, and forthwith went in search of glasses for near and far vision without the disfiguring marks. I found them in KRYPTOKS."

KRYPTOKS (pronounced Crip-tocks) give the convenience of near and far vision in one pair of glasses, without that noticeable age-revealing "crack" or seam. Not the slightest trace of a dividing line (between the lower part for near seeing and the upper part of the lens for far seeing) is visible.

You, too, need KRYPTOKS

If you wear the old-time bifocals with the heavy "crack";

If you have to remove (or peer over) your reading glasses to see distant objects;—

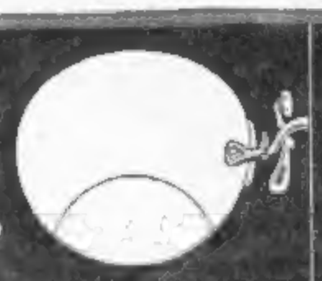
Or

If you fuss with two pairs of glasses —one pair for near vision, the other pair for far vision.

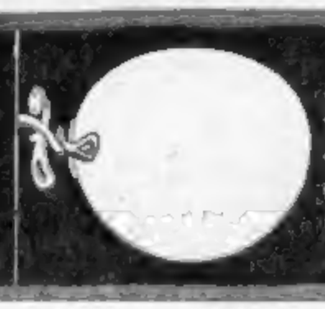
KRYPTOK Glasses give to the eyes the natural eye-sight of youth—enabling you to see both near and far objects with equally keen vision. Yet they look like single vision glasses because the lens is one solid clear piece. That's why they are nationally accepted as "The Invisible Bifocals." In fact, "KRYPTOK" means "the hidden eye."

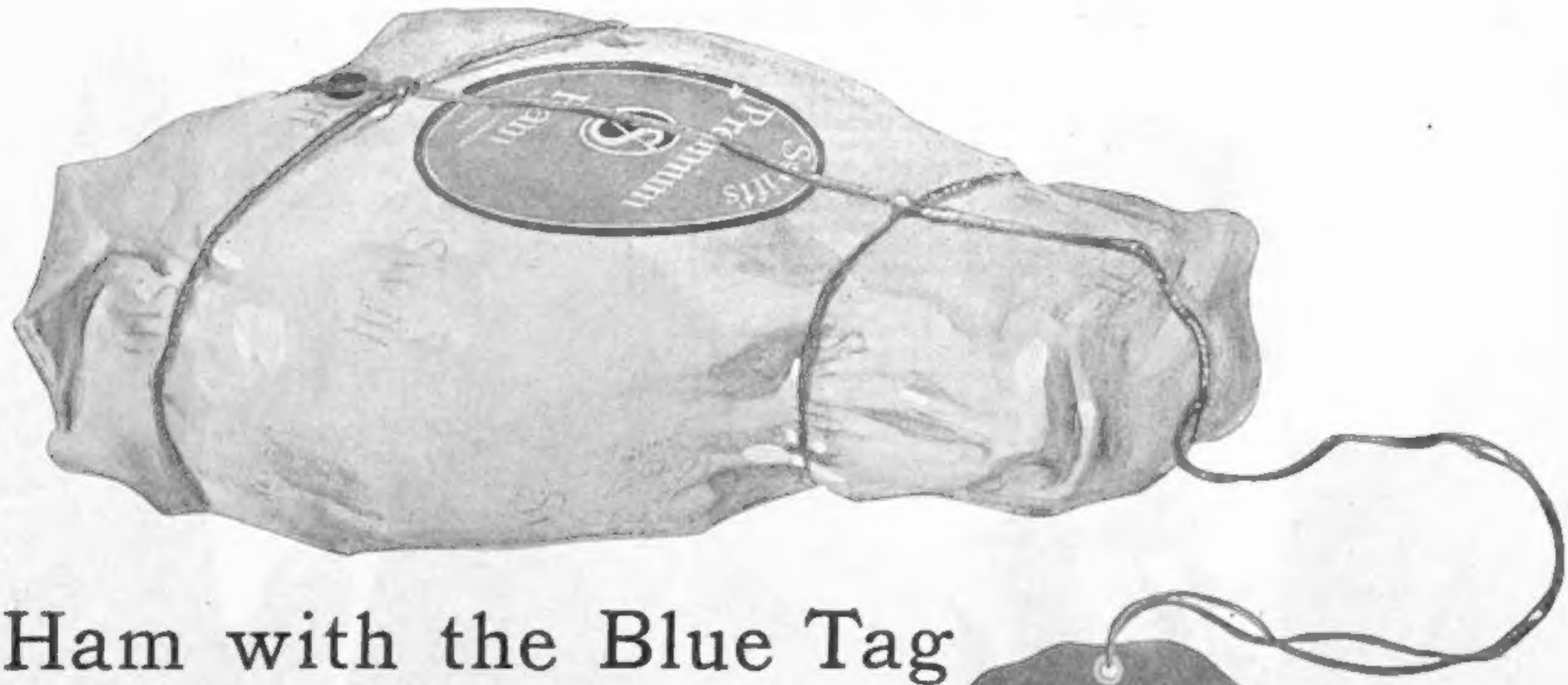
Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses, and write direct for our booklet "The Eyeglass Experiences of Benjamin Franklin Brown." Please give the name of your optical man.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, INC., 1017 Old South Building, BOSTON, MASS.



KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS





The Ham with the Blue Tag needs no parboiling

PARBOILING, to remove excessive saltiness, is a long, irksome task. And the ham's a disappointment, too, for in parboiling, so much of the taste—and much of the food value also—is lost.

That is why the blue tag attached to every Swift's Premium Ham means so much to the housewife. It means that however she prepares this ham, she will never need to parboil it, and all the flavor will stay *in* the ham.

There is a blue "no-parboiling" tag attached to every Swift's Premium Ham. Look for it when you buy a whole ham—when you buy by the slice.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham

This is the blue "no parboiling" tag which is attached to every Swift's Premium Ham. Look for it when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

How long is it since you've had a real old-fashioned boiled dinner? It's very easily prepared and oh! so easily eaten:

Wash and scrape shank end of Premium Ham. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boiling point, then simmer gently until done, allowing 20 minutes to the pound.

Skim and strain water in which ham was boiled. Prepare carrots, turnips, onions and cabbage and cook in this liquid. Remove skin from ham, steam until thoroughly heated and serve surrounded by the vegetables

Peet's Crystal White

The Economical Soap for Laundry Use

There's quick and easy cleansing, long life for linens and all washable fabrics, and absolute freedom from harmful ingredients, in the rich, copious suds of **Crystal White.**

This pure, white, vegetable oil soap is ideal for use in washing machines, because every atom is brimful of cleansing energy and produces quick and lasting suds.

How to Use Crystal White in Washing Machines

When using hot water, slice the Crystal White Soap into small, thin pieces, directly into the water. The operation of the machine will quickly produce the desired suds.

When using cold or luke-warm water, you can save time and electricity by slicing Crystal White into a sauce pan of water and letting it boil, thus producing a soft soap. Pouring this soft soap into the water in the machine will quickly create rich, copious suds.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO. KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

BE SURE YOUR BREAD IS MADE FROM GOLD MEDAL FLOUR